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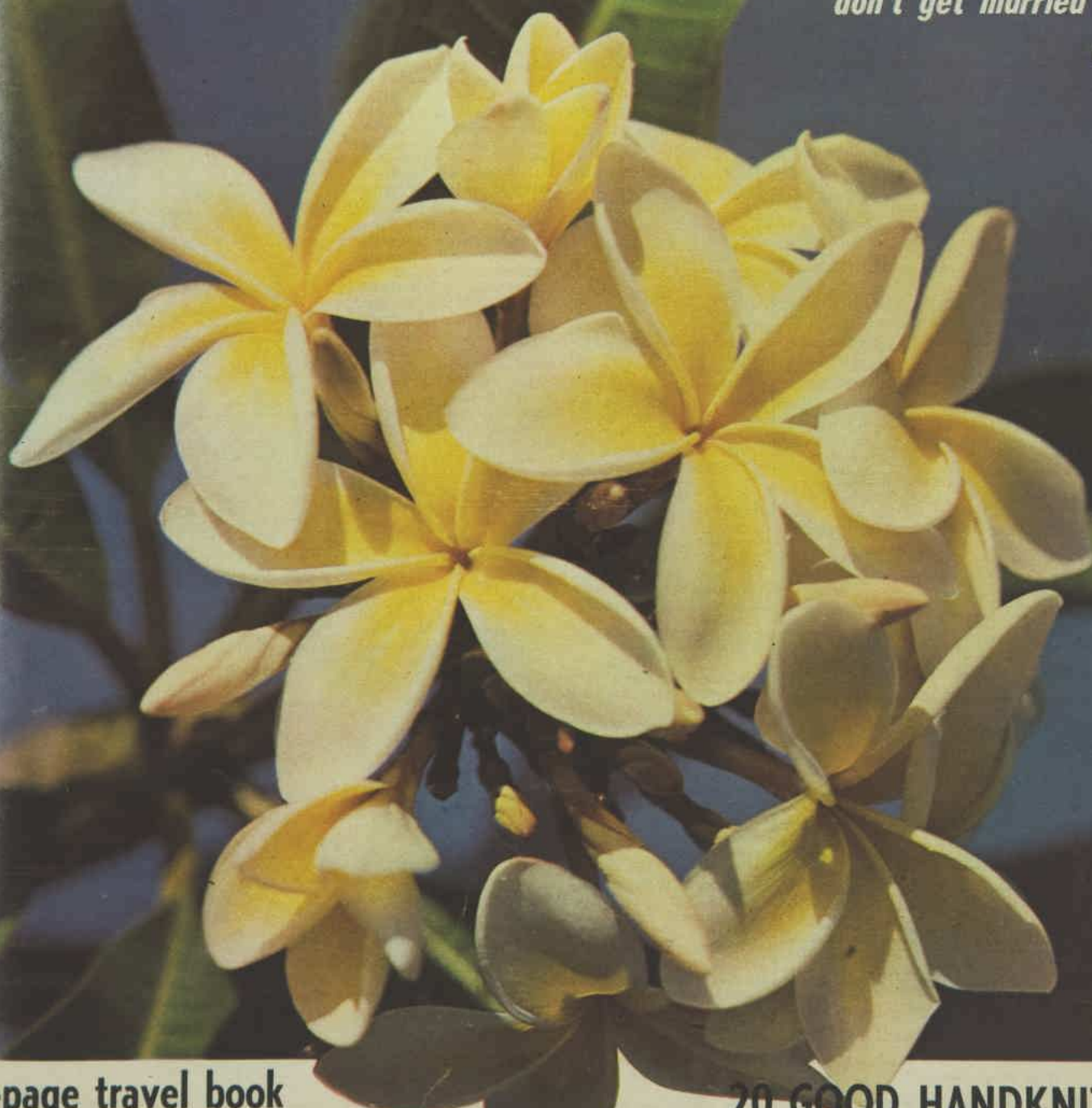
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FEBRUARY 10, 1965

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WORTH REPORTING

DURING the first week of Sir Winston Churchill's fight for life we had a letter from Lawrie Brooks, one of the stalwarts in our Readers' Room. It enclosed an 11-stanza poem he had written about the great leader.

"I joined the A.I.F. because of my faith in this man," said Mr. Brooks.

"It is not submitted because I want to see my name in print, nor for gain."

"I simply feel that it would be a souvenir for all those who feel as I have about Winston Churchill since I was 23."

We are not able to print the poem in full. But this stanza sums up Mr. Brooks' tribute — and sums up most people's feelings about Sir Winston Churchill:

*The mellowed tones of time
a tale will tell
How this cherubic statesman
spread his spell*

*On friend and foe alike, until
we saw
The entire free world made
to stand in awe,*

*Enthralled by one man's
stupendous feat,
The sculpting of victory from
defeat!*

Among Churchill's mourners is Mrs. Margaret Kate Gyorgy, who has lived at Wollstonecraft, N.S.W., since she arrived in Australia from Hungary in 1961.

"I have always admired him as a great statesman and a warm person," she told us, "and in 1959 I wrote him a letter of congratulations on his 85th birthday."

"Of course, I had to send it to a friend in England because of mail censorship in Hungary, and I only half expected it to reach him."

"Imagine my surprise a year later when I received a hand-written note from him thanking me for my good wishes."

"After that I sent him letters and small presents for every birthday and Christmas, and always received an answer."

"In 1960, when I visited London, I took him a Hungarian chocolate cake I'd made. I'd been standing outside his house in Hyde Park Gate only a few min-

utes when his daughter Mary came out.

"I gave her the cake, and a few months later received a letter telling me it had been delicious."

Mrs. Gyorgy's last present to Sir Winston — "Australian, naturally," she said — was an aboriginal message stick.

"TEENAGERS' WEEKLY" is tops with boys and girls aged from 13 to 16 at Townsend House School for the Deaf and Blind at Brighton, Adelaide.

The paper is "translated" for these sightless teenagers by members of the Braille Writing Association of South Australia from copies supplied in advance.

The translations are delivered to the school at the time *The Australian Women's Weekly* appears on the streets.

Executive Officer of the Association, Mrs. H. M. Selth, said the children were delighted to get all the latest doings of pop singers and groups like The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, and the Australian television singers and groups.

"The magazine has provided them with a new interest and keeps them right up to date with the news of what young people are doing," she said.



Thank you so very much
for your kind thought of me on
my 90th birthday.

Winston Churchill

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OUR COVER

• The beautiful frangipani cluster —
grown by Mrs. D. Morgan, of Strathfield,
N.S.W. — was photographed by Mr. Colin
Bullard, of Haberfield, N.S.W.



HOLD THAT TIGER. — Performers in the Russian State Circus, which will soon be touring Australia: animal-tamer Alexei Chistov, 62, and a six-month tiger cub in the Dutch freighter Simonskerk, on its way here. Bears and other tigers are on board.

WE have an artist friend, a lovable soul but vague, who lived for a time in a house which had an expensive Persian carpet in the sitting-room.

One night he left a cigarette burning. It fell off the ash-tray and smouldered away till there was a large hole in the carpet. Our

friend, who lived in fear of his landlady, cut off the burnt edges around the hole and fixed a piece of canvas underneath. Then, with infinite patience, he painted in flower by flower and scroll by scroll, the intricate pattern.

And not even the hawk-eyed landlady has spotted it.

• Mrs. M. K. Gyorgy, of Sydney, and (right) her 1960 letter of thanks from Sir Winston Churchill. Signature on the letter dated Nov. 30, 1964 (left) indicates the considerable decline in his health.

Thank you so much
for your good wishes
on my birthday.
Margaret Gyorgy

Cessnock goes gay for the grape harvest

● Beginning with a crop from vines imported in 1861, from the favorite Burgundian vineyard of King Charles X of France, the rich Hunter Valley has had vintages, or grape harvests, since 1864.

THIS year's vintage in the Hunter Valley, N.S.W. — the time, about mid-February, when the tons of rich purple and pearly green grapes are harvested for wine-making — will be busier than ever.

For the second year there will be a Vintage Festival, from February 13 to 21, in Cessnock, the nearest big town for the wine-growing countryside.

The famous Hunter River wines are all grown around Pokolbin.

Though it once had a post office, Pokolbin is now just a local hall, a store, and a small church.

Its eight vineyards, all at

the height of activity, will be open for visitors during the weekends of the festival.

Ordinarily a calm, coal-mining town, Cessnock expects about 25,000 visitors on some of the nine days of the festival.

There will be race meetings, an historic exhibition, a car trial, dances, bowls, concerts, an art show, and more sports events and exhibits.

By
JUDE AINSWORTH

But the heart of the matter will be the wine-cooking demonstrations and wine-tastings at the Town Hall and a dinner there for 300 wine-growers and connoisseurs from all over Australia.

The five Vintage Queen

candidates will ride on floats in a procession through Cessnock.

The winner will be crowned at the end of the festival week, and in March will fly to South Australia to crown the queen of the Clare Wool and Wine Festival.

The Hunter Valley's first vintage was in 1864 — a dry red made from Hermitage grapes brought out from the Burgundy vineyard most favored by France's King Charles X and planted by the Tyrrell family in their Ashmans vineyard. They still run it.

Tractors may cultivate the rows of vines now, but the look of Tyrrell's vineyard hasn't changed much since Edward Tyrrell planted his first vines in 1861.

The warm, sunny slopes still grow grapes for the red wines and the flatlands produce the whites: hock, riesling, and chablis.

Said wine-maker Murray

Tyrrell: "When we used horses to cultivate the vineyards my uncle used to give them each a bunch of grapes morning and night. He could do anything with those horses."

From their 1700-acre holding the Tyrrells have 75 acres under vines — Semillon grapes for white wines, White Shiraz and Hermitage grapes for red wine.

"We can't correctly label our wines either claret or burgundy," said Murray Tyrrell. "They have won prizes in both categories, so we label them 'Dry Red Hermitage'."

"Some of the vines planted at Ashmans in 1879 are still producing. Of the original 230 varieties brought out from Europe wrapped in damp straw six or seven are still being grown in this region."

Every year, Hunter vineyards produce about 180,000 gallons of wine. They are Tyrrell's, Drayton's "Belle-

ALF KING, 67, is a retired miner, bullock driver, and horse drover. He came to Tyrrell's vineyard 42 years ago to work for Murray Tyrrell's uncle. "He reckoned I couldn't turn the horses at the end of the row — but I did!" said Alf. "So he told me I had a job for as long as I wanted one." He is so much part of Tyrrell's he has his name on his own cask of dry sherry.

VINTAGE Princesses pick grapes in McWilliam's Mt. Pleasant vineyard. At the end of the festival one will be chosen Vintage Queen. In the foreground is Judy Brown. Working down the rows, from left, are Anne Laverick, Beverly Wile, Susan Fairfull, and Karen Hodgson.

Pictures by staff photographer Ian Mitchell

vue," Drayton's "Happy Valley," Elliott's "Oakvale," Lindeman's "Ben Ean," McWilliam's "Mt. Pleasant," Penfold's "Dalwood," and Tulloch's "Glen Elgin."

The Tyrrell "cellar" is in a series of wooden buildings, high-roofed to help maintain a constant temperature. The dark oak casks rest on standards above a clay floor.

Earthy flavor

"The earth floor has a cooling effect," said Murray Tyrrell.

"We wet it down every night. These wines are breathing through the pores in the wood and taking in the earthy flavor."

"Wine casks are made of German or French, and sometimes American, oak. Other woods have too much resin. The newest-cask in our cellar came in 1901, but we are still using two bought in the early 1870s."

"I do the tasting myself. One of the men takes the wine from the cask in a pipette for me."

"If I opened the barrel myself, the smell could affect my taste judgment. You judge a wine as much with the nose as with the tongue."

Wine-maker/manager Brian

Walsh says Mount Pleasant white wines are aged for five or six months before bottling, and aged in the bottle for 18 months or two years before being sold.

Red wines age from 18 to 24 months in the casks and another 18 months in the bottle.

I asked what made champagne so much more expensive than other wines.

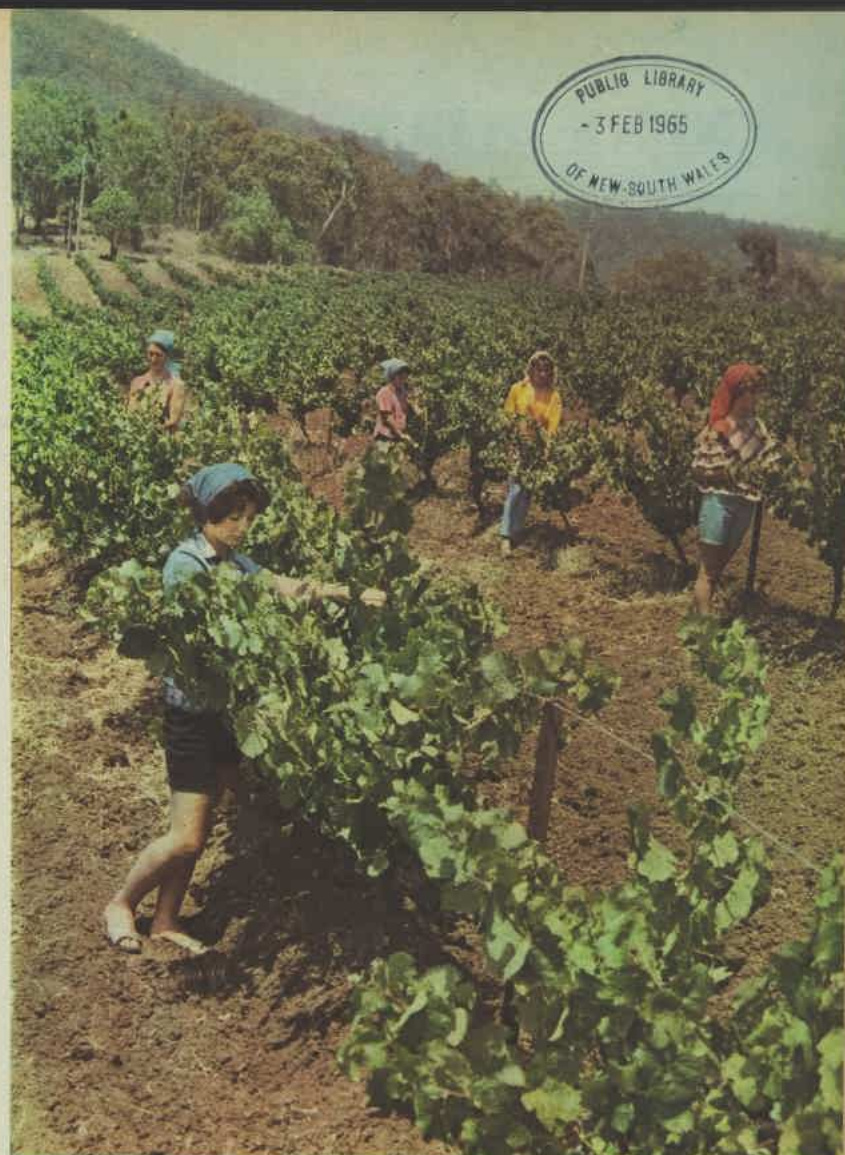
Every bottle of champagne, says Mr. Walsh, is handled 200 to 300 times in the making.

A complicated chemical process makes the fizz—and creates a sediment. A gradual upturning and slight rotation of the bottle over many months draw the sediment up around the cork.

It is allowed to solidify, and then, presto! One quick worker pops out the cork and sediment and his mate tops up the bottle and puts in a new cork.

You'd think an expert wine-maker would jump at the chance to refuse a poor quality or improperly chilled wine at a restaurant and send it back to the cellars in disgrace.

But Brian Walsh said: "I've often wondered myself if I'd be game to send it back. It'd have to be absolutely undrinkable!"



NEXT WEEK



● This delicate little maple is an example of Bonsai — the art of dwarfing and training giant trees so they grow gracefully and in perfect health, but never exceed a few inches in height.

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How NOT to kill your wife

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To serve four—
Total cost, 9/11



This is just one of our

BUDGET MEALS

You'll find four low-cost and high-quality menus in this feature.

The other Burton

By LENORE HERSHEY

● Elizabeth Taylor picked up the telephone one day last year in her Toronto hotel suite and called a man she had never met, in New York. Hesitatingly, she introduced herself, and then pleaded, "Come. He needs you." The man at the other end of the wire was non-committal. He consulted the first Mrs. Burton, Sybil. She looked at him with large, soft eyes, so much like her rival's, and said, "Go. He needs you."

THE "he" in both cases was Richard Burton, brilliant actor and one of the great male sex symbols of our time. The man whom he needed, the man requested by both Mrs. Burtons, is, by contrast, a gentle, 60-year-old drama coach and Shakespearean authority named Philip Burton.

Although they are not blood relatives, he is Richard's foster-father — and more. He is the power behind the Burton saga.

It was he who spotted the latent talent in a Welsh miner's son 25 years ago and developed it to the maturity which now nets about £2½ million a year.

Richard and Sybil's two little girls call him "Grandpa."

Now Elizabeth's children call him "Taid," the same thing in literary Welsh.

What is more, to this day he is the one person to whom Richard will usually listen.

"I'll even let him correct my grammar," says Richard.

The tie between foster-father and son, which seemingly transcends all their other personal relationships, was forged in stark-poor Port Talbot, Wales, where the same force drove them both: coal, and the bleak penury that surrounded it.

The urge to get away from the mines, combined with intellectual ambition, took these two exceptional people out of the valley and to the heights of the theatrical world.

Richard was usually the tempest, Philip the rock. But they went onward together as a team.

The crisis in Toronto that occasioned the Elizabeth Taylor telephone call was the early rehearsal stage of "Hamlet," in which Richard Burton, uneasy after a long absence from the stage and a diet of screaming headlines, was having trouble.

This situation ultimately healed the one serious rift between the two men.

For although Philip Burton has always been there when the chips are down, the "Cleopatra" notoriety caused him to break with Richard.

In all those stormy months Philip stood by Sybil and her two daughters, helping them get established in New York while the divorce arrangements were made.

But after the telephone call things changed. He met Elizabeth and decided that perhaps he had been

wrong. Today he is convinced that it is a good marriage, that it will last.

"I think that Richard is really in love for the first time," Philip says. "He is now giving as well as taking. Even after their two and a half years together, it's a mutual, blissful relationship. They're like two teenagers. They can't stand being apart from each other."

Elizabeth has taken, due note of her foster-father-in-law's blessing.

"So many people have found it possible to maintain their original loyalties but still accept me," she said. "I am especially pleased about Philip, whom Richard loves so much."

When "Hamlet" came to New York, the New York "Times" acclaimed Burton's "electrical power and sweeping virility."

Eloquence

That is a good five-word way to describe the magic of the man, which projects from stage and screen. The impact of personal encounter, far from being disillusioning, only strengthens the image.

An interview with Richard Burton is, to put it mildly, an experience.

He talks with an endless eloquence and erudition that outpace even shorthand notes. He is not good-

looking in the matinee-idol sense, but his granite features are lighted with a bonfire of human warmth and sensitivity beneath.

He is as complex as crystal, one moment crude and earthy, another soaring into lofty literary language. But he is always dazzling.

Burton, born Richard Jenkins on November 10, 1925, went to live with his eldest sister, Cecilia, after his mother died giving birth to the next baby — her 13th. Cecilia's husband found the boy a bit of a handful.

Meanwhile, Philip Burton was teaching at the nearby Port Talbot grammar school.

Son of an Englishman who had gone to Wales to work in the mines and to die in the pits, Philip had put himself through school and had gone on to be a teacher, lecturer, writer and director for the B.B.C., and, eventually, a member of the Arts Council of Great Britain. (He was also decorated by George VI for his work as head of the local Royal Air Force squadron.)

After a love affair with a Port Talbot girl ended tragically with her death from tuberculosis, his work and his students became the focal point of his life.

"It was a common practice in Wales for benefactors to help worthy boys

and girls," explains Sybil Burton, herself a Welsh woman. "If it wasn't a teacher or a minister, even the mine manager would sponsor some young person's scholarship."

"Richard was the only one Philip actually adopted. But he helped many others to college — though he didn't have much money himself."

When Richard was about ten he tried out for a part in one of Philip's amateur productions and was turned down. A few years later, when Richard became a scholarship student in Philip's classroom, he asked, "How do I become an actor?"

Philip sensed the spark in the boy and gave him a small role in a local production of G. B. Shaw's "The Apple Cart."

"Richard was bad, but he stole the show," recalls Philip.

"I was cheeky," reminisces Richard. "My waistcoat didn't fit. The audience was fascinated while I fixed it. I did steal the show."

This particular conversation was being held at a New York restaurant. At one end of the table sat Elizabeth Taylor. In her starkly simple navy suit she looked like a suburban matron — a beautiful suburban matron — in town for the evening.



PHILIP BURTON with Liz Taylor at a New York theatre. Her children call him "Taid" — Welsh for grandfather — and Sybil Burton's two little daughters always call him Grandpa.

... man behind the legend

PHILIP BURTON'S ACCEPTANCE OF HER MARRIAGE WAS MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL TO LIZ

She listened amusedly, saying little but seeming content. Richard Burton was still stealing the show.

The Shaw part was the beginning.

Richard's English, thick with a Welsh accent, was almost as unruly as his hair. Philip encouraged him to read broadly.

He took the boy to the Welsh mountains and made him learn not to shout but to perfect that quality known as projection, which makes the Burton voice available today to even the last row of the top balcony.

With hard work on both sides, the acting talent began to bloom, and Philip began to dream the dreams for Richard that later came true: Oxford, Old Vic, and beyond.

When Richard was about 14 and stress was beginning to show in Cecilia's household, he asked Philip if he could move in with him at his lodging-house.

It was then that Philip suggested adopting the boy.

Richard's sister agreed. So did his father, who signed the wardship papers "in a spidery handwriting that looked like Shakespeare's," Richard recalls.

On March 1, 1943, Richard officially became Philip's ward. (An anti-sentimentalist who never remembers other significant dates, Richard never forgets this anniversary and usually communicates with Philip on the day.) The forward march began.

It was Philip who wrote the letter to Emyln Williams, another actor from Wales, who had put an ad in the "Western Mail" seeking a young male player for "The Druid's Rest."

Understudy

"I remember getting hundreds of answers," says Emyln Williams. "But here was this businesslike letter from a schoolmaster describing exactly what I wanted. We auditioned Richard and hired him, and that's the start of my friendship with both Phil and Richie." (People who call Richard Burton "Dickie" usually do not know him.)

When Richard was at Oxford he tried for a part in the coveted Oxford Dramatic Society production of "Measure for Measure." The roles were all filled, but Richard offered to understudy, and ended up with the role of Angelo on opening night.

At the restaurant the two men touched on this incident. Philip mildly pointed out that, even though he had gone to Exeter to coach Richard for this important Oxford role, Richard had not bothered to stop and see

him after the victorious performance.

"Didn't I ever tell you what happened?" Richard asked. "After the play I went out for ten minutes to a party given by a very rich woman. On her sideboard was a collection of all kinds of liquor—brandy, cordials, and every kind of whisky."

"I tried every one. I became, of course, suitably ill and passed out. When I woke up I was locked in. That's why I never got back that night."

Feminine admiration is something neither man is reticent about, even with Elizabeth listening.

"The girls used to hang around the door for Richie, like cats after cream, when he was only 15," Philip said.

"Girls always liked me," said Richard, with a sly look at Liz. She only smiled.

During Richard's New York "Hamlet," the two men were closer than they had been for many years.

One night Richard tacked an extra 20 minutes of stage business on to the role "because the old man was out front."

He also became interested in Philip's major project—the American Musical and Dramatic Academy, which gives a two-year course for aspiring young actors and actresses.

It was Richard's idea to have a poetry reading in New York last June for the benefit of Philip's school.

Originally it was to be a reading by the two men.

It was Richard who suggested the participation of Elizabeth. Elizabeth, he knew, would draw the crowds.

"Most people think poetry is sissy," he said. "I knew she'd make them come out of curiosity, the way they go to the zoo."

Philip Burton at first was hesitant. But he began to work with Elizabeth three hours a night, five nights a week, and grew more and more impressed with her talent. To everyone's surprise, she stole the evening.

"I'd like to cast her some day as Lady Macbeth," says Philip. "With some training she'd be magnificent."

Richard commented: "Phil at first claimed she'd mess it up. She didn't. Suddenly, you know, she has become possessed by the English language. Phil helped, I'm sure. He's an instinctive teacher. He talks about the English language as if it were a benediction."

Richard himself is possessed by language, and it rolls out of him with a cadence that rocks the room.

At another dinner, this time in France, he talked about poetry.

He remembered how his real father had bought one

volume of an encyclopedia from a travelling salesman and how, in it, he had come across a poem by George Herbert.

"It was the one that starts 'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,'" Richard proceeded to quote, in unflinching entirety, a poem he swore he had not seen since the age of ten.

Philip's memories are not all rose-colored. He admits, with more affectionate awe than criticism, that Richard always has been "a brilliant liar."

He acknowledges Richard's "self-destructive urge—something like Dylan Thomas"—and his uncontrollable urge to keep on acting, even offstage.

"I once told him," says Philip, "that many talented actors are not capable of realising themselves fully, because they are not big enough. Pettiness in an artist will always show in his work."

A "big" man

"To be an actor you must be a big man. Not necessarily a good man, but big. Richard is very big. That is why he is capable of such enormous emotional depth in every role he plays."

Even big men have small vanities, as one of Philip's anecdotes proved.

At about 15, Richard decided to perfect his voice for a Welsh singing contest and asked Philip to help him master the difficult "Orpheus With His Lute." Philip, at the piano, worked with him; but finally the sound of the changing, crackling voice was too much. In spite of himself, he laughed.

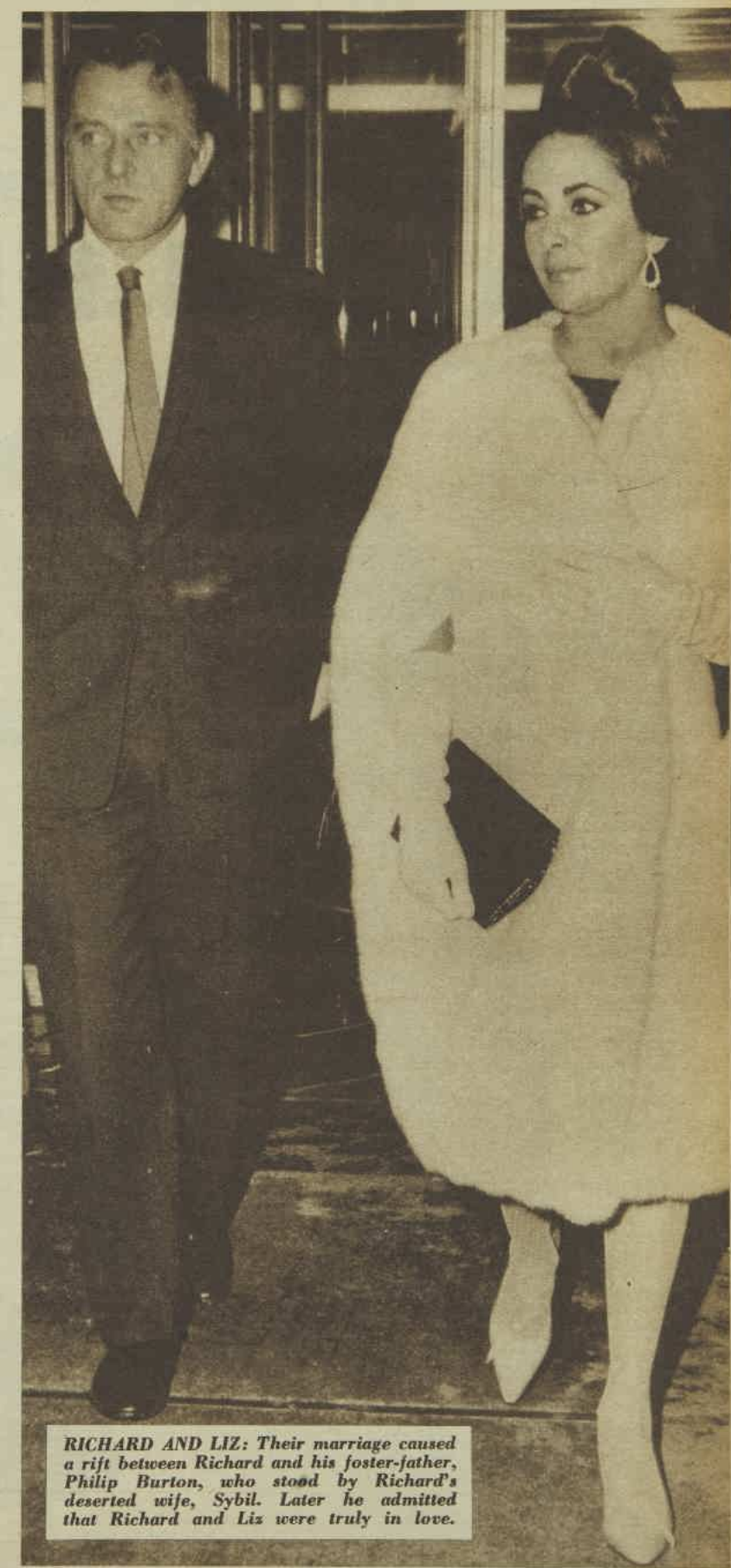
"I'll show you some day," said Richard coldly.

Years later, on the opening night of "Camelot," Philip went backstage. Richard Burton had creditably managed the singing role of King Arthur.

As if the incident in the Port Talbot auditorium had been yesterday, Richard broke away and walked over to Philip in the crowded dressing-room. "Well," he said defiantly, "I showed you, didn't I?"

"Showing" Philip, that mixture of respectful son and competitive intellectual, has obviously been a great drive in Richard's life. "Everything I've learned about the theatre, I've learned from Philip," Richard says. And seems to mean it.

There are friends who feel that Philip's contributions have not been fully regarded in kind, that Richard's unflinching charm, like a rogue sunbeam, merely covers the shadowy outline of an artistic egoist. "He's wearing himself out



RICHARD AND LIZ: Their marriage caused a rift between Richard and his foster-father, Philip Burton, who stood by Richard's deserted wife, Sybil. Later he admitted that Richard and Liz were truly in love.

with socialising and making money," commented one old acquaintance. "He's forgetting that the theatre is greater than any actor."

But Philip, like any proud parent, is not willing to admit that the product

he helped create has lost any of its worth.

"I think these three years of emotional crises have made him more mature, and I think that the marriage to Elizabeth will continue to thrive," he said. "I also believe that since

"Hamlet" he's proved to himself that he's still a master of the stage, and he'll always go back to it from time to time.

"Life," concluded Philip Burton, "has always come to Richie's terms."

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but there's no sign of a possible husband*

TAKE Nelly. No one else will. Nelly is as bright as a penny, pretty as peach-blossom, and pushing 30. So bright and pretty is she you'd expect some good man would have married her years ago.

But the years are ebbing by, and though Nelly's friends are all married, Nelly is giving way to dim despair. What happened to her Prince Charming? What's been holding him up, pray?

It isn't that she doesn't attract men. There's that

a high-class product is still on the shelf. What's **WRONG** with Nelly?

Firstly, does she really **WANT** to get married? There are women who would very much like a home, babies, and a regular income — but without a man cluttering up the place all the time.

They have nothing against men, really, just as they have nothing against St. Bernard dogs, but they wouldn't choose one for a pet.

This attitude is oddly prevalent among girls who have been brought up by widowed mothers. I can think of two right now that this cap fits perfectly.

They were once frilly, be-ribboned little girls, adored only children of lonely

ing has been and gone, without her recognising him. Perhaps she was keeping her bonnie blue eyes well peeled for something tall, dark, well built, and well tailored.

This, the Prince Charming of popular fiction, is also gallant, amusing, successful, romantic, as sophisticated as a diplomat, and as manly as a navy.

Wouldn't look at him twice

(As a writer of popular fiction myself, I have created him often, and I always have to fight against calling him Adrian. Adrian Leseurier, or Delacroix, or something really good and lush.)

Nelly's Prince Charming—

tenth, I would say, of all available males.

Of course, if she doesn't want her lovely puddin', there's all the more for those who do, but she shouldn't complain of going hungry when puddin' has been offered.

Many a happy wife, securely married to a man she once thought of as Joe's friend-Charlie, could tell her that the nicest men don't reveal themselves easily.

Strength, kindness, patience, loyalty, generosity, and good humor are qualities not visible to the fleeting glance, and if Nelly is going to pass up a potential husband with these qualities in search of a handsome profile, she deserves her fate.

Nelly should face the fact that she's too romantic, too

a. Their work comes first.

b. They're going abroad next year.

c. They're having more fun as they are.

d. There'll always be more fish in the sea.

Alas, at 30, many a career girl has discovered that the fish aren't snapping up the bait the way they used to do.

Roses, brandy, and coffee

Our heroine finds that though she has been abroad, and achieved success, and is well ahead in the rat race, it all adds up to a lot of lonely evenings.

NOW she is ready for

They don't read romantic fiction so they don't believe in love at first sight, or there being only one woman for every man, or that one falls in love only once in a lifetime. They are less likely to confuse love with sex.

They admire glamorous, exotic women, the way they'd admire an Alfa-Romeo — but they end up buying a family sedan.

They want to work to provide the comforts of a home for the kind of woman who appreciates a home, a husband, and a family.

Which brings me to the last category of lonely Nellys. They're the girls who have erected a facade around their true selves, and the facade attracts the wrong kind of men.

● This is a cautionary tale about a girl called Nelly, by Australian writer **SHEILA SIBLEY**. It is directed at all hard-to-please young ladies who still believe in handsome princes on white chargers — and are left on the shelf while waiting for one to appear out of their romantic daydreams.

married man who is being somewhat of a nuisance. There's Felix, who takes her to Little Theatres and Art Galleries—it's just like going out with another girl, really—and there's the airline pilot who looks her up when he's in town.

But none of these wishes to make of Nelly a lawful wedded wife.

So — her foot tapping — Nelly sits and waits for Prince Charming. And waits. And waits.

You've met Nelly. There are two or three in every office. You yourself may be one of the bright, pretty girls who haven't found a husband, even though plainer, duller girls are being snapped up all around you.

So let's analyse why such

women, and between them and their mothers there existed a bond of shared interests, private giggles, and secret confidences — a bond so strong no mere man could ever break it.

Both mothers are dead now, and both daughters are over 40 . . . and both are conscious that they should have done more with their lives than stayed Mother's Little Girl.

There are a lot of non-starters among Daddy's Little Girls, too. Life and literature are littered with them, from Wimpole Street to Washington Square.

Tall, dark, and well tailored

But our Nelly is neither her father's willing nor unwilling slave, and she is relatively unencumbered, Mum-wise, so we'll have to look for another reason for her single state.

Perhaps her Prince Charm-

the man she should have married—wasn't half so gorgeous and was probably called Jim.

He wasn't love at first sight, he wasn't moonlight and roses, champagne and violins — but he was real.

He was a human being like Nelly — clever in some ways, dull in others, bad-tempered under certain pressures, generous on impulse — not a high-powered charmer, but a nice man.

But because he was of a different size, shape, age, coloring, background, or income from her ideal man, Nelly wouldn't look at him twice.

Had she bothered to get to know him, she might now be living happily ever after.

But our Nelly is going to have love at first sight or not at all.

With this one sweeping stroke she cuts out of her life all men who don't inspire love at first sight. Nine-

choosy, too picky. She doesn't know it, but what she's visualising is an affair, not a marriage.

Marriage is made of sterner stuff than the bubbles in champagne. It's partly constructed of teething babies and washing-up and gas bills, and its main stabilising element is not dark, pulsating passion but sheer sunny good nature.

Fewer fish in the sea

Girls of Nelly's ilk should be married off young and suitably, by their parents, as is done in India. This way they would be saved some heart-breaking mistakes.

Perhaps Nelly belongs to that soon-to-be-permanent-spinner category of girls who haven't really needed a husband.

These are usually clever, ambitious girls who refuse to get deeply involved because:

marriage, but where are the suitors, pray?

Those she gets she is all too liable to frighten off. Her packaging is designed to attract only one kind of customer — the bright young executive.

The average man feels he can't afford her. When she entertains, there are roses on the table, brandy with the coffee.

Her gentleman friend doesn't know what it costs to keep her in clothes, but he suspects that pretty Nelly would cost a pretty penny.

"Don't mess my hair, darling," she cries, "Henri charges two guineas a time."

His dreams of love in a cottage fade. Leave her in her elegant, expensive flat—he'll settle for some gingham girl who can cook a nourishing stew.

Many a Nelly has missed the boat because she hasn't realised that men are usually practical.

I know a sweet, rather naive girl whose glamorous exterior attracts men who are much more sophisticated than she wants or needs.

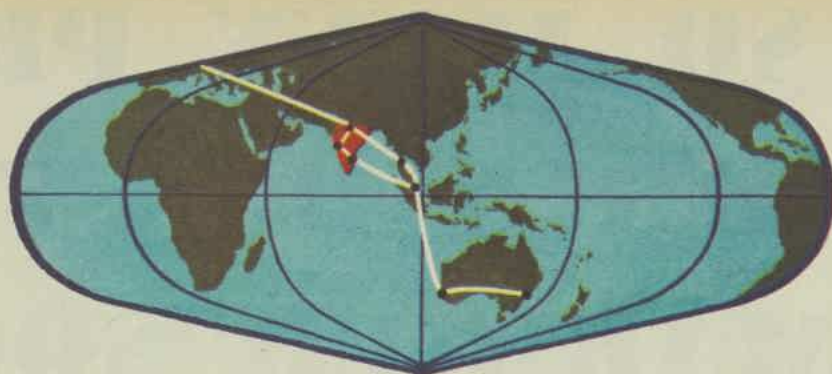
She's lovely, but she seldom has a second or a third date with the same man. They're the wrong kind of men for her.

Her natural self — and only her family and friends know her true self — would bring the right kind of men in droves.

Moral: Be yourself, and you'll attract the kind of man who's meant for you.

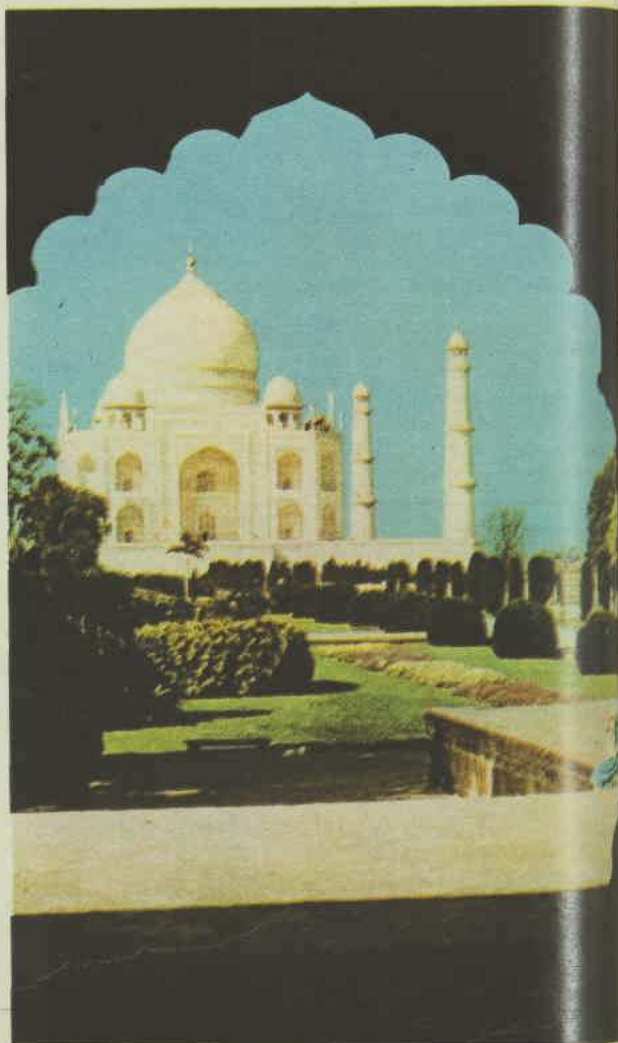
Don't get disheartened, Nelly. There's someone for everyone. One glimpse of the wedding pictures in the weekend papers should convince you of THAT!

Leap Year has come and gone. But if you can cast a clinical eye over the mistakes you've made in the past, Nelly, next time Leap Year comes you'll be saying: Who needs it?



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She finds wardrobe treasures at the Tip

● "My fun pieces," Helen Livermore calls her bargains from secondhand shops. She once got a lizard-skin handbag for sixpence, button-up boots for 2/-.

ONCE upon a time, owning a second-hand garment was something you just didn't talk about. If a financial pinch was on and you just HAD to make do with hand-me-downs, you certainly wouldn't let anyone know.

But 21-year-old Helen Livermore, of Cremorne, N.S.W., may be starting a new trend in Australia — one which is already raging overseas.

With a sizable and pretty wardrobe of her own made-to-measure clothes, Helen picks up "fun" pieces from secondhand shops around Sydney that turn her into one of the most interest-

ingly dressed girls around. Helen frequents second-hand shops, curiosity stores, charity bazaars, and even disposal tips for odds and ends that add up to smart fashion sense.

Over the past year she has bought white suede boots, made in Boston at the turn of the century (they were unworn when she bought them for 2/- at Sydney's Paddy's Market), several old-fashioned, full-length dinner gowns for 2/6 each at the suburban Tempe Tip, night-dresses, fine white lawn petticoats lavished with hand-worked embroidery, and a grandmother bed-jacket of hand-crocheted lace (for 2/6) which she wears over a black crepe dress.

By
Patricia Johnson

She has also bought lots of accessories — a delicately beaded evening bag (sixpence at Paddy's Market), a brooch of black bead clusters (threepence), a genuine lizard-skin handbag lined with doeskin (sixpence); and furnishings for her bedroom.

The thick, white cotton bedspread edged with fringing which covers her bed was 4/- at Paddy's Market.

She bought the hand-crocheted white pillow-case on her bed for 3/- at the same market.

Going around secondhand shops is Helen's hobby.

"It's fun never knowing what you're going to find," she said. "I have bought lots of things which I've given away as presents — lovely old kerosene lamps, brass bowls, pictures — all sorts of things."

"Most of them go dirt-cheap because the vendors think they're old-fashioned and nobody wants them."

Helen gets "a few stares" when she ventures out in some of her old-fashioned finery.

"The first time I wore my Boston boots people stopped and stared in the street and said: 'Oooh, look at that girl's shoes!'"

"But I think they're marvellous, and they're so soft."

Helen's collection of jewellery is also eye-catching — if inexpensive.

BLACK velvet gown with leg-o'-mutton sleeves is a favorite. It cost 2/6. To recapture Edwardian flavor, Helen adds ostrich plume, button-boots.

OLD-FASHIONED girl at right is Helen — with lorgnette. Below, she wears her Boston boots, school beret, and a bargain black muffler.



HELEN loves this crocheted jacket (cost 2/6), worn over a black crepe dress.



She has several old pendants and a silver fob watch, picked up cheaply, and a collection of rings which look like rose quartz, jade, and amber.

They are, in fact, chunky plastic bought for a shilling each at a chainstore.

"I buy them in dull pink, green, and amber," she said, "then sandpaper the shine off

them, and they look exactly like semi-precious stones."

Helen, who is the sister of Sydney actor Reginald Livermore, works several nights a week in a Kings Cross restaurant.

"I never feel shy about wearing my things up there," she said. "Most of the customers think they're marvellous."

Helen lives at home with her parents, brother Reg, and younger brother, Douglas.

Her parents think she is "a bit mad."

"But they don't mind," she laughed.

"Mummy worries that the neighbors will think I haven't got anything better — but she thinks it's all a bit of a giggle, really."

The fashion attitude of Helen Livermore anticipates a worldwide trend toward a fancy-dress vogue. In Italy, the "ragbag look" (old shawls, boots) featured in the recent spring-summer showings. And in Paris — color, overleaf: MOOD CLOTHES.



● Cuddly sleeveless coat of Mongolia fur worn skin side out over a roll-neck sweater and skirt. A Dorothee bis for the sportsgirl who wants to stay feminine.

● But sometimes it's fun to be a tomboy (right). And what better than striding around in high boots and this striped jersey dress. It cost £A4 at Dorothee bis.



● Want to feel like a dream walking? The square crocheted shawl becomes a hooded cape by a drawstring about one-quarter down its length. The Jacobsons of Dorothee bis boutique got the notion from shawls in the Paris Flea Market.

● But if you want to play coy as well as crazy, why not a white wool lace cover-up (right) with transparent sleeves showing arms to match your lacy legs. It cost £A10 at Dorothee bis boutique.

SPORTY FEMININE

or TOMBOY



DREAM WALKING

or COY CRAZY



SEVEN ROLES MOOD

From MARCELLE POIRIER,
in Paris

● The big fashion gag in Paris these days is "mood clothes." Started by the young set, dressing to suit a mood has become a "fancy-dress" vogue that is followed by all sets and age groups.

THE long-established fashion rule is that a girl should cultivate her personality, find her type, and dress to it.

Today this is considered dull and monotonous, just as following an orthodox fashion trend is square.

The with-it girls are chameleons with dozens of personalities they pull on with their clothes.

One moment they're striding along in boots, off-beat furs, and chunky wools, the next they're feminine and romantic in provocative lace.

You just get used to being surrounded by 1920s vamps with dangling earrings, donkey fringes, low-belted ribbed sweaters, or chiffon shifts when, hey presto!—the scene changes and they're straight off the campus in striped blazers, turtle-necked sweaters, striped mufflers, knee socks, and sneakers.

You have hardly recovered from your surprise at being faced across the table by Marlene Dietrich in a trouser suit and coat slung over her shoulders, than she turns up for an evening date, all dewy freshness in the simple dress of a Puritan maid.

The tomboy who has been cavorting round in hipster jeans or a low-belted jersey dress into which she tucks her thumbs, returns dressed like Olga Polovska, the Beautiful Spy, or goes to a party looking like a southern belle from "Gone with the Wind."

Hairstyles, make-up, accessories, and manners all change to suit the mood, and these days, with hair pieces and wigs, it is possible to have a barber-cut in the morning, long, straight demure-miss tresses in the afternoon, and a fluffy Edwardian style in the evening.

Brigitte Bardot was one of the first to revolt against standardised fashion. She never dressed couture.

B.B. is wearing her first big-name wardrobe in the Far West film being shot in Mexico in which she stars with Jeanne Moreau.

The two stars are dressed for this film by Pierre Cardin and their wardrobes are strictly Victorian.

As soon as this film is shown here in Paris we shall, undoubtedly, have an epidemic of ostrich-feather trimmed hats, basque jackets,

and pseudo-bustles . . . adaptations of the clothes of the Far West saloons.

B.B. has always dressed in the boutiques, those small model-gown shops where prices are midway between couture and big-store fashions. The pink-and-white checked gingham dress from Real, in which she was married to Jacques Charrier, started a gingham fashion which swept the world.

The ye-ye pop singers like Sheila, Sylvie Varian, and Francoise Hardy always dress, too, in the little shops, choosing outfits which suit the image they represent and the song they sing.

They have inspired the young things to create their own fashions.

The boutiques have been quick to exploit the trend and have proved clever in always having on hand a wide range of amusing clothes.

Dorothee bis, a boutique run by go-ahead Elie Jacobson and his wife, is better known among the moderate-budget crowd as a fashion creator than Dior, St. Laurent, or Balenciaga.

Bloomers

The Jacobsons, a young couple with three children, seem to have a built-in radar which keeps them one jump ahead of the current fashion gag.

In their unpretentious, always-crowded boutique on the fringes of Montparnasse have been launched the successive crazes for Dolly Sisters clothes, for Victorian rococo styles cribbed from old clothes picked up in the Flea Market, and for beaded fishnet boleros and dresses.

And those Victorian flowered ruffled bloomers with bed-jackets to match have been snapped up as quickly as they could be turned out.

Laura, another boutique way out in the suburban wilds of Porte d'Orleans, is also a favorite with mood-clothes fans.

Latest gag here is a deep candlesnuffer cloche hat edged with a deep band of black rabbit fur teamed with a matching muff together costing less than £A10—ideal for impersonating a mysterious Hungarian countess.

At Laura's, too, are plain little black dresses with white crochet cuffs, collars, and jabots that give a sweet-sixteen look.

FOR THE ONE GIRL CLOTHES

They must be fun, crazy as go-get-it, above all, cheap so they can be discarded when the mood changes.

American buyers are crazy about the new Paris fashion froth, which is as frivolous and heady as champagne and expected to last no longer.

Andrew Arkin has had Real's designer, Arlette Vager, create a huge collection for the 3000 shops he supplies throughout the States. As a result, American girls are looking like Sylvie Vartan and Francoise Hardy this season.

Mt. Arkin is also backing Guy Douvier, who used to be the Dior-New York's designer. Douvier never did settle down across the Atlantic and he is now back in Paris making mood clothes for the over 25s — more sophisticated and mature fun.

Marie Martine is a boutique which for years has provided fun clothes for the International Society Set, whose main wardrobes come from couture.

The older woman does not go overboard for the more outrageous gags, but likes to fool her friends by picking up an unusual little model relatively cheap and making it look a million dollars.

"Slumming"

Slumming in the boutiques is a secret vice for heiresses, wealthy wives, and top-flight actresses. Few ever admit to it publicly.

Gloria Guinness, one of the ten best-dressed women in the world, takes pride, however, in being able to pick out a really good model from the cheap clothes range.

Last season she turned up at a Castillo couture show in a white pique dress and polka-dot tie-silk hat she had picked up in a Prix-Unie, one of the ten-cent-style stores.

Denise Minelli, wife of film producer Vincente Minelli, who is renowned for her meticulous and extremely expensive tastes, likes dipping into boutique shops on occasion.

Recently, she has been wearing a shaggy boucle wool suit with a chiffon ruffled collar and cuffs edged with ostrich feathers, which she bought in the Marie Martine boutique.

"You can always get by with a cheap model as long as it has expensive accessories," she says.

When she wears one of her boutique finds she adds

her fabulous diamonds . . . all of them. "That's the way to fool them," she says. Shoes, bag, and gloves are always of the best, too.

Elizabeth Taylor has fallen victim to mood clothes. When she is feeling slightly mad and "with it," she wears an outfit designed for her by Mia Farrow and Vicki Tiel, a couple of American girls who have set up in Paris and are as crazy as coots in their designing.

Liz's fun get-up, chosen by Richard Burton, consists of a high-waisted cream chiffon dress covered with

scrolly art-nouveau embroidery. It has wide sleeves edged with pearls like the deeply scooped out neckline.

The hem ends well above her kneecaps to show as much as possible of her off-white lace stockings.

Junk shops

Flea markets and junk shops are a great source of mood clothes.

Turn-of-the-century shirts, with pearl buttons, tucks, and goffered frills make lovely tops for long wool or satin skirts for party wear.

FEATHERY FRIVOL

● Marie Martine suit. Mrs. Vincente Minelli chose this as a frou-frou change from her plain couture self.

or DOLLY SISTER

● Another Marie Martine in striped lame, popular with socialite clients.



● For the girl who feels in a 1920s mood, a beaded fish-net dress which has become a craze in Paris. It was designed by Loris Azarro for the Jacobsons, who run the pace-setting Dorothee bis boutique in Montparnasse.

JAZZY '20s

Victorian petticoats in striped silks are also hunted down for gipsy-style evening skirts worn with gipsy shawls and great hoop earrings.

The joy of mood clothes is in creating one's own fashion by mixing and matching old and new, serious with crazy, the expected with the unexpected. It's a challenge to imagination — and a wonderful occasion for play-acting.



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SOCIAL By Mollie Lyons

ROUNDABOUT

IT'S only a few weeks until we'll see all those country visitors in their broad-brimmed hats and tweed jackets in town en masse for the round of parties and dinners which are part of Sheep Show Week.

First of these, on March 3, is the dinner at the Pickwick Club given by the Australian Corriedale Association when the president, Mr. E. K. Vickery, of "Nandewar," Boggabri, and Mrs. Vickery will greet 120 guests.

Then, on March 4, Mr. Stuart Bradshaw, of "Mona Vale," Ladysmith, president of the Australian Society of Breeders of British Sheep, and members have asked 350 to a buffet dinner at Princes.

However, March 5 is the big day, with the official opening of the show by the British High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, the Sheepbreeders' Association cocktail party for nearly 1000 guests at David Jones' Great Restaurant, and the Sheep Show Ball at Menzies Hotel at night.

President of the association, Mr. L. A. Pockley, of "Pylara," Tarago, and Mrs. Pockley will be official host and hostess at luncheons in the council stand for Sir William and Lady Oliver following the show opening, and again at the cocktail party.

BEFORE he leaves Australia in the middle of March for a four-month trip abroad, Mervyn Horton will say farewell to his friends at a series of Friday night "at homes." The first of these, which will be given in his delightful recently renovated terrace house at Potts Point, will be on February 5, with three others to follow. During the time he is overseas, Mervyn (the editor of "Art and Australia") plans to visit art galleries in Mexico City, New York, London, and Rome. He's also looking forward to visits to the theatre in all these cities and to looking up old friends. In Rome he will be the guest of former Adelaide resident Mic Sandford, who has a flat in Rome and a villa in Florence.

ADMIRING the petite, elegant figure of Mrs. Strath Playfair arriving at a reception in a striking all-white outfit. A few tan blossoms in her close-fitting wig hat of hyacinth flowers (which she wore with a superbly tailored shirtmaker dress with a pleated skirt) were the only touch of color.

FIVE weeks in Hawaii for Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Loan, who left by air on January 27 to be at the christening of their first grandchild, Dugald Allen, born on December 8. While they are there they'll stay with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Allen.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Darling Point, has been chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Roberts for the christening of their first child, David Ian. Godparents will be Mrs. Barry Morrison, Mr. Ian Reid, and Mrs. Noel Cole, of Auckland, for whom Mrs. Roberts' sister, Mrs. Bewick Hack, will act as proxy. The Roberts are planning a five-week trip to Hong Kong in April to visit Mrs. Robert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, when Mrs. Morrison will take care of David.

THE menu planned by Mrs. Rush Clark for the party she and her husband are giving on February 6 to farewell the Ed Letchers, who leave soon for the United States after eight years in Australia, sounds so exciting. A Hawaiian dish—chicken luau, served with coconut cream, spinach cooked in a special way, and baked bananas, will be the main course. Although it's a cocktail party, Mrs. Clark has told her 80 guests to "come informal" in gay shirts and pretty muu-muus to give an island atmosphere to the party, which will be held in the playground and on the terrace.

MEMBERS of the ladies' committee of the Australian-American Association are thrilled to have Dame Pattie Menzies as their special guest at afternoon tea on February 16 at the Hotel Australia. The president, Mrs. Norman Jones, will be hostess for the party.

ENVIED Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCall Power when I heard details of the marvellous four-month trip they're planning. They leave by air on February 28. Their travels take them to the Philippines, Hong Kong (where they'll stay with Miss Dorothy Prentice), Beirut, Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv, Rome (where they'll have an apartment for two weeks), Florence, London, Leningrad, and Denmark. In Genoa they hope to see the Garays, who lived in Sydney some years ago when Mr. Garay was the Spanish Consul-General.

LATEST artist to exhibit overseas is Lesley Pockley, who has her second one-man exhibition scheduled at the Yoshido Gallery, Tokyo, on May 10. She will travel up by sea and take the canvases with her, spending about two months there sketching for a further exhibition in Sydney. The exhibition was asked for two years ago when she was holidaying in Japan, but she has been so busy that this has been the first opportunity to fulfil her promise to return.



JUST WED: Mr. and Mrs. John Gale with the Reverend P. Coleman following their marriage at St. Ignatius College Chapel, Riverview. The bride was Miss Shane O'Donnell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. O'Donnell, of Vaucluse. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gale, of Vaucluse.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Terry Hunt at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel which followed their marriage at the Faulstich Congregational Church. The bride was formerly Miss Robin Wearing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Wearing, of Rose Bay. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Hunt, of Point Clare. They will live at Rose Bay.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Gordon Johnston (left) with Sir Charles and Lady Moses at the State reception at the Wentworth Hotel to celebrate Australia Day. The Premier, Mr. J. B. Renshaw, welcomed more than 400 guests.



AT RIGHT: Guest of honor Anthony Gow-Gates with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gow-Gates, of Newport Beach, at the twenty-first birthday party which they gave for him at the Pickwick Club. Anthony and his parents welcomed more than 180 guests.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Murphy with their attendants, Miss Donella Byrnes and Mr. Malcolm Melvey, after their marriage at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill. The bride was formerly Miss Helen Murray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Murray, of Dee Why. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Murphy, of Lewisham.



AT LEFT: Dr. and Mrs. William Watts, Dr. Neil Thompson, and Miss Rosslyn Meckiff (left to right) at the Sydney University's first Medical Graduation Ball which was held at the Roundhouse at the University of New South Wales, Kensington.



ABOVE: Mrs. Peter Bowie paused before the painting "Land, Ocean, Clouds, Plant Form" at the opening of an exhibition of twenty works by Ken Whisson at the Macquarie Galleries. The exhibition of oils will remain open until February 10.

Memorial to that grand old battler Miss Portia Geach

Annual £1000 art prize — for women only — will honor talent passed over in her lifetime

ALTHOUGH Portia Geach made headlines as the vocal founder of two Sydney housewives' associations, in another ten years she will be remembered the way she thought of herself — as a painter.

For the will of Portia's sister, Kate, has established a magnificent art prize for women painters, The Portia Geach Memorial Award of £1000.

The prize will be for the "best portrait painted from life of some man or woman distinguished in Art, Letters, or the Sciences," and will be awarded every year by a three-judge committee.

One of the judges will be Sydney auctioneer Thelma Attwood, who met Miss Kate Geach after Portia's death in 1959 when she valued the estate.

"Portia was a militant little thing," Miss Attwood reflected recently. "I had seen her in the auction rooms since I was young, but I always connected her with housewives."

"When I went to value her estate, I came to a room full of canvases. As I walked around, I was absolutely dolly-eyed."

"Miss Kate told me that every time Portia sent in entries to art exhibitions in Australia, her paintings were either hung in bad positions or not exhibited at all. They were nearly all men on the hanging committees in those days."

By JUDE AINSWORTH

Portia Geach won a scholarship to the Royal Academy, London, where she studied under John Singer Sargent and other noted painters.

Miss Attwood (in private life Mrs. Nigel Boulton) remembers seeing the Royal Academy diploma among Portia's papers. It said: "You are now qualified to engage in the art of portrait painting."

Although she never became known as a painter here, Portia Geach had one-man exhibitions in Sydney and Melbourne, as well as in New York, London, and Paris.

Her portrait of Mrs.



● Portia Geach as everyone who remembers her in the 1940s will recognise at once. Until her death, aged 80, in 1959, Miss Geach battled for housewives. It was part of her general campaign against a world made for men by men.

Edith Cowan hangs in Parliament House, Perth, and after her death her portrait of Sir John Quick, LL.B., one of the founders of Federation, was accepted and hung by the National Library, Canberra.

The memorial award ranks with the most generous Australian art prizes — the £780 Archibald Prize, the £280 Wynne Prize, the £120 Sulman Prize, and the Helena Rubinstein travelling grant of £1300.

The perpetual trust is administered by the Rev. H. J. Hillman and the Permanent Trustee Co. of Sydney.

A born "joiner," Portia Geach not only founded the Sydney Housewives' Association in 1917 and a rival Progressive Housewives' Association years later, but belonged to the Arts Society of Melbourne, the Sydney Women's Club, the National Town Planning Association, the Parks and Playgrounds Association, the Aborigines' Protection Association, the New Health Association, the Victoria League, and the Child's Study Association.

But it was as a sharp-tongued crusader for the rights of the housewife that she filled the newspapers with complaints against injustices and requests for investigation into the workings of such bodies as the Tea,

Milk, Meat, and Egg Boards.

She once commented that she hadn't had a good cup of tea since the Tea Board was established some 14 years before, and called the board a "dead-head outfit that just helps to sky-rocket the price of our tea."

Portia called an increase in the price of butter "double-barrelled stupidity" and protested against a rise in the price of sheeting.

"Tyranny"

She constantly opposed what she considered the tyranny of the master butchers, and organised successful city-wide housewife strikes when meat prices went up, until the butchers decided it was better to sell for less than not to sell at all.

Once she supported increased licensing fees for poker-machines with a terse: "I hope they eliminate some poker-machines — we gamble far too much."

In general, right up until her death at 80 in 1959, she campaigned against the organisation of a man's world — the closed front that she claimed had faced her when she tried to exhibit her paintings.

This life-long determination was the inspiration for Miss Kate Geach to create the memorial trust. Kate Geach died in 1962.

"I think this will be a very important thing nationally," Miss Attwood commented. "I'm sorry that men aren't incorporated in it, but we certainly have some brilliant women painters."

To be eligible, a woman artist must have been born in Australia or have British or naturalised Australian citizenship. She must have been resident in Australia during the year before the date when entries are due must be delivered — September 30, 1965. Her place of domicile must be Australia.

Entry forms are not required, but the trustees must be notified in writing not later than August 31 of the intention to submit a painting. (Notification should be addressed to "Portia Geach Art Award, c/o Permanent Trustee Co. of N.S.W. Ltd., 23-25 O'Connell St., Sydney.")

With Miss Attwood, the other two judges will be two of the Trustees of the Art Gallery of New South Wales, yet to be named.

MME BRAINE believes cleanliness, diet, and disposition are a foundation for beauty. "What is the point of spending pounds on make-up if one doesn't take care of the skin beneath?" she asks.



MAKE-UP TO YOU — says Paris beautician

● Once, as a cosmetics student, Solange Braine had to make a model look like a portrait in the Louvre. It was a lesson in what NOT to do.

"MAKE-UP," says Mme Solange Braine, in Australia to train beauty technicians, "is not for making you look like someone else, but for making the best of yourself."

Madame Braine got her diploma as a beauty technician in Paris after a five-year course, which included chemistry, biology, and psychology.

"Part of the course was a visit to the Louvre, where we had to study paintings of the great masters. We were each then given a model to make-up and we had to completely change her face to one in a portrait we had chosen at the Louvre."

"It was amazing how different our models looked when we had finished them."

Madame Braine does not recommend this idea for women, though. She thinks the more naturally they make up the better.

She gives these rules for skin care and make-up:

- 1 Cleaning the skin is ten times more important than beautifying with make-up. The face and neck should be cleaned with either a cream or lotion (depending on the condition of the skin) both night and morning. The morning cleansing is as important as the night removal of make-up, for during sleep the skin throws off toxins.
- 2 Never use a cosmetic preparation because it has "done wonders" for a friend or looks good on her. No two skins are alike. Go to a beautician for advice.
- 3 Never scrub the face harshly. Even small children should be taught to wash their faces gently, and little girls could use cleansing milk right from birth. The facial skin is very fine and transparent, and rough

treatment can break the tiny blood vessels underneath.

4 Extremes also are bad for the skin. Too much sunshine and too much cold wind leave their marks. There are preparations which protect against the elements, and they should be worn when long exposures are anticipated. It is a fallacy that hot water on the face opens the pores for cleansing and then cold water closes the pores and acts as an astringent. This treatment is bad for the face and has the effect of harsh scrubbing.

By PAT PECK

5 A mask to remove all deep-down impurities should be used once a week, not just by the older woman but by anyone using make-up. This should be followed by a tonic to brace the skin, applied with cotton-wool. Stroke gently upwards.

6 Nourish but do not over-feed your skin. Too much cream does no good to a dry skin and may upset an oily one. Use creams with a gentle upward movement, with the fingers held flat, until you feel your skin growing warmer and softer with revived circulation.

7 Skin beneath the eyes and the eyelids needs a different treatment, as it is even finer. Don't use the cleansing lotion you use on the rest of the face. Use a lotion specially made for removing make-up on your eyes without damaging the delicate tissues around them.

8 When using nourishing cream around the eyes and on the lids just finger it in. Don't use as much as on other parts of the face.

9 Eye-shadow should be a shadow, not a blob of color on the eyelid, so use it sparingly and well blended into the skin.

10 Because the eye is especially warm, many people find trouble with eye-shadow and eye-liner running. Avoid this by first making up the eyes with foundation and powder.

11 Eye-liner should also be used discreetly, for its correct purpose is only to deepen the length of your lashes. If applied carefully in the exact color of the lashes, nobody should know you are wearing it.

12 Don't try to change the shape of your eyes. The doe-eyed look is out, and the natural, rounder eye is in vogue. But do change the shape of your face, if it displeases you, with rouge.

13 Many people think a woman with natural pink coloring should avoid rouge. But quite often her color is low in the cheek and does not flatter the shape of the face. Used sparingly and high on the cheekbone, rouge not only alters the shape of the face but adds lustre to the eyes.

14 Foundation cream should not be used on the neck, but if a woman feels that her neck needs a little make-up, a light dusting of face powder over cleansing milk will tone in.

15 Use a foundation cream which exactly blends with your skin. Make-up should never be a mask, but part of the natural face.

16 Hands, which are just as important as faces, should be treated gently. Rubber gloves should be used for all chores, even dusting.

17 When applying a facial and neck mask, always lie down beforehand. You are now in a relaxed position and the mask won't crack.

18 Never give yourself a face massage. The correct position for a massage is behind the client, and you can do more harm than good with self-ministration.

What to do after a

By ALVA RAY

ROAD CRASH

Allow yourself a few moments to think
— then act effectually, step by step

● You are driving peacefully down the hill from your home to the news-agent's to buy the Sunday paper. Suddenly a youngster in an old-model sedan comes racing out of a side-street on your left.

You desperately slam on the brakes, swerve across the street to your right, and even as you do you know he's still going to crash into you?

"This is it," you think.

The crash of metal and breaking glass comes first. The shock of impact comes next. The steering wheel rams against your chest, and then the right side of your head bangs against the door. You black out for a few seconds.

Like the majority of road accidents, this one has occurred within ten minutes' driving time of your home.

Gracie's back, luv

By BETTY BEST, of
our London staff

GRACIE FIELDS' decision to return to the concert stage and visit Australia was a result of her trip to Blackpool (her early stamping-ground in England) last year to open a hospital wing of an old ladies' home.

She heard some of the current young performers singing in variety there and said to her agent, "Well, I think there's still some life in me in comparison with all this."

On her way back through her hotel she passed a convention meeting and was recognised. The delegates called her in and asked her to sing.

The first thing that surprised her was that the musicians knew all her songs and began to play them with gusto.

Then all the young people attending the convention gathered around, sat on the floor, and just would not let her go.

Gracie was so thrilled that she did a tour of England.

She went from north to south doing strenuous one-



● Gracie Fields, 67 last month—"There's still some life in me."

night stands and broke records wherever she went.

Then she stole the show from Cilla Black and her contemporaries in the Beat game when she appeared at the Palladium for the Royal Command variety show on November 2.

During rehearsals I talked to the erect, gaily dressed, 66-year-old woman as she sat in the shadows at the back of the stalls doing her ever-present embroidery.

I had heard her first two numbers and had been captured and entranced both by her professionalism and her artistry.

I told her she would be the hit of the show.

"Oh, aren't you sweet, luv!" she beamed, like a schoolgirl who had won a prize at the school concert.

"You know, I tried to tell them I should do all new songs, but they won't let me. They still seem to want 'Sally' and 'Wish Me Luck'."

"Really, I'm quite scared of tomorrow night. That's why I'm doing my sewing. Keeps my hands busy. Hope you'll be there to give me a hand tomorrow. I might need it. And thanks for coming up to tell me you liked it. Every little helps."

She didn't need my hands the next night. She brought the house down. They wouldn't let her go. And it was all the old songs they kept calling for. Youngsters as well as the old fans.

Gracie flew straight from a London still screaming for her to New York, where she appeared on the Jack Parr show, and later made a happy tour of Canada, breaking more box-office records for the concert halls.

Gracie's first three Australian concerts since the war (she came over to entertain troops) will be at Sydney Town Hall on February 10, 12, and 15.

She will appear in Brisbane on the 18th and 20th; Melbourne on the 23rd, 25th, and 27th; Adelaide on March 3 and 6; and then appear in six New Zealand cities.

front of, and accidentally obscured, the rear lights of the stationary car.

FOURTH: Don't haul the victims out of their cars. This will be your first impulse. Don't do it.

Moving an injured person is a job for skilled professionals. It is easy to displace broken bones. Turning a person who has a broken rib may result in his lung being punctured; tugging at someone whose back is broken may result in his death.

Only if it is essential to prevent further damage should an injured person be moved. If fire has started in the car, first try to put it out rather than shift the injured. If he has been thrown to the roadway, cover him with a coat or blanket, and protect him from oncoming traffic.

FIFTH: Never give an injured person anything to eat or drink. Many people feel that a few sips of brandy or water can do no harm. In certain circumstances they can.

SIXTH: If the driver is trapped behind the steering-wheel he can often be released by operating the seat catch and easing his seat back a few inches.

SEVEN: Gentle loosening of tight collars, belts, or ties without moving the victim can help his breathing. The four cardinal rules for the treatment of shock are Warmth, Air, Rest, and Doctor. W.A.R.D. treatment applied by the novice should include gently placing a rug or coat over the injured.

EIGHTH: Use a heavy pad of clean cloth to press against the sites of bleeding and slow it down. It would be helpful if everyone at some time made it his business to seek out an ex-nurse or an ambulance officer to demonstrate techniques of apply-

ing pressure to pressure points of arm and leg to stop bleeding.

A person may bleed to death in two minutes if the flow is not stanching. If the skull is fractured, heavy pressure against the injury is best avoided.

NINTH: Comfort the injured person in a matter-of-fact way. Say the doctor is coming soon. Never say someone is dead or shockingly injured.

A girl of 15 was trapped in an English train crash for several hours. For much of that time a middle-aged man held her hand and talked to her, sensibly and calmly.

In after years she said, "I've never forgotten the comfort of that man's hand and voice."

TENTH: Experts say that many driving accidents occur because of faulty personal attitudes of drivers. The classic case of "an accident looking for somewhere to happen" is the man who, after a fight with his wife, flings out of the house, into his car, and off to the club to "cool down."

Heaven help car or pedestrian in his way.

Some teenagers try to prove themselves "men" behind the wheel, to find their own limits.

Sydney's largest maternity hospital reported recently that whereas no mother had died in childbirth during the preceding 12 months, two had been killed in road smashes which occurred while frantic fathers-to-be were speeding them to hospital.

When Emotion sits behind the driving wheel, Danger is his inseparable travelling companion. Perhaps to the saying "Don't mix drink and driving" can be added, "Don't mix emotion and driving."

As things stand now, it seems that it is not so much lack of skill but lack of (good) will that can kill.

Now test your driving maturity

TRAFFIC experts consider that human error is responsible for most accidents. Your attitude toward other people plays a big part in deciding whether you drive safely. Test your "driving maturity" on these questions. Score 1 for "Often," 0 for "Seldom or Never."

	Often	Seldom or Never		Often	Seldom or Never
1: When you are involved in a prang, do you shout abuse at the other driver?			7: Do you consider all women drivers worse (or better) than all men drivers?		
2: Do you always try to be first away when the traffic lights turn green?			8: When the car ahead is driving too slowly for your taste, do you hang inches behind his rear bumper?		
3: When a ball rolls out on the road ahead of your car, do you keep driving at the same pace, although you know a child may run after it?			9: Do you push your way through intersections?		
4: Do you think it is always the other driver who makes the mistakes?			10: Do you think it is entirely up to elderly pedestrians and young children to keep out of your way?		
5: Do you nose your car across a pedestrian crossing in front of people crossing?			11: Do you feel envious of owners of swanky new cars and contemptuous of "bomb" owners?		
6: When another car tries to overtake you do you put on speed?			12: If you have never been involved in a road accident, do you consider this is entirely due to your skill as a driver and not partly to fortunate circumstances?		

9 or over? Your temperament makes you a driving hazard. Over 6? Grow up a bit. Under 3? You're responsible, mature.

One sure way to start an argument is to ask your husband or wife to answer these questions for you!



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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The jobs that infuriate

IN reply to Mrs. Webber (Qld.), who hates cleaning windows. I, too, have a pet hate — cobwebbing. I keep putting off this tiresome task until the cobwebs become so obvious that I just have to sweep them down. My husband always points out that stretching for the high webs is good for the figure, so perhaps there is one bright side to this disliked job.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Rial, Canaga, Qld.

MAY I answer Mrs. Webber's query with one long, loud scream — thinking what meat to order each week! How I hate that most detested chore.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Huckel, Lismore, N.S.W.

MINE is cleaning a mincer.

It is such a messy job, and just when I think I've finished, I find another piece clinging tenaciously to a corner I've overlooked. My hat would go off to an inventor who made a small brush that you could fix to the mincer to do a thorough job of cleaning just by turning the mincer handle.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

CLEANING the shower alcove is my pet household hate. So I get two jobs done at once by scrubbing the alcove down each week after I have washed my hair. This way it doesn't seem quite so tedious.

£1/1/- to "Two in One" (name supplied), Elizabeth Vale, S.A.

THE necessary task I most hate is making sandwiches for my husband and children to take to work and to school. I am always stuck for fillings for sandwiches, and when I have finally thought of something, the answer is usually, "I don't like that."

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Hamlyn, Tarragindi, Qld.

ANYONE who dislikes cleaning windows has my sympathy, though having a lovely view I do enjoy seeing it through shiny glass. But my chief hate is dusting. In fact, when my children were quite small and saw me doing this chore, they invariably asked, "Who's coming today, Mummy?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Miller, Burnside, S.A.

WHY oh why doesn't some clever person invent some form of dishes and cooking utensils that can be eaten with the food? This would be a distinct advance on ones that can be thrown out with the garbage. My pet hate in the home? Washing the dishes.

£1/1/- to "Wash-a-Wipe" (name supplied), Dee Why, N.S.W.

National favorite

HAS Australia a national pet? If not, surely the budgerigar would win hands down if such a survey were made. As usual a sight as the small cage near the back door of the Australian home, is the budgie cage accompanying summer campers and caravanners. Only those who own one (or several) of these engaging little birds can fully appreciate the interest and affection they return in response to the small amount of attention they require.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. E. Carswell, Coleraine, Vic.

Garden of memories

I HAVE not heard of "Friendship Puddings," but I do know a dear old lady who has a "Friendship Garden." All her friends are asked to contribute a cutting or seedling from their own gardens, and she now has a really beautiful garden which gives her many hours of pleasure.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. F. Russell, Woollahra, N.S.W.

The absolute test

MY friend's teenage daughter insisted on wearing a strapless gown to her first dinner dance. Her mother, however, insisted that she was too young. Finally her father settled the argument. "Let her try it on," he proposed. "If it stays up, she's old enough."

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Simpson, Sandgate, Qld.

Not for the picking

AN old man where I have been holidaying was determined to guard the beautiful fruit that burdened his trees. Children who loitered or as much as slackened pace as they passed by were verbally warned off. A final touch was the notice: "This fruit has been sprayed with poison. The nearest doctor is at X. The nearest cemetery at Z."

£1/1/- to "Holiday" (name supplied), Smithfield, N.S.W.

Puddings on the line

YES, I have heard of "Friendship Puddings," originally an old Scottish custom. My little Scotch mother made them — but with a difference, she used Christmas cake. Scottish folk always gave friends a generous piece of their cake and expected (and got) a piece in return. These pieces were all soaked in a basin, and a little milk, and rum poured over. After standing for a few hours, the whole was tied in a pudding-cloth and boiled. I remember seeing several of these puddings hanging on our back clothesline before being reboiled and served with custard.

£1/1/- to "Scotty" (name supplied), Henley Beach, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

SERVICE-STATION attendants, as a rule, are competent people.

Their knowledgeable air is somewhat intimidating.

But Nora was an off-beat service-station attendant.

I met her during a holiday trip. I won't say where, because I don't want to put her in. Nora has enough trouble already.

As I pulled up at the service station she came toward me. She was about 21, fair-haired, with a worried expression.

I asked her to fill it up with Super.

While pouring the petrol in, she said: "Everything's gone wrong today. I just sent two cars away without putting the caps back on the tanks. I suppose they'll complain to the boss."

I began to warm toward Nora. You don't often meet anyone connected with motor cars who admits a mistake.

At my request she checked the

GAS ATTACK

oil. Holding up the dip-stick, she said: "Do you think it needs some more?"

I said yes, and she muttered: "I wonder what sort I ought to put in."

She called out to the girl on the other pump: "Marlene, what sort of oil do you put in this car?"

Marlene was holding a nozzle from which petrol was spilling on the ground. She replied: "Have a look at the sticker on the window."

Nora peered at the sticker and read out: "Number 20, it says."

After she had poured the oil in, she had some trouble screwing the lid back on the engine. I assisted her.

I asked next if the battery was O.K.

Nora said: "I'm not too good at batteries." She pulled the stoppers off and looked inside.

"I think you're supposed to put

water in if it's not covering the other things," she said.

I inspected it, and we agreed that the battery did not need water. Nora looked relieved.

Then I asked for some air in the tyres. She picked up the hose nervously, as if it were a snake, and began attaching it to a tyre.

There was a loud pish-sh noise. "Is that air coming out of the tyre or going in?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Nora. She seemed close to panic. She was pulling the trigger on and off, with more pish noises. "I'm not sure if this thing is working," she said.

My wife was looking out of the car window now.

"What's the hold-up?" she asked. "It's all right," I said. I was on Nora's side.

We got away after nearly 15 minutes of trouble-full service.

Somehow I had enjoyed it. Nora gave me that special satisfaction you get from meeting someone who knows even less than yourself.



SOLILOQUY FOR HUSBANDS

• A German survey showed that 75 per cent. of husbands said they helped their wives with housework but only 43 per cent. of wives admitted getting help from husbands. As Hamlet so nearly said:

To help or not to help? That is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the house to suffer The slings and arrows of its outraged mistress Or to plunge arms into a sink of dishes And by this gesture soothe her. To dust, to sweep, To sweep, perchance to wash; ay, there's the rub, For if you sweep and wash, what dreams may come To her of shuffling off her household toil? Here you should pause. You might suspect You've wrought calamity in your short life, For who would bear the quips of scornful wives (Whose shafts arouse the proudest man's contentedly), The pangs of unprized love, the lawn's delay, The weariness at office when she spurns Your patient efforts as unworthy fakes, When you yourself might take your quiet ease On a good golf-course?

— Dorothy Drain

Portable sandpits

DISCARDED tin baby baths, which can usually be bought for a few shillings, at local secondhand marts, make ideal portable sandpits for youngsters. They can be moved into the shade of a tree in hot weather or on to the verandah on rainy days, and fit easily into the boot of the car for refilling.

£1/1/- to "Sand-lover's Mum" (name supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

Stuck with it

A RECENT Letter Box correspondent used the term "white elephant," and this is what I found out about the origin of the expression. When they wished to ruin one of their courtiers, the kings of Siam presented him with a white elephant, an animal sacred in that country. The cost of its upkeep was so ruinous that the wealth of the courtier soon dwindled away. Hence the term "a white elephant" for a useless and unwanted object.

£1/1/- to Miss L. Chippington, Scarborough, W.A.

LONELY? SHUT OUT? UNHAPPY?



POPULAR GIRLS ARE CONFIDENT!



Sad but true that no one seems to like a girl who's always unsure, uncertain.

You have to hold your chin up and face the world proudly. You should never be afraid to try new things... to make new decisions.

One decision that self-confident young women often make in their teens is the Tampax decision. Tampax just has to be a better way. No chafing, no irritation, no odour, no bind, no bulk, no problems. In fact, Tampax all but takes the differences out of days of the month.

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"GUNSMOKE" star James Arness.

Did you know?

● A new series of monsters created by ex-Australian Women's Weekly writer Bill Strutton will appear in "Dr. Who" on British television this month.

THEY are the Zarbi, chosen from dozens of competing monsters to follow the beloved Daleks, which captured a 12,500,000 audience every week for this series.

"Dr. Who" was first written and designed for children, but its space-time-machine theme caught adult imagination to such an

extent that now half its audience is composed of grown-ups.

Bill Strutton's Zarbi (which is both plural and singular form of the beast) was produced from a searing childhood experience in Australia.

"When I was there I foolishly tried to intervene between two bull-ants fighting in a kerosene tin—and got stung for my pains," he said. "I never forgot that intense pain,

nor the horror of ants which accompanied it.

"When I was asked to create a monster the first thing I thought of was bull-ants."

Bill has also created some good monsters based on butterflies called Menoptera, who try to thwart the Zarbi. The story line in the half-hour episodes reveals that the Zarbi were once tame, good domestic creatures who were taken over by a superior intelligence and became malignant.

They inhabit the Web Planet, where Dr. Who (William Hartnell) and his assistant (played by William Russell) land in their police-box time-machine centuries into the future.

Bill Strutton's recent TV successes include episodes for "Count Martial," "Dr. Finlay's Cavebock," "No Hiding Place," "The Protectors," and "R3."

"Oddly enough, I found the fantasy of 'Dr. Who' more of a holiday than work after the intense realism of 'R3' and some of the other series," he said.

"It was a joy to be able to invent one's own logic instead of researching."

★ ★ ★

WHATEVER happened to Kathie Browne, the young actress who was to marry Adam Cartwright on "Bonanza"? The actress who wound up marrying a Cartwright cousin (then was a change in script) will co-star in a new half-hour series, "The Willes." George Gobel also will star.

Television

AFTER more than 10 years, famed movie actress Jan Arthur has come out of retirement to appear opposite James Arness in a "Gunsmoke" episode. She will portray the mother of a wanted gunman who is hiding-out near Dodge City. Miss Arthur's last movie, "Shane," was made at Paramount Studios in 1954. Since then she has lived in seclusion in a seaside villa at Carmel, California, 300 miles from Hollywood.

★ ★ ★

LONG-HAIR musicians can mean The Beatles . . . or it can mean the members of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. And to show that they're all brothers under the, er, hats, the New York Philharmonic demonstrated on their TV Young People's Concert that The Beatles' song "A Hard Day's Night" is based on the classic "sonata form," Leonard Bernstein, conductor of the New York Philharmonic (who has quite a head of hair himself), sang, as well as conducted, part of The Beatles' number and other pop songs.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said (when I asked her what an optimist was): "Well, my dear, there are a lot of different opinions about that. The dictionary defines an optimist as one who believes that the world we live in is the best of all possible worlds. A comedian might say that an optimist is a man who goes into a restaurant without a shilling in his pocket and figures on paying for the meal with the pearl he hopes to find in the oyster." But I think Momma's definition is the best . . .

Momma's moral: An optimist is a motorist who keeps his motor running while his wife pops into the shop to buy a new hat.

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At last—the hair spray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair and holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hair spray a delight to use! Now available in two sizes 8/11 and 14/6.



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FROM
YOUR CHEMIST

Le Gay, the new holding Hair Spray with the Brush-away formula

A LITTLE BIT OF IRISH

By PATRICIA KENT

● Who better could replace the wholly Irish and delightful Dave Allen on Channel 9's "Tonight" than the half-Irish and wholly delightful Don Lane?

DON will fill in on "Tonight" (Thursday, 9.30 p.m.) until the American husband-and-wife team Charlie Brill and Mitzi McCall arrive about the middle of March to take over the show permanently.

In a telephone conversation with Don (he had arrived in Australia only a few days before and was settling into an apartment with his new wife, Gina) I formed the distinct impression that here was a man who knew what he was about.

"I understand that Dave Allen was tremendously popular here," he said. "Of course I want to 'click,' too, but I want to do it on my own merits, so I'm not going to be a carbon copy of Dave. In fact, I haven't seen any tapes of his 'Tonight' shows, so I don't know how he handled it."

It's a knack

"I do know that I want to do lots of interviews with people on the show—I feel that this can be tremendously interesting to the audience provided you get hold of the right people and you have the knack of making them talk."

"I want to entertain, too. I'll be telling jokes, I guess, and singing, though I don't think that I have the best voice in the world, and I want to do comedy sketches."

Unlike most entertainers, Don Lane is moderately modest about his talents. He was a fairly regular guest artist on America's top-rated variety programme "The Ed Sullivan Show"; he has appeared on "The Steve Allen Show" and in a few episodes of the war series "Combat"; he has toured the nightclub circuit in America and worked in clubs in Hawaii for four months. So he's no novice at show biz.

For the most part I was impressed by Don's first show. He has charm, and his ad-libbing is good. But he needs to tighten up his interviews, and though his voice is pleasant I do wish he would forgo the straw hat and soft shoe bit.

First shows, however, are difficult. I'll look in on him again in a few weeks.

★ ★ ★
MY favorite entertainment on television is the good solid documentary.

The Americans do them best, I think. Both C.B.S. and N.B.C. have produced some memorable programmes, but then "Four Corners" produced some

good efforts, and so did Bob Raymond for Channel 9's "Project '64."

Channel 7's "Seven Days" (Mondays, 10 p.m.) lags sadly behind. It's a pity, because they have two good men in Peter Westerway and Richard Croll, the latter used not nearly enough as far as I'm concerned.

A recent programme in the series was on political prisoners. It was an English programme, presented as a documentary, which it was not.

It was as blatant an emotional appeal for political prisoners as I've seen. There is, of course, nothing intrinsically wrong with this. Something should be done for them, and done quickly. But I object to emotional appeals being thinly disguised as factual.

It was done quite well, in parts, though the "artistic" touches of actors in shadowed profile reciting the harrowing verse of incarcerated poets was rather vulgar after a while. For instance, "from the very bones of pain I call to you," and so on.

Then, in an attempt to show that the same situation could develop in Australia, "Seven Days" took over with a patchy examination of the political case of 1955, in which a journalist and his employer were gaoled for criticising Parliament, which invoked an archaic law for the purpose.

I was a gay and feckless teenager in those days, and I remember the case but vaguely. It must have been dynamite, but "Seven Days" made it seem all a bit dull. I wonder what happened to the newsmen that must have been made, or all the people who lived through it, who could have re-created it more vividly?

"Seven Days" has the talent. Now let's have the fire and imagination.



RICHARD CROLL



DON LANE, who is temporary compere of TCN9's "Tonight," made several appearances on the "Ed Sullivan Show" in America.

This show has everything

IF you want a show that has everything, tune in to "Burke's Law," Channel 9, 7.30 p.m. each Monday.

Captain Amos Burke (Gene Barry) is a police captain in the homicide division who rides to work in his chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, lives in a mansion that would put any respectable millionaire to shame, and dines regularly on caviar and champagne.

Television

He has, it is hinted, a large private income—his high living, it is said, certainly does not come from his weekly pay packet.

Along with Burke are his two officers—a young detective and a comfortable, middle-aged detective—and a weekly star guest list that is more than impressive.

So, you have sex appeal with Captain Burke (who, in addition to being absolutely splendid at solving murders, is suave, charming, handsome, and beautifully dressed) and you have the other two detectives— young and slightly reckless, or comfortable and dependable, whichever you prefer. You have lashings of luxury— beautiful homes, sumptuous cars, marvellous food.

And then, of course, there are the girls. Hundreds of 'em, all with a happy penchant for bikinis and/or mink and a happy-go-lucky attitude to love. There are kooks, weirdies, and comics galore.

It's mad, unreal, and sometimes faintly ridiculous. And I wouldn't miss it.

AS a dedicated watcher of anything remotely medical (and "remotely" includes Kildare and Casey), I was cheered to see the return of "Your Life in Their Hands" (Channel 2, 10.10 p.m., Tuesdays), a series concerning real patients, real problems, and real doctors.

The programme comes from Britain, with different hospitals and doctors as the "stars" each week.

Last week's came from King's College Hospital, London, and the problem was deafness and its surgical cure.

It was interesting to learn that in England one person in every 25 has trouble with hearing. The most common cause of severe loss of hearing is "conductive deafness," a blockage between the middle ear, in the region of the tiny stirrup bone, and the inner ear, in which lies the organ of hearing.

The structure of the ear was shown by models, the ear surgeon demonstrating the technique he would use in a subsequent operation.

Other causes of deafness were discussed, along with prevention of diseases of the ear by prompt treatment of infection.

But the really thrilling part of the programme was the extraordinary operation itself, which was done with the surgeon looking through a microscope magnifying to 16 times.

The camera also saw through the microscope, and was witness to the surgeon's incredible skill using instruments measured in millimetres, and dealing with the tiny bones of the ear perhaps one fortieth the size of a penny.

The delicate operation carries an 80 per cent. improvement rate.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Rights issues

By MARY BROKER

● It is felt in many financial circles that 1965 will come to be known as "the year of the big rights market."

ALTHOUGH this, of course, would not be as exciting as a year of bonus issues, it does give shareholders the opportunity to pick up shares below market price, and it does give other investors a chance of entering the company at a slightly cheaper rate.

Main reasons for the market expectation of numerous new issues this year seems to be tighter liquidity position anticipated—which simply means that there won't be quite as much money around.

Therefore, companies needing capital to expand manufacturing facilities, or to acquire a new subsidiary, or other similar reasons, will be very likely to make a new issue in this way.

There are three excellent rights issues selling on the market at the moment in really first-class companies—so the year has started off well in this respect.

Actually it is very heartening to see this taking place, for it indicates that industry has the confidence which the share market at present lacks.

LIFE SAVERS (AUSTRALASIA) LTD. has just made a new issue hand in hand with a bonus issue. Both were on a one-for-ten basis, and were made to shareholders on January 15. The company is at present adding to and modernising all its plants, and is very hungry for new money.

Life Savers, of course, manufacture "the candy with the hole," as well as various other types of confectionery, including Mastercraft and Smalls chocolates.

Profit has risen steadily year by year since 1951 and in the past five years has jumped from £130,000 to £305,000.

Earning rate in the same period has only once slipped below 30 per cent.

Shareholders have done extremely well, too. Apart from the two issues just made, they have had a one-for-two bonus and three-for-ten par issue of 5/- shares in January, 1961, plus a 1-10 bonus in December, 1962.

Rights are selling at 9/6, so a hundred would cost about £49. You would then have to pay 20/- for every 5/- share to the company, bringing your total cost to £149. For this you would receive £4 a year in dividends at the present 16%.

A second company, the **SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BREWING COMPANY LTD.**, made a one-for-five new issue at 5/- par, also on January 15. Rights will be traded until March 1.

I have talked about this company before, quite some time ago, but I should like

to point out to you that it is the only brewer in South Australia, and also supplies Broken Hill, where I should think a long, cool glass of beer would be in great demand.

Since I last discussed it the company has formed an important connection with the famous Arthur Guinness & Co. Ltd. to brew Guinness in its own breweries, and to distribute Guinness products in Australia.

Everyone has always believed that the company was fairly conservative in stating its financial position, but it was only in 1964, when tax was disclosed for the first time, that this was proved.

Last year the tax rate for public companies was 8/- in the £1, or 40 per cent. But S.A. Brewing actually disclosed a tax provision well over 95 per cent. of profit.

Results have always been excellent, profit rising in the past six years from £314,000 to £602,000. Earning rate, as in most breweries, has been consistently low, but this is no worry when the company is so financially strong.

Rights are selling around the 12/- mark, 100 costing about £62. You then have to pay the company a further 5/- a share, or £25, bringing your total cost to £87. Your dividend return on this will be £2/10/- a year at the present 10 per cent. rate.

Wide interests

The third company, **P.G.H. INDUSTRIES LTD.**, has always attracted me by the simple fact that it brings out profit figures every three months, so that shareholders always know where they stand.

It is engaged basically in the building industry, but, unlike many others, has withstood troubled times virtually without a scratch.

This is due not only to excellent management, but also to its diversification. The many subsidiaries manufacture bricks, pipes, furniture, plastics, plywood, operate sawmilling and road-contracting divisions, and distribute aluminium products.

Over the past six years profit has gone from £119,000 to £369,000, with earning rate fluctuating around 25 per cent. even through the credit squeeze.

As with Life Savers, the one-for-ten cash issue at 7/3 premium went together with a one-for-ten bonus of 5/- shares on January 12. The company is expanding rapidly, and the new funds are needed to help meet the cost.

Rights are presently selling for about 9/-, 100 costing about £46. The additional 12/3 per share comes to just over £61, making your total cost £107. Dividend will be £4 per year at the anticipated rate of 16 per cent.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 10, 1965



HOW TO MAKE A SUNSHINE ICE CREAM CAKE

2 tsp. gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 6 oz. SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk, 4 oz. sugar, 1 x 8 oz. can of NESTLÉ'S Reduced Cream, 2 tsp. lemon juice, 3 oz. glace cherries, strawberry, chocolate and vanilla flavouring, 1 x 7" sponge layer.

METHOD: Turn refrigerator control to maximum. Allow gelatine to swell in cold water. Add boiling water, stirring until gelatine has dissolved. Whisk in Sunshine, sugar, lemon juice and Reduced Cream. Freeze until consistency of thick cream. Beat in chilled bowl until thick and double in volume. Divide into three. Add strawberry flavouring and cherries to first. Chocolate flavouring to second and vanilla to third. Line deep 7" cake tin with foil. Make a collar around tin. Halve sponge. Place alternate layers of ice cream and cake in tin. Freeze. Just before serving, remove collar, lift out by overlapping edges of foil. Top with cream.

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kind of full-of-cream
goodness (you can't.)

You can only make it yourself with
the full-cream goodness of **SUNSHINE**

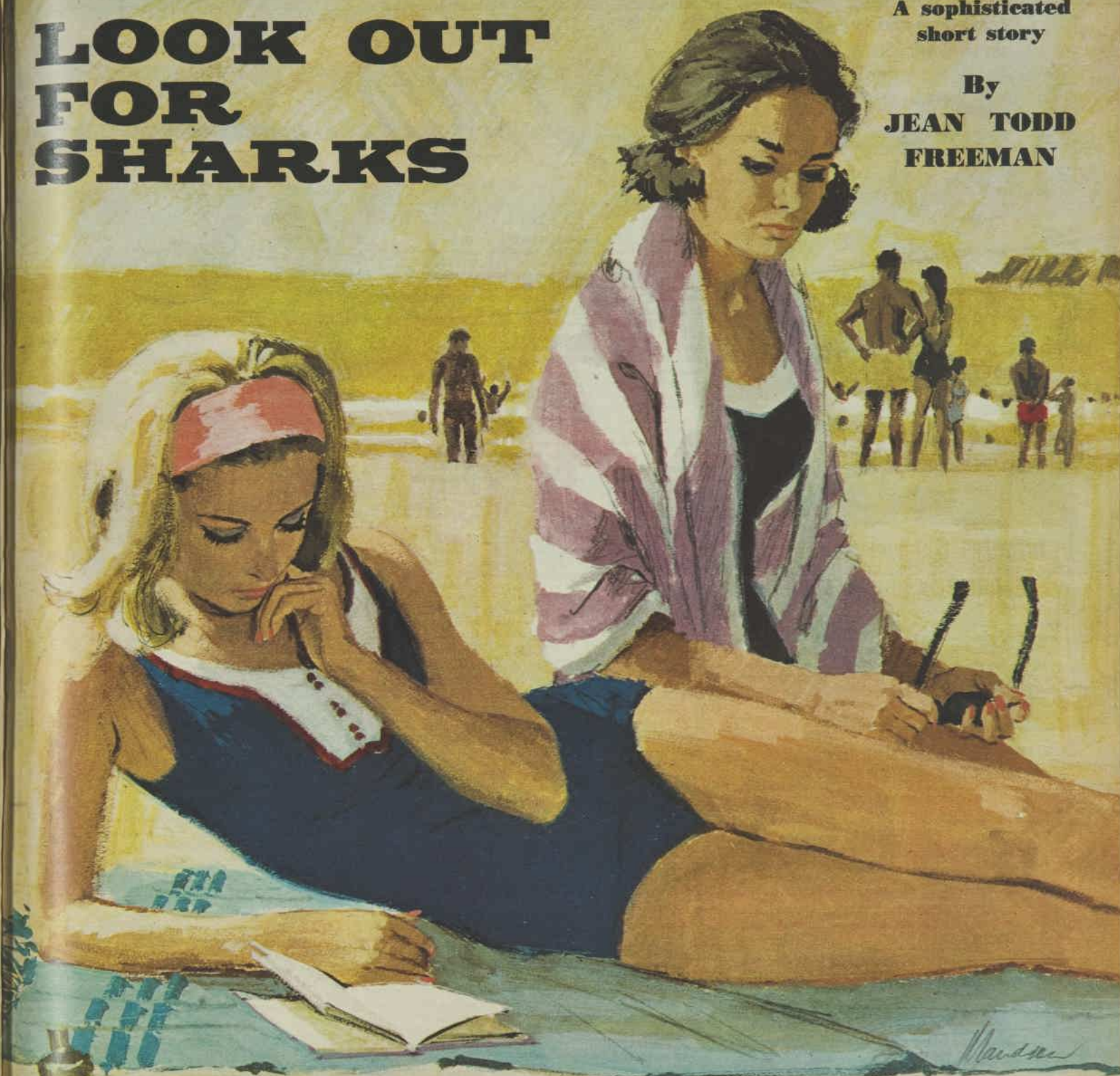
**SUNSHINE
ICE CREAM
CAKE**



LOOK OUT FOR SHARKS

A sophisticated short story

By
**JEAN TODD
FREEMAN**



Patty and Julia settled down in a clear spot on the beach at some distance from the crowd.

On a fine Sunday in July, Patty and her friend Julia were driving along Route 72, an hour out of Philadelphia and headed for the New Jersey shore. Patty had been to the ocean only once this season, and then too early to swim; she was looking forward to plunging into the water and swimming straight out as far as she could — or at least as far as she could get before the lifeguard whistled her back.

Julia had been twice, she said; the second time there was a shark scare farther up the island, and the swimmers were called out of the water for several hours until word came that the sharks had been only a school of porpoises.

"Well, there'd better not be any shark scare today," Patty said. "It's going to be too hot to lie on the sand all afternoon."

"I've brought along a book and the 'Times' crossword puzzle," Julia said comfortingly. Julia always read at the seashore, turning the pages languorously, dribbling sun-tan oil upon them.

Patty, somewhat to her surprise, had discovered that she could not read at the shore at all. Instead, she recited

poetry — Hopkins and Swinburne and Yeats — lying face down on the sand and speaking in a quiet, hardly inflected voice that did not seem to bother Julia.

It had been books that formed the basis for their friendship; later there had been music, art, chess. Still, they did not see each other very often, even though they were engaged in similar work—Julia as an assistant editor of a children's magazine, Patty in book publishing—and shared also the subtle pleasures and obvious pains of being over thirty and unmarried.

Occasionally they would go to a concert together, meeting for dinner first; and in the summer they drove to the shore once or twice, at least, always to the same small town on the south end of the island just offshore.

It was Julia who initiated and organised these trips, calling to arrange for the rented car, although she herself did not drive, carefully estimating the chances of rain, making reservations at the Edgewater Hotel if, as they had occasionally done, they decided to stay overnight.

Patty, although she considered herself a true lover of the ocean and Julia a mere dilettante, knew that she was

basically too lazy to face all the minor difficulties of getting from Philadelphia to the shore, and left to herself probably would never make the effort.

"You ought to learn to drive," she said now to Julia, swinging off on to the narrow, less-travelled road that led toward the shore. "Suppose I had a heart attack. I think your refusal to learn to drive is an affectation, pure and simple. Every adult American ought to know how to drive a car and swim."

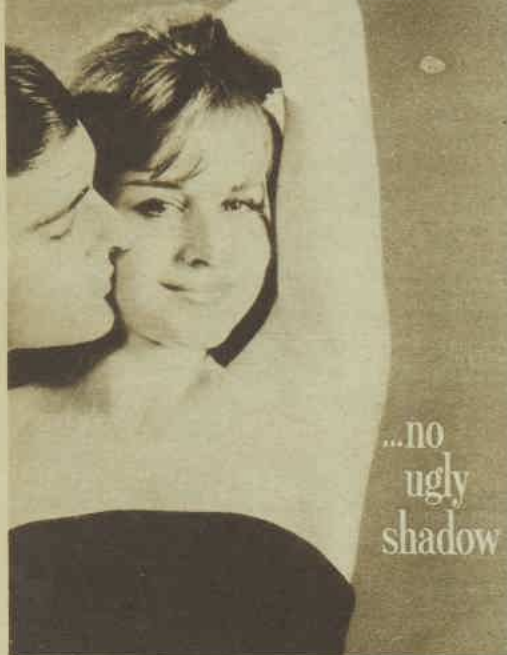
"Every adult American ought to know how to appreciate Jane Austen," said Julia composedly.

They both laughed. It was part of their compatibility that they felt free in each other's company to indulge their tastes and prejudices without feeling either pretentious or ridiculous. Their minds worked quite differently; Julia was fond of sweeping generalisations about life that Patty, who felt one could understand the general only in terms of the particular, found irritating.

But they were patient with each other, and their arguments — whether about religion or politics, music or

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FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

Page 22

Bella

Concluding instalment of
our romantic serial
By **DOROTHY EDEN**



At the servants' party, Bella's mood changed to gaiety as she danced with Guy.

TRAVELLING to London by coach after their father's death, LALLY and BELLA McBRIDE are befriended by MRS. PROUDFOOT, who offers them lodgings with her while they seek employment. Settling in, they meet her son, NOAH, and a dumb servant girl, TOTTIE, who is terrified of him. That night Mrs. Proudfoot tells them her niece has had a baby. Lally later sees Noah burying a box which she believes contains the baby's body, but he denies this, and Mrs. Proudfoot, who has asked to be called Aunt Aggie gives her a soothing drink. When Lally does not waken the next day, Bella learns that the drink has been drugged.

She calls for help from a window. GUY RAVEN and Doctor BUSHEY force their way in, and later the police arrest the Proudfoots. Guy escorts the sisters to his town house. They learn he is a widower standing for Parliament and intends to use their case in his campaign against poverty and vice. To silence his political opponents he proposes to Lally, but Bella takes her place, recognising it as a marriage of convenience. After the Proudfoots are sentenced to prison, Guy takes the girls to his country residence. Feeling ill, Bella has to tell him that she is expecting his child.

Tottie joins the household, and MRS. WALTER, the housekeeper, keeps an eye on MOLLY HANCOCK, another servant girl, whom Guy has employed. In the village one day Lally, accompanied by Molly, is frightened when she sees a woman resembling Aunt Aggie. The next night Molly disappears. Guy plans to get a nurse for Lally, who is now bordering on insanity. Back in London he checks that the Proudfoots are still in gaol, then visits their home. NOW READ ON:

GUY found that by reaching through the hole in the window-pane he could turn the lock and push up the window. He smiled wryly as he stepped into the dubious room. He wasn't dressed for breaking into empty houses.

The place was familiar enough to him after his first visit there. He remembered the little parlor, its antimacassars and bobbed velvet, covered now with a filter of dust. Without the warmth of firelight and lamplight and Aunt Aggie herself, whose cosiness couldn't be denied, it was a dreary little room, smelling musty and damp.

The stairs creaked with a painful protest beneath his weight. He wasn't going to search the whole house. His main object was the bedroom at the top. The last time he had seen it, Lally had been sprawled in her deep sleep across the bed, and the girl who was now so improbably his wife had been shaking her sister and lifting her own distraught face to her rescuers. It seemed strange now to find the room completely empty.

He had never believed Lally's fantasy about Aunt Aggie in the village, and even less had he thought the missing Molly a victim of these people who could just possibly have tentacles stretching out from Newgate prison. He had felt impelled to explore these possibilities and although he hadn't believed in them he felt a curious lift of spirits to find himself right. He hadn't realised that Noah's threat had weighed on him.

All the same, there were strange aspects. The speed with which the newspapers had had the story of Molly's disappearance, as if they had been fed with private information, and this surely not from Sir Henry Shields, who was no longer his rival. There was a personal touch to this new persecution which disturbed him.

But this drab little house was innocent. Or was it? Guy's eyes caught a dark gleam in a corner of the kitchen. For a moment he thought it a drop of blood. He stooped to pick up the object. It was an artificial cherry such as a woman might wear on her bonnet. One side was pitted with tiny teethmarks, which had obviously been made by a rat. The rat would have carried its disappointing trophy here from where it had been dropped.

Who wore a bonnet trimmed with a cluster of cherries? Mrs. Proudfoot? Isabella or her sister? Molly? Or one of the faceless stream of young women who he was certain had passed through this house?

How was he to know? But the small object lying in the palm of his hand was almost free of dust. It seemed very unlikely it had lain there all the months Aunt Aggie had been in prison.

Guy was glad to find Doctor Bushey at home. There was a great deal to talk about.

The doctor was inclined to view Molly's disappearance with nothing but indignation.

"The ungrateful wretch! I'm sorry I let you in for this new trouble. But it'll blow over."

"I'm not sure. Two hours ago I'd have agreed with you. But since then I've found this."

He exhibited the cherry and described how he had found it. He said, "I'm going to the police. I want the girl's disappearance thoroughly investigated. I know it's a hundred chances to one she has gone off with a man, she was apt to make friendships easily, I'm told. But the one odd chance she hasn't must be investigated. You see if it should prove true, this can happen again. From my house. A war of attrition, so to speak."

Doctor Bushey regarded Guy with astonishment.

"My boy, what you're suggesting is fantastic."

"I expect you're right. I expect the whole thing's on my nerves. On top of it all, my wretched sister-in-law seems to have gone out of her mind. That won't surprise you, perhaps."

"I'm very sorry to hear it. She has an unstable personality. It's her method of escape from reality. At least you made the right choice when you married. I warrant Isabella isn't out of her mind."

"Far from it. At least, not in the same way."

"You haven't really seen her yet, have you?" the doctor murmured, his eyes bland.

"Seen her! I am supposed to be the father of her child!"

Doctor Bushey began to chuckle maddeningly.

"Why, I believe she tricked you! Did she trick you, boy?"

"If you ask me," Guy said, his temper rising, "I've been tricked all round. Caroline dead, my mother alienated, my career gone, married to a shrew!"

"And able to see only an inch in front of you. Poor boy, poor boy! Let's have some brandy. It won't get you long sight, you've got to develop that yourself, but it might help to clear the way slightly."

"In the meantime I need a woman, someone with some nursing experience, to take care of this mad creature I have had foisted on me. She'll have to be watched all the time. My wife doesn't seem to realise the danger of letting her near the baby. She'll most likely smother it when she thinks she's only showing it affection."

Doctor Bushey nodded gravely.

"I see you understand her condition. She has a fixation on infants since her unfortunate experience. You're quite right, she shouldn't be left alone with the child." But certainly let her share it a little."

"Oh, my wife will see to that, you can be sure."

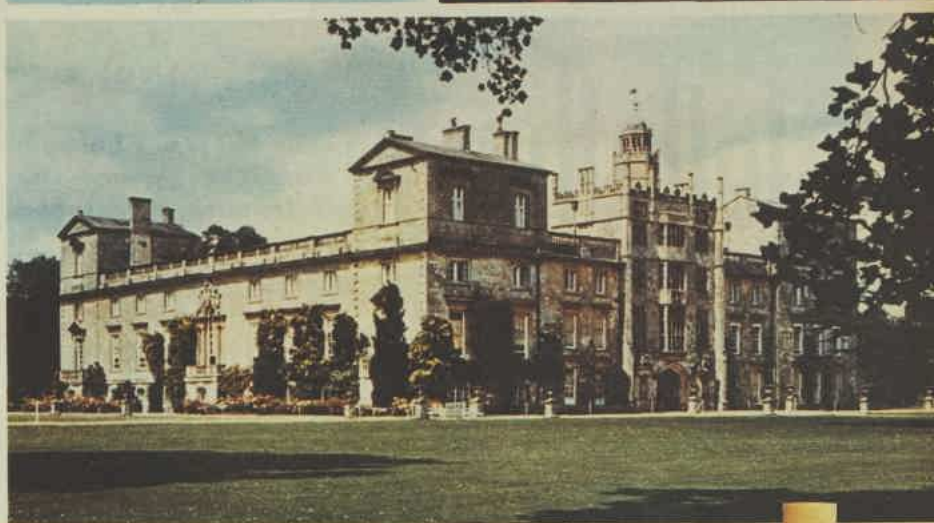
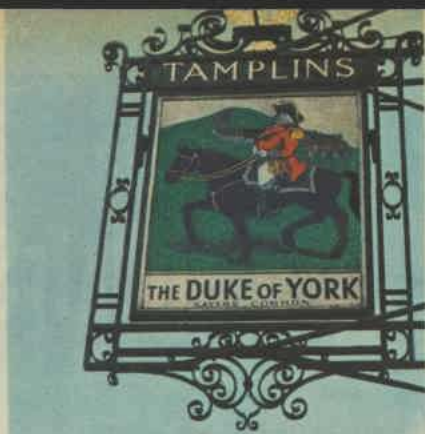
"Your wife shows a warm devotion to her sister. Well, then, we must find a suitable woman. I'd suggest someone young and kind to appeal to Miss Lally."

"That's exactly my own idea."

"But not Miss Isabella's?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 10, 1965



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Conditioner & Dressing for Lovely Hair

VP17

THE GRADUATES

By
**R. W.
ALEXANDER**

**Joan knew her husband
would be by her side
if trouble threatened**

JOAN MENTON opened the hall door, stepped out on to the porch, and stared down the street. The neighbors' children had been called in and bathed and put to bed and the yards were quiet, with little stirring in the summer dusk. Sprinklers were turned on, and there was a scent of wet grass and flowers, a feeling of peace and restfulness, as night settled and stars began to show.

I shouldn't have let Laurie go, Joan thought. Not with Bob Parker. He's a nice boy, but . . .

Hands on the porch rail, leaning forward a little, she stood watching and listening — a small woman, still slim and pretty at thirty-eight; a quiet woman, with soft eyes and a gentle mouth; a busy woman, always doing things for her husband and three children.

But just now Joan Menton was a worried woman, blaming herself as she listened for the sound of a car and watched for the sweep of headlights. She knew the deep rumble Bob Parker's old car made, smoking its way along the street, with Bob and Laurie close together behind the steering wheel. She had heard it almost every evening as spring unfolded into summer.

Laurie's so innocent, she thought. I wish I hadn't let her go.

She stood there a long time. The summer night closed in around her and shadows deepened underneath the trees. Cars came by filled with boys and girls, with laughter and shouting, but not the car she wanted—not the car bringing Laurie home.

A light flashed on in the front room, then off again. Joe, her husband, came to the door and looked out.

"I was wondering where you were," he said.

He often said that. He was a big, quiet man who listened a great deal more than he spoke. He came out and stood beside her at the rail, and she knew he had felt lonely, missing her suddenly, and had come looking for her.

After a few minutes he would go back to whatever he had been reading. She didn't have to say a word or touch him. It was enough for him to be with her. He stood silent, loading tobacco into his pipe.

"Laurie's out," she said.

She hadn't meant to give herself away; but he caught something in her tone and for an instant his fingers, cupped about the pipe, were still.

"Oh?" he said. "Where?"

"The beach. A barbecue. Bob called, and she wanted to go, so I said she could."

Joe nodded. "Nice of her to ask. She's seventeen, after all."

"Yes," Joan said. "She's seventeen." But she thought of Laurie's face, still soft with childhood, the wide eyes innocent and trusting, the mouth sensi-

tive and sweet. She thought of Laurie's body, slim and graceful, not quite yet a woman's body, but with a woman's heart in the gently swelling breast, and she was afraid.

"This isn't her first beach picnic," Joe said. "She's been to others."

He wouldn't go back to his reading, Joan knew, while she needed him. He would stay, calming her fears, letting her talk.

"Yes, last year," she said. "Sometimes with one boy, sometimes with another. She was only sixteen then. She's seventeen now. But there's more than just a year's difference in Laurie. Now it's always the same boy." She tried to laugh. "You wouldn't know."

"I know," he said.

"You don't watch," she said accusingly. "They go off sitting close together, her head almost on his shoulder."

"All the kids ride like that."

"Yes." She sighed. "We did, too, but not when everyone could see us."

"You don't trust Bob?" he asked after a silence.

"I don't know," she said. "How would I know?"

It wasn't Bob Parker, she thought, who had aroused in her this sombre mood, this feeling of disquiet. It was the evening, calm and warm, reminding her of the evenings of her own youth. It was the quiet, shadowy night, the ancient witchery of a summer dusk. She had not forgotten what it was to be young. She had not forgotten the magic of the beach on nights like this.

She could look back on good years of love and motherhood, but she remembered what the night could do and the longings it aroused. Often as the stars came out she had knelt beside a driftwood fire, a boy's arms about her waist, while all around the warm darkness promised to hold fast all secrets. She had not forgotten.

"Laurie'll be all right," Joe said, as if she had spoken all her thoughts aloud. "She's a good kid."

He didn't know — he didn't understand. It was so easy to say and to believe their daughter was a "good kid." But, Joan wondered, did Laurie's heart beat more steadily for all their faith, their prayers? Had their love for her raised a magic shield against the summer night and a boy's whispered pleading?

"Bob's a decent boy," Joe said.

"You were a decent boy, too," Quickly she took his hand and held it to her face. "Joe, have you forgotten?"

"No," he said. "I remember." His laugh was soft in the clinging dark. "You were adamant."

"Oh, no!" she said. "Not adamant, Joe. Maybe I seemed so to you. But inside I was weak and shivery."

"You were?" he said in astonishment. "Of course," she said. "I loved you. But I had to say no."

"What if it hadn't worked?" he asked dryly. "What if I'd threatened to kidnap myself another girl?"

"I don't know," she admitted. She rubbed her cheek against his hand. "Anyway, you didn't."

"No." He bent and kissed her. "I didn't want another girl. But I did want you. There was one night on the beach with a new moon . . . We were there a long time. I'll bet your mother was worried that night."

"She must have been crazy with worry. But she said nothing."

"I never really loved you until then, when you slapped me down. Something changed in me. I was ready to work for you, wait for you. It wasn't just a summer flirtation any more."

"If only we could see a little way ahead!" She sighed.

"Laurie is like you. She'll be all right."

"Yes," Joan said. "Oh, yes!"

"You're crying," he said gently. "Why?"

"I'm sorry for her," Joan said. "I'm safe, secure. I've been so lucky—I've had love around me all my life. I'm sorry for her, Joe. Life is so hard on the young. They're so vulnerable. They can be terribly hurt."

"Yes," Joe said. "But there's not much we can do. They have to develop their own armor. It's like school—one class graduates and moves on and the next class comes in."

They sat together, silent in the darkness, until Bob Parker's old car with the noisy exhaust came up the street and stopped at their gate. They heard Laurie laugh, and then she came running up the path and into the house without seeing them. A door slammed.

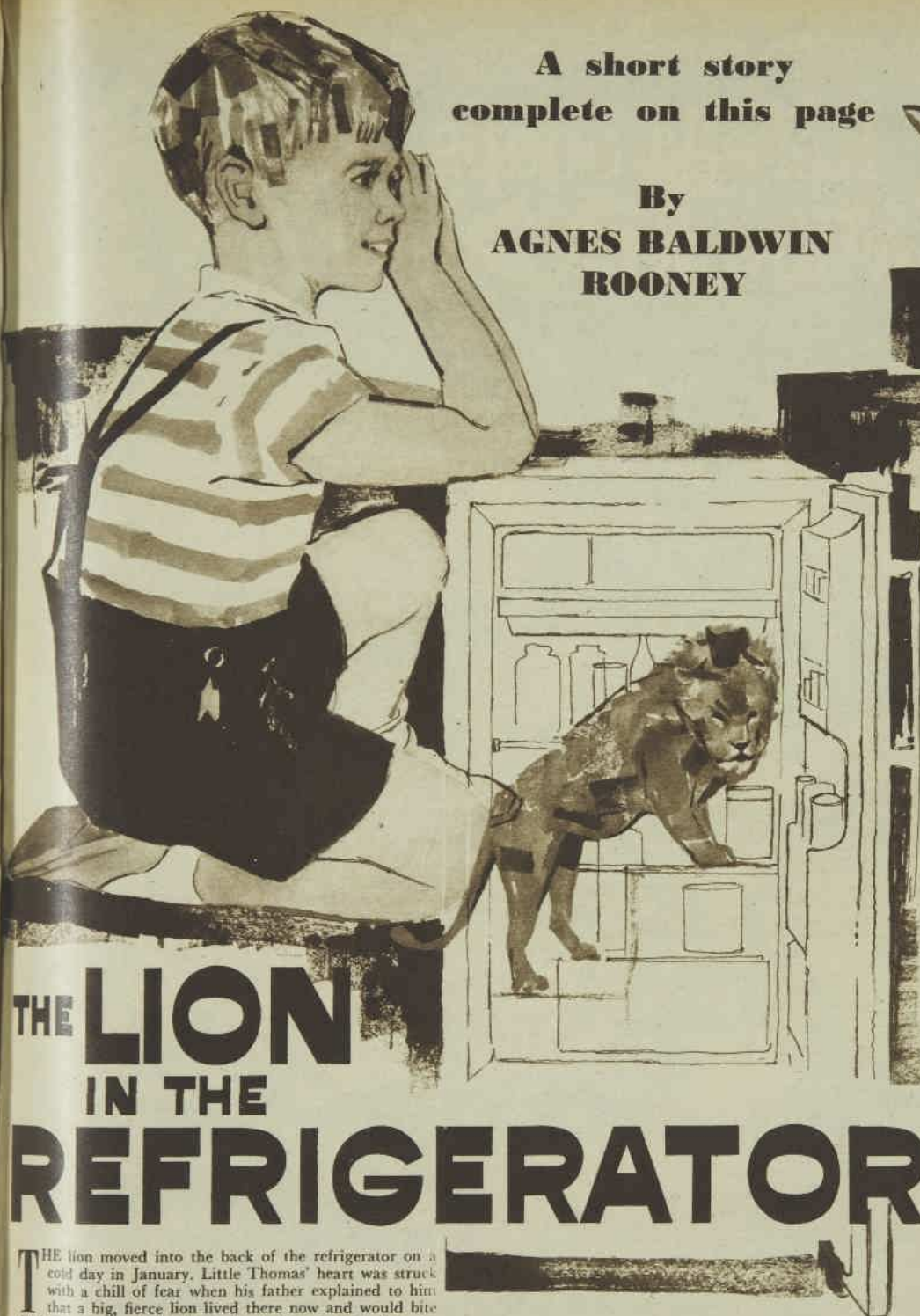
They sat quiet, not moving, thinking that for all their love and pity, for all their longing to help, most likely they would never know what had taken place after the barbecue. Because whatever might have happened, it had happened in a world they had once known but from which they were now shut out.

(Copyright)



A short story
complete on this page

By
**AGNES BALDWIN
ROONEY**



THE LION IN THE REFRIGERATOR

THE lion moved into the back of the refrigerator on a cold day in January. Little Thomas' heart was struck with a chill of fear when his father explained to him that a big, fierce lion lived there now and would bite the hand of any little boy who dared to reach into its domain.

Thomas was three and a half years old. People often patted his head or kissed him and told him that his big blue eyes, rosy chubbiness, and blond hair made him look like a cherub. However, his father said that Thomas was very uncherubic; he was inquisitive and mischievous; and, since the day when mobility had come to him, certain safeguards had of necessity been taken to protect him.

And Thomas' father said that, knowing the personality with which he was dealing, he should have foreseen the danger of the partially exposed back of the refrigerator before he found Thomas exploring the works inside.

Thomas and his parents and older brother and baby sister lived in a small, three-room apartment. They were badly crowded, his mother said. She said it more and more often since baby sister had come to live with them.

One lengthwise kitchen wall accommodated the stove and a built-in cupboard with a tabletop. The other side had the sink near the window, then the washing-machine in the middle and then the refrigerator.

This left not quite sufficient wall space for the refrigerator, so about one fourth of it protruded into the hallway leading to the bedroom. Consequently there was exposed at the back an enticing hole into the dark, enticing interior, where an enticing hum purred periodically.

On days when Mother was feeling irritated, she would make remarks about how uncomfortably they lived. Then, after she had said her say and, sometimes, if she was very tired, even wept a tear or two, she would cuddle Thomas and tell him how sorry she was for her impatience.

She would explain that they were very fortunate to have this cheap apartment and that it wouldn't be long before

they would have saved enough money to put a down payment on a house. Thomas did not fully realise what a house was or why it was so important, but it was enough that the word made his mother happy.

Now, though, terror had entered the apartment as far as Thomas was concerned. He heard his mother and father laughing together about the lion, although Daddy told Thomas that he himself was afraid of the beast and would not dare put his hand into its house.

Thomas gave the hole a wide berth. He screamed with warning when his brother carelessly walked too near it. But as the weeks passed and the initial shock of the animal's arrival dimmed, Thomas began to feel a warmth in his heart for the creature in the refrigerator's machinery.

One day Thomas' mother noticed a glass of milk in front of the hole.

"What is that doing there?" she asked, and Thomas answered that he was afraid the lion was thirsty.

Mother frowned a moment, but she said nothing and she did not remove the glass. When she told Daddy that evening, he gave Thomas a chuck under the chin and laughed. The next morning when Thomas examined the glass, sure enough, it was empty, and he felt glad the lion had liked the milk he had put out for him.

That afternoon he left half his sandwich and a couple of jelly beans on a saucer in front of the hole. He watched and watched, but there was no stirring within, and he kept running back to see if the offering was taken.

He even talked to the lion softly, so as not to disturb it if it happened to be napping, and explained that the food was there for it to eat. The next morning when he awoke and ran to see the saucer, it was empty.



Little Thomas happily lived in a world of his own vivid imagination.

"I love that lion," he told his mother.

When winter and spring had passed and the days and nights grew hot and stifling with summer, Thomas noticed that his mother seemed to be singing a lot as she worked, and she was finding more time to take him and his brother and baby sister to the park. Daddy began bringing cardboard boxes home from the grocery store, and Mother wrapped her silver and knick-knacks and most of the dishes in newspapers and packed them carefully in the boxes.

"Darling," she said to Thomas one morning, "Daddy has bought us a house. We're going to move into it next weekend. You and your brother will have your own room, and there's a living-room and a dining-room and a big porch, and a yard with trees and bushes and flowers."

Thomas assimilated this news slowly. His mother looked so happy that he could not help feeling happy, too.

"Will we all go together?" Thomas asked, and Mother nodded her head to mean yes.

"Will we take our furniture with us?" he asked.

"Everything," Mother assured him.

"And the refrigerator and my lion?"

Mother's face grew serious. "Honey," she said, "the refrigerator isn't ours. It belongs to the apartment. We have to leave it here. We'll have a new one in the house."

Thomas said nothing, and he did not cry. Not out loud, but he felt as if he were crying inside. He felt dully miserable for the rest of the day, and a couple of times he lay down on the floor in front of the hole and talked to the lion. He told it about moving to the house and how maybe he could not go, but would stay in the apartment so he could look after his friend.

But when he thought about it, that was an even more lonely thought; he would miss his mother and father and brother, and even the useless baby sister, terribly. In fact, he could not even imagine living anywhere without them.

He could not eat his supper that evening, and his mother and father watched him but did not ask him any questions.

After Mother had heard his prayers and settled him in his cot in the bedroom and kissed him good night, Daddy came in and sat on his bed in the darkness.

"Thomas," he said, "I had a talk with your lion while you were saying your prayers. He says he's very happy you are going to move into a house and have a nice yard to play in. But do you know what else he said?"

Suddenly something constricting and painful seemed released in Thomas' chest and he cried noisily. "I love that lion," he sobbed.

"Of course you do," Daddy comforted him, and he pulled Thomas into his lap and held him close. "And he loves you. But he says if you don't mind, he'd like to go back to his jungle now and be with the other lions and live out under the trees. And do you know what else he told me? He has a friend he'd like you to take care of. He'd like you to take it to your new house and feed it and love it."

Thomas' sobs slowly ceased.

"Now go to sleep," Daddy said after a while, and he put Thomas back into bed and pulled the sheet over him. "When you wake up tomorrow your lion will be gone. He'll be very happy playing in the jungle. But he'll have left a surprise for you."

Thomas woke slowly next morning. He could hear his mother moving about in the kitchen, and the baby kicking and laughing in her crib. Then he remembered.

He scrambled out of bed and ran into the hallway. He stopped in momentary disbelief and then tiptoed toward the furry yellow kitten sleeping in a basket on the very spot where he had left his lion's dinner the night before.

He got down on his elbows and knees and put his face on a level with the kitten's. The little animal moved and stretched and opened one golden eye and then winked at Thomas. Thomas tentatively reached out a hand and gently stroked the soft yellow fur. The kitten began to purr.

Thomas turned a face beaming with delight to his mother, who had come to watch.

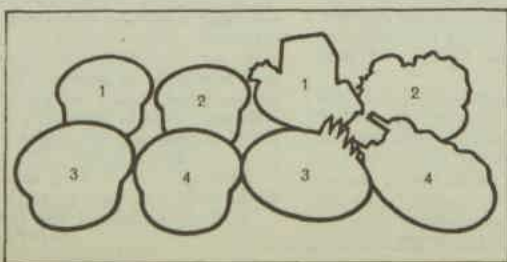
"Mother," he said, "I love this kitten."

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Rosella Soups overflow with flavour



Now you can have your soup...



Simply open one 16 oz. can of Rosella Soup, set aside enough for the recipe, and heat the rest. Serve 4 bowls of soup and an exciting snack too! But make sure it's Rosella Soup because only Rosella has the flavour to spare, it *overflows* with flavour.



SUPPER PLAN 2: Vegetable Soup and Stuffed Tomatoes

What you need: 4 large ripe tomatoes, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. corned beef, chopped, 4 tablespoons Rosella Vegetable Soup.

What you do: Cut tops off the tomatoes. Remove the seeds. Season with salt and pepper. Mix cooked rice, corned beef and vegetable soup. Fill the tomatoes with mixture. Serve chilled.



and eat it too! *(with Rosella's one-can supper plan)*



SUPPER PLAN 3: Asparagus Soup and Asparagus Cheese Spread

What you need: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cream cheese, 2 tablespns. Rosella Asparagus Soup, salt, pepper, paprika pepper, slices of bread, lettuce leaves, tomato wedges, sliced cucumber.

What you do: Combine the cream cheese, asparagus soup, salt, pepper and paprika pepper. Place lettuce leaf on slice of bread. Spoon the cheese mixture onto the lettuce. Garnish with tomato wedge and the slices of cucumber.



SUPPER PLAN 1: Cream of Chicken and Savoury Sandwich Loaf

What you need: 1 square brown loaf, 2 tablespns. Rosella Cream of Chicken Soup, 1 cup grated tasty cheese, 2 gherkins, chopped, 6 black olives, pitted and chopped, 2 tomatoes, chopped, salt and pepper.

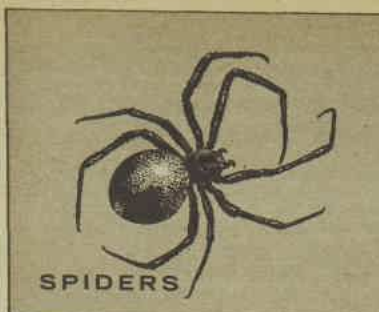
What you do: Cut a slice off top of loaf. Remove crumbs. Combine with all other ingredients. Season with salt and pepper. Press mixture back into loaf case. Replace top. Wrap in foil. Chill 1-2 hrs. Serve in slices.



SUPPER PLAN 4: Tomato Soup and Meat Ball Kebabs

What you need: 1 lb. minced steak, 1 cup fresh white crumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespns. Rosella Tomato Soup, salt and pepper, tomato wedges, pieces of eschallot.

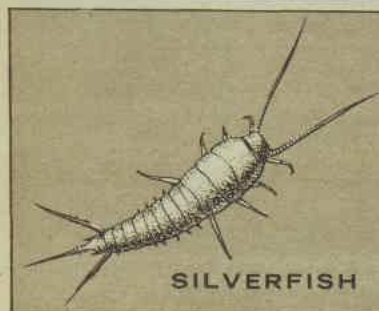
What you do: Combine steak, crumbs, egg and tomato soup. Season with salt and pepper. Form into small balls. Fry until brown all over, approximately 10 mins. Place on skewers alternately with tomato wedges and pieces of eschallot.



SPIDERS



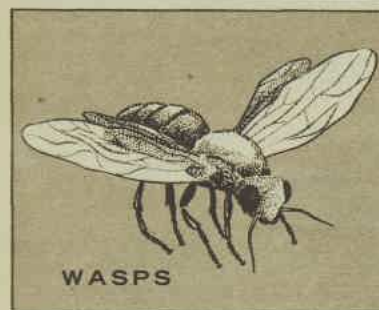
COCKROACHES



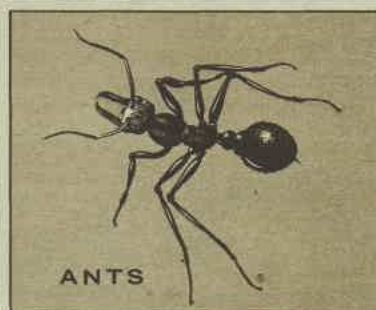
SILVERFISH



MOTHS



WASPS



ANTS

whatever the pest—

'DEADLINE'* knocks it...dead!

ARE you ever troubled with ants? Do you occasionally find spiders in the house—or moths, or flying insects of various types? Have you ever wished there was a spray that could knock out insects like fly sprays knock out flies?

A new, all-purpose insecticide

Well, now there is one! A new, all-purpose spray that has just been marketed by one of the leading insecticide manufacturers in the United States; and this remarkable new product is now available in Australia. It's called 'DEADLINE' DOUBLE ACTION INSECT AND ROACH KILLER. As its name implies it has a DOUBLE ACTION. It not only kills insects dead in their tracks, but it also actually REPELS them for up to four weeks after it has been used.

University field tests prove killing activity; repellent action

Tests carried out by the University of Georgia (U.S.A.), prove that 'DEADLINE' has a two weeks' killing activity—a residual repellent action against cockroaches of up to four weeks! 'DEADLINE' is not just another fly spray. It kills flies and mosquitoes of course, but, it is formulated primarily to kill and repel the bigger and tougher insects like SPIDERS, BLOWFLIES, MOTHS, BEETLES, SLATERS, SILVERFISH, WASPS AND COCKROACHES.

'DEADLINE' is safe in use

'DEADLINE' is perfectly safe. It does not stain carpets or furnishings. It is safe to humans and safe to pets. There's NO odour with 'DEADLINE.' With 'DEADLINE' you can handle any insect invasion. Just stand back... take aim... and press the button! 'DEADLINE' flushes out insects from behind cupboards, and even from hard-to-reach cracks and crevices.

New 'DEADLINE' is available from chemists, leading grocers and major hardware stores. Giant 13 oz. aerosol pack, 13/11.

'DEADLINE' FOR ALL INSECT PESTS

*Trade Mark

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"My wife is suspicious of everyone; even, if you can believe it, of Caroline."

"Women!" said Doctor Bushey shaking his head. "Unpredictable creatures! Have another brandy, my boy. And did you know your mother has been ill?"

"How about it? She refuses to see me."

"You mustn't take women entirely at their word. They don't expect you to. Anyway," Doctor Bushey twirled the liquid in his glass. "She's well on the way to recovery now. She had a slight lung infection. Nothing more."

His mother's illness may have been slight, but it was enough to send Guy hurrying to visit her. He only half expected to be admitted, and was surprised when he was bidden to her bedroom. Perhaps her illness had softened her attitude, although it did not appear so by her outward appearance. Propped against pillows, a ridiculously befrilled cap obscuring almost everything but her sharp nose and the inquisitive glint of her eyes, she gave no sign of pleasure at her son's visit.

"You come with your tail between your legs, I hope," she said in her rasping voice. "A fine mess you've made of your life. What's this new scandal about a housemaid?"

"The scandal is in the minds of newsmongers. How are you, Mamma? I'm sorry to see you ill. Why wasn't I informed?"

"Because I wasn't dying. I have absolutely no intention of sending for you except to attend my deathbed."

Guy's lips twitched. He was feeling a great deal better already. He had hated the breach with his mother. She was the most exasperating person in the world, but an incomparable wit sharpener. He was in need of having his wits sharpened.

"Then I'm glad I came while you can still hold a conversation. What does Doctor Bushey say?"

"What does that old fool ever say? Rest, physio, a melancholy reminder of one's age. I have had a small chill, nothing more. I'm getting rid of my nurse next week. I never did need the woman. Hannah could have managed very well."

"Your nurse? What's she like? Old? Young?"

"Good gracious, boy, what's that to do with you? Have you an obsession about servant girls? What did happen to this silly creature at Ravenscroft? Did she run away to you or from you?"

"Mamma, if you were a man I'd call you out for that."

Mrs. Raven sighed deeply. A tinge of color had come into her parchment cheeks.

"Thank heaven, this impossible wife hasn't made you lose your spirit."

"Did you think she could?"

"I'd have denied you were my son if that had happened. But you're breeding from her!"

"So you know that, too."

"Of course I know it. The girl came and shouted the news at me like some gipsy shouting her wares."

"Hardly, Mamma," Guy murmured, but he was suddenly amused, seeing Bella with her blazing eyes and her indignation.

"She's healthy?" Mrs. Raven's voice was casual, intended to disguise anxiety.

"Extremely."

"Then why the interest in my nurse?"

"A woman's required for the sister. She's had some kind of a breakdown. That's why I asked about your nurse. Would she be a suitable woman?"

"She's a genteel person, has pleasant manners. Interview her, if you like. She can give you her own references."

Continued from page 22

Mrs. Raven's color was parchment again.

"You're tired, Mamma. I'll leave you. Will you come down to Ravenscroft to convalesce?"

The befrilled head sank deeper into the soft pillow. Only the old lady's nose was visible.

"And forgive that little upstart for wearing the Raven diamonds. Her chin in the air — imagining herself a queen! And I expected not to turn my back! Forget! Forget!" The rasping voice was only a mutter in the snowy pillow. "I've never heard the words."

So Miss Clara Thompson arrived at Ravenscroft. She had smooth dark hair parted in the middle and drawn down primly over her ears, black cherry eyes and a small curved mouth that seemed to be always smiling. She was smiling into Guy's eyes as he handed her out of the carriage — he had brought her down from London himself — and she continued to smile, but in a subtly different way, at Bella when they met.

This was no flighty Molly



"You were born in India, have a good memory, and like peanuts."

nor yet a young woman who had been in distressed circumstances. Guy said little about her except that she had been nursing his mother and had frequently nursed cases for Doctor Bushey.

She was soft-voiced, clever with Lally, who had to be coaxed and humored. Although she took her meals with Guy and Bella she didn't obtrude, speaking only when spoken to and then with impeccable politeness. She must have known Bella's history — who didn't? — but there was no sign of scorn or patronage in her manner.

She got on with all the servants except Tottie. But perhaps she felt that Tottie was too unimportant to bother about. And harmless because of her lack of speech?

That thought only came to Bella after she noticed Tottie try to shrink out of sight when Miss Thompson came into the room. It was months now since Tottie had reverted to that old instinctive fear.

She had never been able to persuade any intelligible sound from Tottie's lips, but it did seem that the girl was increasing her efforts to make herself understood, even in her happy good-morning bob and mumble with which she greeted Bella each morning. She had learned to launder and iron even to Mrs. Walter's satisfaction, and her now chubby and healthy hands had become adept at twisting Bella's hair into fashionable styles.

But Tottie definitely wasn't the same girl since Miss Thompson's arrival.

When Bella suggested this to Guy she thought she caught a flicker of some

BELLA

deeper interest in his eye before he said easily, "Poor! She's shy about being teased. We caught her making chains with Joseph in the orchard."

"We?"

"I met Miss Thompson strolling in the garden last evening."

"Oh," said Bella.

It would have been more thoughtful of Guy to entertain his wife and sister-in-law than to walk in the garden with Miss Thompson. Bella found herself unable to believe that their meeting had been accidental. She had thought that Guy was staying at Ravenscroft only to await the birth of the baby, but then she had seen him lighting Miss Thompson's candle at night and handing it to her with a courteous little bow; twice they had been laughing together in the drawing-room before dinner. Once he had drawn back a little too abruptly when Bella had come into the room.

"You never did tell me about Miss Thompson's background," Bella said to Guy. "Didn't I? I'm sure I did. I told you she is alone in the world, like you and Eulalie. Her parents are dead and her only brother was killed in the fighting at Sebastopol. She decided to emulate Miss Nightingale in a nursing career, but to do it at home, where she feels nurses are needed just as much as they are in theatres of war."

"Why hasn't she married?"

Guy gave her his usual glance.

"I've hardly presumed to inquire into her private affairs."

"She's good-looking. She must have had opportunities. Is she too ambitious?"

"My love, aren't you being a little carping? Miss Thompson is doing the job she came here to do. Your sister likes her and is much more docile with her. Isn't that the beginning and end of the matter? We don't have to inquire into her ambitions or emotions. They're her affair."

"They're not if they lead to trouble as Molly's did."

"Oh, come, my dear, Miss Thompson isn't the kind to have assignments in the village with yokels like Tom Field."

No, thought Bella. Miss Thompson cast her net for bigger fish. The master of the house, no less. A careful toilet, strolls in the dusty garden, whispers over lit candles...

Anyway, where was Molly? Guy's influence in the county had caused a widespread police search, which so far had yielded no clues whatever. The girl had disappeared without trace.

Then something did turn up. A small boy had picked up a mesh reticule such as ladies wore on their wrists in the evenings. It had been run over by the wheel of a vehicle and ground into the mud. The boy had found it contained, together with a handkerchief and a muddled scrap of paper, a shilling, as he had kept the shilling and hidden the purse. The visit of the police, a routine one they were making to each cottage in the vicinity, had scared the child and he had confessed his discovery.

The muddled scrap of paper was found to be a note. It said, "Instead of coming to The Feathers to-night meet me at crossroads, same time. Have made arrangements. T."

The initial T, of course, indicated Tom. Tom Field. And there was no doubt that was how Molly had interpreted it.

To page 40

Little boy blue

● *Sunsuit and cardigan are cable-trimmed. A close-up of the design is shown below and directions are on page 13 of book.*



Fold on this line.



Baby Knitting, Page 14

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 10, 1965

KNITTING for BABIES (and toddlers)



● *In this 14-page booklet: Engaging handknits for the young — who grow with the seasons and need new clothes all the time. Directions for the unusual bonnet, jacket, and pantees set shown above are given overleaf.*

The book is easy to assemble. Pull pages 29 to 36 out from the magazine, slit the fold, then fold pages vertically down the centre line, and stitch or pin to hold them in place.

Baby Knitting, Page 1

Page 29

Three-piece cover set

Materials: 8 balls white, 1 ball blue, small quantity lemon (for embroidery) Patons Turbo Orlon (this is the only yarn which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 2 yds. narrow and 1 yd. 1/2 in. blue satin ribbon; length of elastic; 2 press-fasteners.

Measurements—Jacket: To fit 22 in. chest; full length, 13 1/2 in.; sleeve seam, 6 in.; **Bonnet:** 12 in. round face; **Panties:** length at centre front, 12 in.

Tension: 16 sts. to 2 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sl-st., slip-stitch; tog., together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; y.r.n., yarn round needle; dec., decrease; inc., increase; w, white; b, blue; l, lemon.

COAT

LEFT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 36 sts. Work in st-st, inc. 1 st. at end of first and every alt. row until 46 sts. on needle. Work straight until front measures 8 in. from beg., ending with p row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every alt. row until 20 sts. rem., ending at neck edge. Cast off 10 sts. at neck edge in next row. Still dec. at armhole edge every alt. row, dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 2 sts. rem. P 2 tog. Fasten off.

Left-front Border: Right side facing, using No. 13 needles and w, beg. at neck edge, pick up 161 sts. along front and across lower edge.

1st Row: P 1, * yarn twice round needle, p 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row.

2nd Row: Knit, working twice round needle as one st. Work 9 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row. Cast off loosely.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front. **Right-front Border:** Work as left-front border.

BACK

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 90 sts. Work in st-st until back measures same as front to underarm. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 30 sts. rem. Cast off.

Back Border: Right side facing, using No. 13 needles and w, pick up 89 sts. along lower edge of back. Work border as given for fronts.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 56 sts. Work in st-st, inc. 1 st. at each end of 9th and foll. 10th rows until 68 sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeves measure 6 in. or required length. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end every alt. row until 8 sts. rem. Cast off.

Sleeve Band: With No. 13 needles, w, and right side facing, pick up 56 sts. along edge of sleeve. Work 9 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row. Cast off.

RAGLAN TRIM

Left Front

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 61 sts. **1st Row:** K 2 tog., knit, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Purl to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. Cast off.

Border: With No. 13 needles, w, and right side facing, pick up 61 sts. along cast-on edge of band. Break off w. With b work 3 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row.

4th Row: P 1, * y.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. Work 3 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row. Cast off.

With w, pick up 57 sts. along cast-off edge of band. Work border as other side.

Right Front

Work as left-front raglan trim, reversing shapings.

Border: Work as left-front raglan trim border.

Right Back

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 69 sts. **1st Row:** K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Purl to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. Cast off.

Border: With No. 13 needles, w, and right side facing, pick up 69 sts. along cast-on edge. Work border as front raglan trim. With w, pick up 57 sts. along cast-off edge and work border in same way.

Left Back

Work as right-back raglan trim and border, reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and warm iron, press. With flat seam, join sleeves to fronts and back, noting that fold of sleeves forms part of neckline. Fold raglan trim borders to wrong side and sl-st. Embroider in cross-stitch as illustrated, following chart. Sl-st. along top edge to raglan seam. Join side seams, taking in raglan trim.

Neckband: With right side facing, using

Baby Knitting, Page 2

● The pretty set shown in color on page 1 of this booklet is knitted in white with a contrast trimming.

No. 13 needles and w, pick up 112 sts. round neck, beg. and ending halfway along front band and taking in edge of raglan trim.

1st Row: P 4, * yarn twice round needle, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., p 4.

2nd Row: Knit, working twice round needle as 1 st. Work 9 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row. Cast off.

Fold borders round coat and edge of sleeves to wrong side and sl-st. Press. Thread satin ribbon through holes in border. Finish front with 2 press-studs and trim with bow of ribbon.

BONNET

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 100 sts. Work in st-st for 4 1/2 in.

To Shape Back—1st Row: * K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 7, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Cont. dec. thus, with 1 st. less between dec. every alt. row until row k 1, k 2 tog. all along is worked.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog. all along row.

Break yarn, run end through rem. sts., draw up, fasten off.

Front Band: With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 100 sts. Work 10 rows in st-st. Cast off.

With No. 13 needles and w, pick up 99 sts. along one edge. Work as border on raglan trim. Fold back edge of border and sl-st. Embroider band as shown in chart.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join back seam to beg. of dec. Place front band on top of bonnet; with No. 13 needles and w, knit up 99 sts. along bonnet front, picking up a st. from band and edge of bonnet tog. Work border as raglan trim. With right side facing, w, and with No. 13 needles pick up sts. round back of bonnet, taking in edge of front band. Work 7 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row. Cast off. Fold band in half to wrong side and sl-st. Finish with ribbon strings.

PANTIES

FRONT

With No. 11 needles and w, cast on 22 sts.

1st Row: Knit, inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Purl, inc. once in last st.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of needle in next 14 rows. Cast on 32 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (124 sts.). Work 55 rows straight in st-st. ***

Next Row: P 1, (p 2 tog., p 2) 5 times, p 29, p 2 tog., p 20, p 2 tog., p 29, (p 2, p 2 tog.) 5 times, p 1 (112 sts.).

With No. 13 needles, work thus—**1st Row:** K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row 5 times, inc. 1 st. at end of last row.

7th Row: * K 1, yarn front, sl. 1 purl-wise, yarn back, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, * slip next st. on to stitch-holder, hold at front of work, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., slip next st. on to holder, k 1.

Cont. on sts. on needle thus—**1st Row:** Knit.

2nd Row: Purl. Leave these sts. on second holder. Break yarn.

Join in yarn and purl sts. from first holder. Proceed thus—**1st Row:** Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: K 1 from holder, * p 1 from needle, k 1 from holder, rep. from * to end of row. Cast off in rib. ***

BACK

Work as front to **. **Next Row:** Purl.

Proceed thus—**1st and 2nd Rows:** Work to last 14 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 28 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 42 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row.

Work as from *** to *** for front.

LEG BANDS

Using flat seam for ribbing and back-stitch for other seams, sew up side seams, leaving casing free on wrong side of work. With No. 13 needles and right side facing, knit up sts. round leg opening. Work 11 rows in st-st, beg. with purl row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Using flat seam, sew lower edges tog. Thread elastic through casing at waist. Turn back leg bands and sl-st to wrong side. Thread elastic through band.

● Directions below are for the sunsuit and cardigan shown in color on page 14 of this booklet.

Materials: 7 balls Patons Turbo Orlon; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 1 cable needle; 6 buttons; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: Cardigan—to fit 22 in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 10 1/2 in.; length of sleeve seam, 6 1/2 in. with cuff turned back. Sunsuit—to fit 22 in. chest; length from top of shoulder, 18 1/2 in.

Tension: 16 sts. to 2 in.

Abbreviations: St-st., stocking-stitch; twist 5, slip next st. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, knit into front of 4th st. on left-hand needle, but before slipping it off knit into front of 3rd, 2nd, and 1st sts., then slip all sts. off needle together, then knit st. from cable needle; in., inch; tog., together; alt., alternate; w.fwd., wool forward; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; dec., decrease; w.r.n., wool round needle; t.b.l., through back of loop; g-st., garter-stitch.

SUNSUIT

FRONT

With No. 11 needles, cast on 38 sts. Knit 8 rows. Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** Cast on 3 sts., k 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 34, k 2 tog. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Cast on 3 sts., purl to end of the row. **3rd Row:** Cast on 5 sts., k 6, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 32, k 2 tog., knit to end of row. **5th Row:** Cast on 3 sts., k 9, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 30, k 2 tog., knit to end of row. Cont. in this manner, casting on 3 sts. at beg. of every row and dec. 1 st. each side of gusset in every alt. row until 90 sts. on needle. Now cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, still shaping gusset. Keeping 2 sts. in g-st. at each end of needle in every row, cont. to dec. as before at each side of gusset in every alt. row until 94 sts. rem.

Work straight until side seam measures 1 1/2 in., ending with knit row. Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** K 2, p 19, k 1, p 50, k 1, p 19, k 2. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Knit. **3rd Row:** K 2, p 18, k 3, p 48, k 3, p 18, k 2. **5th Row:** K 2, p 17, k 5, p 46, k 5, p 17, k 2. **7th Row:** K 2, p 16, k 7, p 44, k 7, p 16, k 2. **9th Row:** K 2, p 15, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 42, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 15, k 2. **10th Row:** As 2nd row. **11th Row:** As 9th row. **12th Row:** K 19, twist 5, k 46, twist 5, k 19. Rep. 9th and 10th rows twice and 9th row once. Rep. from ** to ** 3 times, then 12th, 9th, 10th, and 9th rows once.

Next Row: K 2, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. last row for 1 1/2 in., ending with right side facing, keeping 2 sts. in g-st. at each end. Dec. 10 sts. evenly along next row (84 sts.). Cont. in st-st. for 2 in., ending with a knit row. **Next Row:** K 18, p 48, k 18. **Next Row:** Knit. Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

To Shape Armholes—1st Row: Cast off 12 sts., k 6 (counting st. on right-hand needle as one st.), p 48, k 18. **2nd Row:** Cast off 12 sts., knit to end of row. **3rd Row:** K 6, p 23, k 2, p 23, k 6. **4th and Alt. Rows:** Knit. **5th Row:** K 6, p 22, k 4, p 22, k 6. **7th Row:** K 6, p 21, k 6, p 21, k 6. **9th Row:** K 6, p 20, k 8, p 20, k 6. **11th Row:** K 6, p 19, k 10, p 19, k 6. **13th Row:** K 6, p 18, k 12, p 18, k 6. **14th Row:** K 22, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 6, turn, leave rem. sts. on st-holder. **15th Row:** K 6, p to last 6 sts., k 6. Keeping 6 sts. in g-st. at each end of needle in every row, dec. once inside border of 6 sts. at neck edge in next and every alt. row until 12 sts. rem. Work 16 rows in g-st. on rem. 12 sts. **Next Row:** K 5, w.r.n., twice, k 2 tog., k 5. **Next Row:** Knit, working w.r.n., twice as one st. Dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. Fasten off. Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side ***

BACK

Work as given for front to waist, rep. from *** to *** as given for front, omitting buttonholes.

LEGBANDS

Sew the two cast-on edges tog. With right side of work facing and using No. 13 needles, knit up 70 sts. round leg edge and work 11 rows in g-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press, sew up seams. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes, finally press all seams.

CARDIGAN

LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles, cast on 50 sts. and work 11 rows in g-st. With No. 11 needles, proceed as follows: **1st Row:** K 6 (p 7, k 2, p 5, k 2) twice, p 12. **2nd Row:** Knit. **3rd Row:** As 1st row. **4th Row:** K 14, twist 5, k 11, twist 5, k 15.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice and 1st row

LITTLE BOY BLUE

once **. Rep. from ** to ** 6 times and from 4th to 8th rows once. Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** K 6, p 8, k 7, p 9, k 7, p 13. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Knit. **3rd Row:** K 6, p 9, k 5, p 11, k 5, p 14. **5th Row:** K 6, p 10, k 3, p 13, k 3, p 15. **7th Row:** K 6, p 11, k 1, p 15, k 1, p 16. Work 11 rows in st-st., keeping 6 sts. at front edge in g-st.

Shape raglan and front slope as follows: **1st Row:** Cast off 4 sts., knit to last 8 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 6. **2nd Row:** K 6, purl to last 2 sts., k 2. **3rd Row:** K 3, k 2 tog., knit to end of row. **4th Row:** As 2nd row. **5th Row:** K 3, k 2 tog., knit to last 8 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 6. ***

Rep. from ** to ** until 12 sts. rem. cont. to dec. at neck edge every 4th row, dec. every row at armhole edge until 6 sts. rem. Work 3 in. straight in g-st. on these 6 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing border and all shapings and making 4 buttonholes, 1st in 13th and 14th row from commencement, 4th at beg. of front slope and 2 more in between at equal intervals. **To Make a Buttonhole—1st Row:** K 2, cast off 2, patt. to end of row. **2nd Row:** Patt. to last 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 2.



BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 88 sts. and work 11 rows in g-st.

With No. 11 needles, proceed as follows: **1st Row:** P 12, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 7, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 14, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 7, k 2, p 5, k 2, p 12. **2nd Row:** Knit. **3rd Row:** As 1st row. **4th Row:** K 14, twist 5, k 11, twist 5, k 18, twist 5, k 11, twist 5, k 14.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice, then 1st row once. Rep. from ** to ** 6 times and from 4th to 8th rows once. Proceed as follows: **1st Row:** P 13, k 7, p 9, k 7, p 16, k 7, p 9, k 7, p 13. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Knit. **3rd Row:** P 14, k 5, p 11, k 5, p 18, k 5, p 11, k 5, p 14. **5th Row:** P 13, k 3, p 13, k 3, p 20, k 3, p 13, k 3, p 15. **7th Row:** P 16, k 1, p 15, k 1, p 22, k 1, p 15, k 1, p 16. **8th Row:** As 2nd row. Work 2 rows in st-st.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. **Next Row:** K 2, purl to last 2 sts., k 2. **Next Row:** K 3, k 2 tog., knit to last 5 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 3. Rep. these 2 rows until 40 sts. rem., then dec. each end of every row until 28 sts. rem. Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 40 sts. and work 11 rows in g-st.

With No. 11 needles, cont. in st-st, inc. once at each end of needle in 3rd and every foll. 8th row until there are 56 sts. on needle. Work straight until sleeve measures 7 1/2 in., ending with a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. **Next Row:** K 3, k 2 tog., knit to last 5 sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 3. **Next Row:** K 2, purl to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. these 2 rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Sew up seams. Join band and sew to back of neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.

Baby Knitting Page 13

Helmet for a new baby



Materials: 2 (2) balls Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; 1 yd. ribbon.

Tension: 5½ sts. to 1 in.

Measurements: Width round face, 11 (12) in.

Abbreviations: P.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; t.b.l., through back of loop.

With No. 8 needles, cast on 93 (99) sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Knit. Rep. last 2 rows once (twice), inc. 1 st. at end of last row — 94 (100) sts.

● This cosy helmet will suit either a baby boy or a baby girl. Directions for two head fittings begin at right below.

Start Head Shaping — 1st Row: K 1, inc. 1 t.b.l., k 15 (16), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 15 (16), inc. 1 t.b.l., k 2, inc. 1 t.b.l., k 8 (9), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 8 (9), inc. 1 t.b.l., k 2, inc. 1 t.b.l., k 15 (16), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 15 (16), inc. 1 t.b.l., k 1.

2nd Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows 6 (8) times.

15th (19th) Row: K 16 (17), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 25 (27), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 25 (27), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 16 (17).

16th (20th) Row: P 15 (16), p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 50 (54), p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 15 (16).

17th (21st) Row: K 14 (15), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 22 (24), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 22 (24), k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 14 (15).

18th (22nd) Row: P 13 (14), p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 44 (48), p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 13 (14).

Work 11 rows in st-st., dec. in this manner 6 times on every knit row and 4 times on every purl row.

Next Row: P 1 (2), p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 8 (12), p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 1 (2).

Small Size — Next Row: (K 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1) twice, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. (8 sts.). Break off wool.

Large Size — Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next Row: (P 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog., p 1) twice, p 2 tog., t.b.l., p 2 tog. (8 sts.). Break wool.

Both Sizes: Thread wool through rem. sts., pull up tightly, fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Join back seam. Sew on ribbon.

TOP-TO-TOE TURNOUT

● Continued from previous page

** 2nd Row: (c.c.) Purl.

3rd Row: (m.c.) * K 2, slip 1 purlwise, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

4th Row: (m.c.) P 1, * p 1, slip 2 purlwise, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

5th Row: (c.c.) K 1, * sl. 1 purlwise, k 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1. **

Rep. from ** to ** until work measures 7 in., ending with right side facing.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 38 sts. remain. Cont. until back measures 12 in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining 16 sts.

FRONT

Work as back until front measures 10 in., ending with right side facing.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 15 sts., cast off 8 sts., patt. to end of row.

Cont. on last 15 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every row until 11 sts. remain.

When armhole measures same as back armhole, shape shoulder. Cast off in next and alt. rows, 5 sts. once, 6 sts. once. Fasten off.

Return to rem. sts. Join wool at neck edge, work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With c.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 26 sts. Work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. With m.c., k next row, then work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 3 needles and cont. in patt. as given from ** to ** for back, inc. 1 st. each end of needle in 5th and every foll. 8th row until there are 36 sts.

Cont. until sleeve measures 9½ in., ending with right side facing.

To Shape Top: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining 8 sts.

NECKBAND

Using small backstitch, join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing, using c.c. and No. 5 needles, pick up and knit 48 sts. evenly round neck edge.

With m.c., p 1 row and work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

With c.c., p 1 row, then work 1 row in rib. Cast off ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Join left shoulder seam for ½ in. Backstitch side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Using m.c. and crochet hook, work 1 row double crochet along shoulder opening and neckband, working 3 buttonhole loops on front (2 on shoulder, 1 on neckband). Sew on buttons to correspond with loops. Press all seams.

Baby Knitting, Page 12

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 10, 1965

● Matinee jacket and matching booties are knitted in lattice and garter stitches. Directions are given below.

Ribbons trim dainty set



Materials: 3 (3) oz. Sirdar Baby Nylon 3 ply or Sirdar Sunshine Baby Wool 3 ply; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 10 knitting needles; 4 (5) buttons; 3 yds. narrow ribbon.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

Measurements: Cardigan — To fit 18 (20) in. chest; length, 7½ (8½) in.; sleeve seam, 5 (6) in. Booties — Length of foot, 4 (5) in.

Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; w.s., without shaping; g-st., garter-stitch; w.s.f., wrong side facing; r.s.f., right side facing.

CARDIGAN

Main Part

With No. 12 needles, cast on 160 (175) sts. K 6 rows.

7th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 (5) sts., k 4 (5). K 5 rows. Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: K 6, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd and 4th Rows: K 4, p to last 4 sts., k 4.

3rd Row: K 5, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

These 4 rows form patt. Work 32 (44) rows more in patt., making a buttonhole at beg. of 5th and every foll. 12th row by working k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2 instead of k 6 at beg. of row.

To Divide for Armholes—1st Row: K 39 (43), cast off 6 sts., k 69 (76) sts., cast off 6 sts., k 38 (42).

Finish left front first. 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k to last 6 sts., k 2 tog., k 4.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to end.

Rep. last 4 rows until 9 (10) sts. rem.; then 1st and 2nd rows once.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 3 tog., k 4 (5).

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 2 (3) tog., k 3. (4 sts.) K 32 rows. Cast off.

With w.s.f., rejoin wool to centre 70 (77) sts. 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 28 (31) sts. rem.

Next Row: Knit. Cast off.

With w.s.f., rejoin wool to rem. 39 (43) sts. 1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 4, k 2 tog., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. last 4 rows until 9 (10) sts. rem.; then 1st and 2nd rows once.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 4 (5), k 3 tog.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K 3, k 2 (3) tog. (4 sts.) K 32 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 50 (56) sts. K 6 rows.

7th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. K 5 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles.

** 1st Row: K 2, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o., rep. from * to end.

2nd and 4th Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o., w.fwd., rep. from * to last st., k 1. ** These 4 rows form patt.

Cont. in patt. for 4 (5) in., ending with a purl row.

Start Raglan Shaping: Working in g-st., cast off 3 sts. beg. next 2 rows.

3rd Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. K 3 rows. Rep. last 4 rows twice, then 3rd and 4th rows until 8 (10) sts. rem. Next Row: Knit. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press parts under damp cloth. Join raglan and sleeve seams. Join g-st. strips together and sew round back of neck, placing seam at centre back. Sew on buttons. Thread ribbon through waist and wrists.

BOOTIES (both alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 38 (44) sts. K 6 rows, then work as sleeves from ** to ** 4 (6) times. K 6 rows.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1. K 6 rows.

To Divide for Foot — 1st Row: K 26 (30), turn.

2nd Row: K 14 (16), turn. K 20 (26) rows on these centre 14 (16) sts. Break wool.

With r.s.f., rejoin wool at instep and pick up and k 11 (14) sts. along right side of centre panel, k 14 (16) sts. of centre panel, pick up and k 11 (14) sts. along left side of centre panel, k 12 (14). 60 (72) sts. K 13 (17) rows.

Shape Foot — 1st Row: K 2 tog., k 21 (26), k 2 tog., k 10 (12), k 2 tog., k 21 (26), k 2 tog.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 20 (25), k 2 tog., k 8 (10), k 2 tog., k 20 (25), k 2 tog.

4th Row: Knit. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press under a damp cloth. Join leg and foot seams. Thread ribbon through ankle.

Baby Knitting, Page 3

Page 31



Design for a moppet

Directions below
are complete on
this page.

Materials: 6 (7) balls Patons Azalea Knitting and Crochet Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; cable needle; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 22 (24) in. chest; full length, 17½ (18½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; rem., remain(ing); tog., together; beg., beginning; m-st., moss-stitch; cable 3, place next st on spare needle and leave at back of work, k 2 tog., k stitch from spare needle; w.r.n., wool round needle.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, (k 3, p 1) twice, k 3, k 1, p 1, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, p 1, k 1, (p 3, k 1) twice, p 3, k 1, p 1, k 1.

* **3rd Row:** K 1, p 1, k 1, (cable 3, w.r.n., p 1) twice, place next st. on spare needle, leave at back of work, k 2, knit st. from spare needle, k 1, p 1, k 1.

Rep. 2nd row once, then 1st and 2nd rows twice.

Rep. from * to * for patt.

POCKET LININGS (Make 2)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 33 sts.

Work 33 rows in st-st. Leave on spare needle.

FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 201 (211) sts.

Work 8 rows in m-st.

Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 33, work 1st patt. row for 17 sts., k 101 (111) sts., work 1st patt. row for 17 sts., k 33.

2nd Row: P 33, work 2nd patt. row for 17 sts., p 101 (111) sts., work 2nd patt. row for 17 sts., p 33.

Cont. thus, working two panel patts. as given from * to * until 12 (13) patts. have been worked from beg., then work the 1st and 2nd rows once.

Proceed thus:

1st Row: K 25, m-st. for 33 sts., k 85 (95) m-st. for 33 sts., k 25.

2nd Row: P 25, m-st. for 33 sts., p 85 (95) m-st. for 33 sts., p 25.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 25, cast off 33 sts., k 85 (95), cast off 33 sts., k 25.

8th Row: P, working across sts. of pocket linings in place of cast-off sts. Keeping panels straight, work the 6 patt. rows from * to * 3 (4) times, then 1st and 2nd rows once.

With No. 12 needles, proceed thus:

1st Row (size 22): (K 3 tog.) 11 times, k 17, k 4 tog., (k 3 tog.) 31 times, k 4 tog., k 17, (k 3 tog.) 11 times (89 sts.).

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(Size 24): (K 3 tog.) 11 times, k 17, k 3, (k 3 tog.) 35 times, k 3, k 17, (k 3 tog.) 11 times (97 sts.).

Work 9 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed thus:

1st Row: M-st. for 5 sts., k 6, 1st patt. row for 17 sts., k 14 (18), m-st. for 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., turn.

2nd Row: M-st. for 5 sts., p 14 (18) 2nd patt. row for 17 sts., p 6, m-st. for 5 sts.

Keeping a border of 5 sts. each end in m-st. rep. the 6 patt. rows from * to * 7 times, then 1st row once.

Next Row: Place 5 border sts. on holder, cast off 10 (14) sts., work in patt. to end of row.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 4 rows. Work straight until 9th patt. worked from underarm.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 14 sts. at armhole edge in next and foll. alt. row.

Join wool at centre, m-st. for 5 sts., k 14 (18), 1st patt. row for 17 sts., k 6, m-st. for 5 sts.

Work to correspond with other side, making 2 buttonholes: first ¼ in. from beg., second 1½ in. apart.

To Make Buttonhole: K 1, p 1, w.r.n., p 2 tog., k 1.

BACK

Work as front, omitting pockets, until ribbing at underarm is completed, 89 (97) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed thus:

1st Row: M-st. for 5 sts., k 6, 1st patt. row for 17 sts., k 33 (41), 1st patt. row for 17 sts., k 6, m-st. for 5 sts.

2nd Row: M-st. for 5 sts., p 6, 2nd patt. row for 17 sts., p 33 (41), 2nd patt. row for 17 sts., p 6, m-st. for 5 sts.

Keeping m-st. borders at each end rep. the 6 patt. rows from * to * until 9th patt. from underarm is worked.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 14 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles, work in m-st. across sts. left on right front border, pick up 75 (81) sts. round neck, work across sts. of left front border.

Work 5 rows in m-st., making a buttonhole in 2nd row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Join side seams to ¼ in. above ribbing. Sew underlap in position. Sew on buttons.

TOP-TO-TOE TURNOUT



● Gay gold-and-white checks on sweater and cap contrast with plain white leggings and mittens. It's right for a boy or girl. Directions begin below.

Materials: Sweater, 3 balls main color (m.c.); 3 balls contrast color (c.c.); leggings, 5 balls main color; cap, 2 balls main color; 1 ball contrast color, Patons Big Ben Grepe; mittens, 1 ball main color, Patons Patonyle 3-ply Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 3, 5, and 13 knitting needles; crochet hook; 3 buttons; elastic for waist.

Measurements: Sweater, width all round at underarm, 23 in.; length, 12 in.; sleeve seam, 9½ in. Leggings, length down centre front seam, 8½ in. Cap, to fit average head.

Tension: Big Ben, 8 sts. to 2 in. over patt. and 7½ sts. to 2 in. over st-st.

LEGGINGS

RIGHT LEG

With m.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 50 sts. and work 2 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., rib 2 tog., rib 3, rep. from * to last 4 sts., w.fwd., rib 2 tog., rib 2.

Work 5 rows in rib.

Change to No. 3 needles and work 2 rows in st-st.

Shape back thus:

1st Row: K 13, turn.

2nd Row: P to end.

3rd Row: K 26, turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: K 39, turn.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

Cont. in st-st. over all sts., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every foll. 6th row until

58 sts. on needle. Cont. until short side (front seam) measures 8½ in., ending on p row.

To Shape Leg: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 44 m. remain.

Cont. until leg seam measures 9 in., ending on k row.

Next Row: P 2, * p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2 (24 sts.).

Change to No. 5 needles and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in. Cast off in rib.

LEFT LEG

Work to correspond with right leg in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small backstitch join front, back and leg seams, flat seam ribbing. Thread elastic through holes at waist. Press seams.

SWEATER

BACK

With c.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 50 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 rows. Join m.c., k 1 row, then work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Change to No. 3 needles and proceed in patt. as follows:

1st Row: (c.c.) Knit.

Continued overleaf

Baby Knitting, Page 11

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY** *presents...*

PERFECT HOLIDAYS

February 10, 1965

No.3



INSIDE: • "Visits" to **EUROPE BRITAIN NEW GUINEA**
TURKEY THE ORIENT SOUTH AFRICA NEW ZEALAND
UNITED STATES WEST INDIES • And advice on
PLANNING PASSPORTS PACKING MONEY HEALTH

PICK PLACES— AND PEOPLE

THE ideal holiday is one spent exploring fresh fields in congenial company. Choose the kind of travel, accommodation, and sightseeing which will provide you with the companionship of people on the same "wave-length" as yourself.

Lay your plans to mix with others in your own age and income brackets. And to get on well together you also need to share similar social backgrounds, and intellectual and recreational interests.

It's in this regard that you'll find an experienced travel man invaluable as a guide, philosopher, and friend.

Confide in him about the things you would enjoy doing and seeing, and the amount of money you can spend.

You won't even have to tell him the kind of people you would like to meet or whether you want to bed down at night on an innerspring mattress or roll up in a sleeping-bag. He'll know.

He would predict to a young-little-rich-girl that she would die of boredom in her luxury stateroom on a cruise with almost all elderly passengers bent on a rest cure.

And he would avoid booking a middle-aged Mum in a six-berth cabin with a group of teenagers.

Edgy "oldsters"

Although some "oldsters" may pride themselves on enjoying the company of the young, few people above the age of 30 can take the exuberance of youth in large doses without becoming "edgy."

Adventure-packed, shoe-string safaris are strictly for resourceful, self-reliant young people with good constitutions and a lot of common sense.

Knowing this, many tourist agencies abroad making a feature of globetrotters round Europe for next to nothing—such as spending 40 days exploring seven countries for £2 odd a day, covering transport and bed and breakfast accommodation at third-class hotels and boarding-house—will NOT accept anyone above the age of 30 on these excursions.

There is no age limit, however, for finding holiday thrills if you concentrate on doing the kind of things that really interest you.

For instance, if archaeology is your hobby and you are going abroad, you could have the time of your life making a stopover in the Middle East to spend a little time tracing back early civilisations that grew up round the Nile and the River Euphrates—in the company of experts.

There are lots of tours to these areas, with bi-lingual couriers and topline archaeologists explaining everything along every inch of the way.

Or you may like to gear your travels so you can make stopovers where you can attend jazz festivals, see motor cars being made, meet poets, buy model hats, gamble, or just fish.

HOW MUCH MONEY?

"HOW much do I need for a trip abroad?" Travel authorities say the answer to that one (if you are making an independent tour) is to set aside an amount of at least £7 to £10 a day, apart from

BE PREPARED

By MARY COLES

transport costs, if you want to do it in comfort.

And, allow at least £15 to £20 a day for expenses if you are travelling deluxe.

They point out that though these amounts may seem a lot at first glance, you shouldn't lose sight of the fact you wouldn't be able to have the same kind of holiday for any less making an interstate visit to a capital city or popular resort in Australia.

In capital cities in Australia, rates at centrally situated, first-class hotels and motels range from £4/10/- a day for a single room with private bathroom and from £8 a day for doubles.

Add 12/6 to 15/- a day for your breakfast, 15/- to £1 for lunch, and £1 to 30/- for dinner if you have these meals at your hotel or at restaurants of similar standing.

You'll find you are not left with much change from a £10 note for local sightseeing, theatregoing, taxis, tipping, hairdos, and other daily incidental expenses.

Don't expect to holiday more cheaply abroad than at home if you take the now-usual creature comforts for granted.

Rates at lower-priced Australian hotels catering for tourists range from about £2/10/- a day for bed and breakfast.

Motels in the country and outer suburbs charge about £5 a night for double occupancy of accommodation with shower and toilet facilities and breakfast, and £3 for single occupancy.

In selecting low-tariff hotels and boarding-houses both at home and abroad, beware of going to out-of-the-way places which book you in at bed-and-breakfast rates. You may find breakfast is the only meal obtainable, and neither love nor money will produce even a cup of tea on the premises at any other time.

Having to catch a bus, tram, or hail a taxi every time you want to have a snack, shop, or see a show can be such a nuisance.

So think twice before economising on "seedy" accommodation. Other extras you have to budget for when you seek low-priced accommodation abroad include the payment of a fee of from 2/6 up in the United Kingdom, and higher on the Continent, every time you want to have a bath. These little items all add up to quite a sum at the end of a week.

HANDLING THE MONEY

BANKS are very enthusiastic about people having holidays and encourage would-be travellers to save for trips by inviting them to open "special-purpose" accounts for the accumulation of travel funds apart from everyday savings and cheque accounts.

Bank clerks beam when you take along a bottle filled with threepenny bits for deposit in your special-purpose holiday account.

The bulk of your holiday capital should always be in the safe custody of your bank.

You will be able to operate on your account wherever you go by making advance arrangements to do this with your local bank manager.

The money you carry round with you should be in the form of travellers'

cheques. Issued by banks and travel agencies they can be cashed anywhere in the world at a moment's notice, but only by you. And they can be replaced if lost or stolen.

Seasoned travellers warn against cashing travellers' cheques for amounts in excess of your immediate needs, when travelling, particularly if on the eve of leaving a foreign country.

Often, there is a lot of red tape, delay, difficulty, and financial loss when you want to convert the currency of one country to that of another.

So always have plenty of travellers' cheques of small denominations.

This will help to avoid doing silly things like finding you have to cash a £10 or £20 travellers' cheque to pay a taxi-driver a small sum for taking you from your hotel to the airport to catch a plane for another country, where you would arrive with a pocketful of currency which may not be easy to convert locally.

And be wary of individuals who volunteer to arrange speedy currency conversions for you in foreign countries at profitable rates. Sometimes the profit is all on their side. They may disappear altogether with YOUR money, or unload counterfeit currency on you in making the deal.

PASSPORTS AND "NEEDLES"

TO obtain a passport, two recent photographs of yourself, taken "full face," showing head and shoulders only, without a hat, and against a plain background, must be provided with your application.

They should measure 2in. by 2in. Passport pictures in color usually cost £1 for two. Conventional black and white passport photographs are 10/- for the first two, with a reduction in cost to about 35/- a dozen.

Take a good supply. In addition to the two photographs required for your passport, others will be needed to obtain visas for entry to a number of foreign countries. And if you want to drive a car abroad, a photograph will have to accompany your application for an international driving permit.

Your travel agent or bank handling your passport problems. As well as photographs, you will have to provide a copy of your birth certificate, and certificates showing your marital status if married, widowed, or divorced. Teenagers under 17 have to produce certificates giving the consent of their parents to their leaving the country.

The Commonwealth Government charges a fee of £1 for issuing a passport. International driving licences also cost £1, and may be obtained through your travel agent.

Taxation Department clearances are no longer necessary, but vaccination against smallpox is compulsory for entry into all countries, with the exception of Australians and New Zealanders exchanging visits direct from their homelands.

Cholera injections are compulsory for travel in some countries. For your own safety it is wise to have inoculations against cholera and typhoid fever, anyway.

TRAVELLING "LIGHT" TIPS

WOMEN jet-setters flying off on multiple-country vacations for three weeks or a month, can pack clothes for every climate and occasion, yet still keep their luggage within the tourist class allotment of 44lb., according to the fashion adviser of an overseas airline.

She suggests taking a 29in. case, a 19in. case, a lightweight square hatbox, and a flight bag, which you can carry with you in the aircraft.

And she advises planning your travel wardrobe around a central color.

Black, beige, and other neutral shades are always safest, but you might choose the latest fashion shades.

If you do co-ordinate your wardrobe around one or two harmonious colors, you will need only three pairs of shoes: daytime pumps, a "sensible" pair of low-heeled shoes for sightseeing, and lightweight sandals for after-five. Put the two heaviest pairs of shoes in the back of the 29-inch case.

The sandals will usually fit into the pockets at each end. The pumps can be worn with your travel suit.

Next, pack your dresses. In order to keep them as wrinkle-free as possible, you first lay them out on a hard, flat surface. Smooth them out lengthwise, then fold lengthwise either in thirds or in halves; then flip over double at the waistline and place in the bottom of the large case.

Alternate placing the dresses so that the neckline of one goes over the hemline of the one beneath in order to keep your packing level. When packing straight skirts, double over sides lengthwise and place full length on top of dresses unless you're very tall. In that event, they can be folded in halves.

Use the table or flat surface method for packing extra blouses and/or sweaters. Lay the garment flat, smooth out and fold sleeves in toward middle. Then, lengthwise, fold over double and place over skirts.

Underwear should be packed the same way to keep it flat and wrinkleless. Fold your extra foundation garment in halves lengthwise and put at the bottom of the 19-inch case. Then add your slips, nightie, and last of all your travel robe. Pack crush-proof slips in the back of the 19in. case.

Stockings, gloves, and handkerchiefs should be put into individual plastic bags to protect them from snagging or becoming separated. You can tuck these bags in the front corners of the smaller case or inside your shoes. Jewellery should be packed in a separate box and placed in the front of the 19in. case.

If you're flying into two climates—and need two sets of clothes—use the lightweight, square hatbox for your swimsuits, extra sweaters, beach and/or resort clothes, and play shoes. Your 29in. case still will have space for a lightweight two-piece wool skirt and top or a double-duty wool costume suit or dress and matching jacket.

You can even fold your fur stole into three sections and place it, lining out, on top of your dresses.

Include not only your everyday needs for cosmetics in your cosmetic case or flight bag, but pack your other day-by-day medical necessities.

... planning is the key to a happy holiday



'SAFARIS' FOR RICH HUSBANDS

If you are after big fish, first you must bait your hook correctly.

Girls preoccupied with the thought of "How To Marry A Millionaire" need not burn up their savings with first-class air travel tickets hoping fate will seat them next to a fabulously rich "Mr. Right" on a plane.

Speedy air travel is not conducive to the cultivation of beautiful friendships, even on flights between Australia and London, when you spend a maximum of 20 hours in the air.

Soaring along over clouds, 35,000ft. above sea level, the majority of travellers are mainly concerned with catching up with some sleep.

And when planes touch down they usually step off the aircraft to embark on pre-arranged sightseeing tours or keep business appointments.

So, even if you did make a millionaire in transit aware of your existence seated beside him on a flight, it's unlikely he would follow up the martinis you might have had together in the air with an invitation to dinner at your destination point.

On arrival there you would probably see the last of him stepping through Customs to deliver himself to a horde

of bankers and business connections waiting to whisk him off.

"Ambitious Cinderellas hunting for wealthy husbands should vacation at luxury resorts," a top travel man explained.

"Save every penny"

"They must save every penny they earn for seven years to be able to afford seven days, or a long weekend, at a terribly expensive hotel with a fabulous swimming-pool—around which they can loiter looking gorgeously golden in a swimsuit.

"In such settings they can't help meeting money men in a mood to admire the 'scenery'.

"But there is no guarantee these holiday dates will be of an attractive age. And, it can be taken for granted, some will be erring husbands," he cautioned.

OUR COVER:

• A typical scene in Australian ports . . . streamers fluttering in the breeze as these young travellers wave to friends before sailing in Arcadia on a carefree summer cruise. Picture by staff photographer Barry Cullen.



Picture by John Niabett.

• Above: This Venice-style canal is actually in Amsterdam, famous as the world's clearing house for diamonds.

Picture by British Travel Association.

• Left: The majestic Tower Bridge stoops to conquer the Thames. (See Great Britain story on page 11.)



Picture by Laurie Le Guay.

• Colorfully robed clerics climb the Spanish Steps, in Rome, to Trinita dei Monti church. (See Italy story on page 8.)

Where I'd go, and why, IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRESS

● There are just six totally unrelated places in this world that have so captivated heart and imagination that I would always say "yes" to invitations to visit them.

By
SUSAN YORKE



● Children performing a traditional dance in ancient ruins excavated on Monte Alban, Mexico.



● New York. Of it, Susan Yorke says: "When I'm there, I can't wait to get away; when I'm away I get nostalgic for the hulking brute of a city." Picture by Pan American Airways.

FIVE of them I know intimately; for the sixth, I'm "doing a Prescott"—writing about it without ever having laid eyes on it.

("The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru" were written by blind American author William Prescott, who never visited either place.)

Inaccessible, save by special permission, is the most fabulous and dazzling "city" in the world, PEKING'S FORBIDDEN CITY.

This was the retreat of China's most autocratic xenophobic empress, whose taste for extravagance set a new high in artistry.

Approached by five white marble bridges, it consists of a complex of "his" and "her" palaces, for winter and summer, each complete with temples, tea-rooms, gardens, a marble boat on an impossibly blue lake, pagodas, statuary, and intricate carpets of carved stone.

Child in China

In my childhood, I was a frequent visitor to the Forbidden City, where my father, through mysterious channels, was permitted to take photographs. The number of foreigners admitted to the City even in those pre-World War II days was limited — during my year in Peking the number was five per week.

Undoubtedly, the old visitors' books will reveal, with characteristic Chinese accuracy, that week after week of a long perfect spring five and a half visitors entered the City. The "half" refers to me!

On the other side of the world is another fantastic city, of an entirely different culture, yet sophisticated and highly advanced in the 16th century, but one which never knew the wheel.

This city, although known to exist, was lost for several centuries and finally discovered in 1911 by Yale Professor Hiram Bingham just as he was on the

point of abandoning further unrewarding search for it.

I first heard of the Inca Capital of MACHU PICHU when I was exploring the altiplano ruins of Tihuanaco with a group of Yale archeologists. From that moment to this, I've been a one-person propaganda agency for visiting Machu Pichu and have succeeded, through sheer enthusiasm, in persuading several people with the time and money to visit it, and report glowingly to me of its marvels.

High up in the stoney, treeless Peruvian Andes, Machu Pichu is as precise in my mind, through photographs and reportage, as my own apartment.

On the Chinese theory that nobody ever dies so long as one ardent desire remains unfulfilled, Machu Pichu is my reserve. I won't go there until I find some other place in the world I must also see.

The Adriatic has got more well-spent pleasure-money from me than any other scenic area. On cargo vessel and luxury cruise, on private yacht and public transport, I've wandered down THE DALMATIAN COAST with a great sense of well-being.

Personal preference sends me to Diocletian's Palace in Split where the square courtyard is dominated by a giant black dramatic statue, the Apostle, by Yugoslavia's foremost sculptor, Mestrovic.

There is Mestrovic art all along the coast, but this violent black Apostle, with his hand raised, silently haranguing the pale sun-baked walls of the palace where the local populace now lives in rabbit-warren discomfort, is a scene I often think of.

It is after visiting the islands, with unpronounceable names (Crk, for example, and Hvar) that lie off the coast and surpass each other with their market-days and home-made products, and after wandering through Dubrov-

● Charming city of Dubrovnik, also known as Ragusa, on the Dalmatian coast, Yugoslavia.





● The Forbidden City, Peking (above). This rare picture was taken by the author's father, Dutch banker Mr. Jan Telenga.

nik, also known as Ragusa, that one eventually comes to that great rival of Sydney's harbor, the calm, deep, and huge inlet of water called Cattaro, where the world's navies could anchor with ample space between to maintain diplomatic distances.

For anyone contemplating this Dalmatian trip, which has the merit of being inexpensive, Rebecca West's revealing book, "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," is rewarding reading.

In "the Valley of the Marquis," better known to us by his Christian name of Hernan Cortez, there is a solitary high hill that arises out of a wide and fertile plain which was once a great lake with the hilltop an island in it.

This hill has become famous in the present century as MONTE ALBAN, the richest archeological find in the western hemisphere, whose jewellery and artefacts are frequently compared with those unearthed from Tutankhamen's tomb in Egypt.

The local museum at Oaxaca, within sight of the hill, displays and explains, as far as it is able, these finds. They are magnificent and astonishing and leave me cold; I have discovered something that far outstrips them.

The hill has been reconstructed by the Mexican Government into a semblance of the holy city it formerly was in Mayan and probably pre-Mayan times. It is built of dressed stone, as perfectly fitted together as the stones of the pyramids in Egypt, and has its own carved and ornamented pyramids, spacious avenues, houses, shops, temples, and courtyards.

The excavations and rebuilding are by no means complete and there is a pile of rubble atop the highest part of the city where obviously the high priest's sanctuary once stood.

This rubble, slowly and carefully being reconstructed, represents a two-minute steep climb which nobody ever seems to trouble about. At the top of it, a flat area a few yards square, the climber is presented with a 360-degree view stretching for miles across the plains, the distant city, and the far mountains, as well as the geometrically laid out Mayan city below.

By some acoustical trick, all sound is thin and muted; the air is extra-

ordinarily clear so that the visibility is unusual. Alone, on this pin-point peak, one is at the same time overwhelmed with one's own insignificance and yet positively giddy with a god-like feeling of aloofness.

How the old priests kept a sense of balance and proportion with such an enormous experience awaiting them at their altar, I don't know. Just possibly, they didn't. Certainly, although I repeatedly return to this hilltop, I find it impossible to remain on it any length of time. It is simply too much.

As an anti-climax, let me add the entrance fee to Monte Alban is sixpence.

Winter wonder

If I had a pound note for every cathedral, church, chapel, abbey, convent, and monastery I've seen, I would be a millionaire.

On a bleak winter's day in Yorkshire, when the ground was thick with the night's fall of snow and a few large, wet flakes still floated languidly down, I reluctantly consented to visit FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

The guide book especially emphasised that spring was the ideal season to visit the Abbey, what with lambs gambolling through the wildflowers and the fresh tint of grass and other idyllic and touristic inducements, language that made the place assume a picture-postal aspect.

The car labored through the snow to the gatekeeper's door. Not a soul was in sight. The world was inverted, the sky black and the ground white.

● The ruins of Fountain's Abbey, England (right). The author cherishes a winter visit under a mantle of snow.

Picture by British Travel Association.



A startled, besweated woman wordlessly sold us two entrance tickets and waved us away to wander on foot through the virgin snow and the cold, austere ruins, unbearably beautiful and haunting in the diffused grey snow-light.

Standing in the unroofed great hall, I felt dead, a peculiar sensation of suddenly being part of the ancient stone and ceasing to be a living, breathing, warm-blooded body. The soundlessness, the seep of the snow slowly burying the columns, the total lack of color, and the stupendous grandeur was both gloomy and exhilarating.

The purity of great architecture, seen under the purest, most sterile aspect of nature—snow—has the same effect as certain passages of highly refined emotional music, such as the third movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or the violin solo of the Bleeding Heart from the Passion of St. Matthew, too intense to be prolonged.

If you're an Australian, you have to see NEW YORK.

My relationship to New York is a love-hate one. I belong to the generation that watched it emerge into its present glass-and-concrete towers, top theatre, top concerts, top art exhibits, top talent, top money.

I knew it "when" . . . when apples

were sold on cold windy corners, before the super-highways were built, in the days of the milk-horse and the glorious open trams and inglorious sweatshops and killing slums.

It was my playground as a child, my arena in adulthood. If you want to live competitively, to prove your own worth, to be on the go every minute, New York's your oyster.

When I'm there, I can't wait to get away; when I'm away I get nostalgic for the hulking brute of a city. I can't live with it, and I can't live without it. Like a yo-yo at the end of a string of varying lengths, my travels always end in the nest of New York, where I promptly stifle and want to be away again.

My relationship to SYDNEY is somewhat like a child's to a benevolent nanny. I expect the city to give me certain things and it does, sun and sea and flowers, and an equable temperature, exotic restaurants, fine wines, a clean and picturesque Bohemia in the heart of Kings Cross, cheap and frequent ferry rides to relax on, entertainment, and the good life without hurry and harassment.

By good fortune, my new Sydney friends have insisted on showing me all they know of the city. In turn, when my friends from other parts of the world show up locally, I play the experienced guide with the aplomb of one who has lived in Sydney for sixty years instead of seven months.

Let me point out the jewel of Sydney, exclusive to it alone: there is a small and perfect naval Chapel at Watson's Bay that has a dual exposure, both geographically and symbolically.

Behind the altar, a plate glass window lets you look outward to the Pacific, a lonely expanse where if you're not on good terms with yourself you'll have a nasty time.

Turn your head, and at the opposite end of the chapel the window looks out over the harbor, the city, and the bridge, the congested, stimulating, exciting and frustrating life of fellow-man in profuse numbers.

This delicate, tiny chapel, perfect in every meticulous detail, summarises Sydney for me. I can see both sides of the Australian coin from the islanded peace of its interior.

PERFECT HOLIDAYS — Page 5



● Part of Machu Picchu, the ancient Inca capital of Peru, high in the Andes. Picture by Pan American Airways.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 10, 1965



NEW ZEALAND is just like...

Just like no other place on earth. Where else will you find Maoris, vast mountain peaks glittering with snow, boiling pools, spouting geysers, glaciers, glow-worms and staggeringly beautiful fjords — all in the one country. New Zealand has jet-boats that skitter across great lakes and rapid-strewn rivers, flight-seeing ski-planes, modern resort hotels. It's all there, all different and closer than most parts of Australia.

You'll love it! Live it. Do it now.

Have a word with your TRAVEL AGENT or the New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau, 14 Martin Place, Sydney, (phone 25-3941). C.M.L. Building, 93-95 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne (phone 67-6621). 131-145 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane (phone 26-152).

A tantalising tropic land on your doorstep

Pictures and story by VALMAI MAYER

● There are two ways of visiting Papua-New Guinea from Australia—by sea or by air.

I ALWAYS prefer boat travel, but it takes time and you cannot see very much of the interior of a country if you stay only a day or two at the most in each port.

A "round boat trip," as we call it, usually takes about four weeks.

However, you can always split the difference. Come to Port Moresby by boat, then continue your merry way by air, and even by road in some places—possibly picking up your boat again at Lae, Madang, or Rabaul—then on to Samarai (if you are lucky—it is often referred to as the "gem of the Pacific"), maybe Port Moresby, then Australia.

Let's see—you've reached Port Moresby. From Port Moresby I would suggest you take a plane direct to Goroka, thence by plane or road (if possible) to Mount Hagen, by plane again to Madang, then on to Lae, from there by car to Bulolo and Wau—then back to Lae by plane—then on to Rabaul, returning to Lae again, Port Moresby, and home.

What are the attractions of

these various places? We'll start with Port Moresby.

The town itself is sandwiched on a narrow isthmus between sea and harbor. It is rather hilly and very pretty. Quite close to town is Hanaubada, a native village built on stilts out over the water.

In the other direction out along the seashore is Koki market, a thriving place of native industry set right on the sands beside a bay filled with houseboats.

You will need only two nights in Port Moresby before travelling on the 268 air miles to Goroka, hub of the Highlands, with a population of 3000-odd, including about 700 Europeans. The Goroka Show, held in August last year, was perhaps the most spectacular and fascinating show ever seen in the Territory.

As Goroka now has its own permanent showground it is likely that the Show will be held again this year. Try to make sure that you make your visit coincide with the Show—it is well worth while seeing. But you will need to book early for accommodation—the Show is very popular.

Two nights' accommodation in Goroka should suffice. Then

I suggest, weather and roads (and availability of transport) permitting, that you take a car to Mount Hagen.

It is 150 miles away. You can stay overnight on the way if you wish at Kundiawa—there is a hotel there. Closer to Hagen you'll pass Nondug, Sydney zoo chief Sir Edward Hallstrom's Wild Life Sanctuary.

Papua-N.G.

Then on through Banz or Minj, whichever road happens to be open, and soon you will have reached Mount Hagen—colorful, fascinating, absorbing—and you have really seen the Highlands of New Guinea by the time you reach this centre of the wide Wahgi Valley with its teeming native population, always dressed in their traditional garb—mainly bark lap-lap and ornamental headdress.

It was only as recently as 1934 that Europeans first entered this fertile valley. Of course, you can always board a plane from Goroka to Mount Hagen—you might have to

if there are no cars available or the roads are bad.

Two nights in Hagen should suffice, then off again, down, down, out of the Highlands with crisp, stimulating air to the steamy heat of the lovely tropical town of Madang. When you arrive here you will really feel you are in the tropics. The hotel is right on the water's edge set amidst a lush, green, tropical garden.

Coral roads, shaded by huge rain trees, wind through the town and there seem to be dozens of small Chinese shops with an infinite variety of oriental goods which are enough to tempt the most reluctant buyer.

Madang is on a peninsula of land, its harbor is glorious, lots of coconut trees dot the landscape, and little islands fringe the shore, while in the distance across Astrolabe Bay soar the Finisterre Mountains.

Spend just two nights in Madang (unless it captures you), then on to Lae, a town equally as tropical as Madang, but much bigger. A lodge provides comfortable accommodation and a rented car just rounds off your stay.

I would strongly suggest taking your rented car the ninety-eight miles along the Markham River valley to Wau—one of the oldest towns in the Territory and a hive of industry before World War II, for there was gold there. It nestles among majestic mountains.

After Wau, retrace your steps sixteen miles back to Bulolo's comfortable hotel. The town of Bulolo has a delightful swimming-pool and is composed of what I call "Hansel and Gretel" houses: one painted bright pink, another vivid blue, another yellow—over and over again—and all the same design.

This town grew from gold-mining. But now, instead of six huge gold dredges, only one remains working. So the town has turned to timber, and

● Lae River bridge on Highlands road between Mt. Hagen and Wapenamunda. Pillars are welded 44-gallon fuel drums.



● Rabaul Harbor. Peak jutting from water (left) is Vulcan, a volcano which erupted in the harbor in 1937. It is now inactive, but still impressive.

the big plywood mill is the most modern of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere. Visit it while you are there.

An overnight stay should be enough before you return to Lae—or, alternatively, turn your car in at Wau, and take the plane back to Lae.

Now on with the 400 miles to Rabaul. This town lies almost at the point of the Gazelle Peninsula and is the centre of the big native cocoa project in that district from which native growers earned £340,000 in 1963.

There are many roads out of Rabaul, so it is just up to you how long you stay and how far you go. But Rabaul will be your centre, and a very lovely one it is. The Chinese shops here are excellent, possibly better than Madang, because the town of Rabaul is so much bigger.

What's it cost?

Shall we look at the practical side of the trip?

Avis Rent-a-Cars are available in Port Moresby, Lae, Rabaul, and Madang. Charges are approximately £5 a day (about £2/15/- for the car, 13/6 insurance, and a minimum charge of 30/- for the first 30 miles, plus cost of petrol and mileage over the 30—of course, it is dearer in the Highlands due to the cost of transport of petrol, etc.).

There is a hotel available in all the towns I have mentioned (excepting Wau). Rates vary between £3 to £6 a day over-all charge.

Now to air fares. From Sydney to Port Moresby costs £48/14/- (£41 tourist class). From Port Moresby to Goroka costs £13/4/-, from Goroka to Mount Hagen, £6/1/-, from Mount Hagen to Madang, £6/1/-, Madang to Lae, £10, Lae to Rabaul, £13/6/-, and

● Continued on page 15

PERFECT HOLIDAYS—Page 7



ITALY

By JUDE AINSWORTH

● In Italy all periods of history have the peculiar ability to exist simultaneously in the present-day landscape — from the Etruscan tombs, to Roman amphitheatres, to the Renaissance palazzos, and today's flocks of buzzing motor scooters.

AN awareness of this strong presence of times past is one of the most striking aspects of H. V. Morton's newest book, a detailed look at the five north Italian regions of Veneto, Lombardy, Emilia-Romagna, Tuscany, and Umbria.

"A Traveller in Italy" (published by Methuen & Co. Ltd., 46/-) tracks down architectural wonders, little-visited museums, and offers a wealth of what can only be called "historical gossip."

Powerful individuals have had such an impact on Italy's history that their influence is still felt — when Cosimo Medici was the first of his clan to move to the other side of the river in Florence, his route took him over the Ponte Vecchio.

It was full of butchers' shops, which offended Cosimo's delicate senses, and he ordered in 1565 that it become a

rebuild the town after it was ruined during his war against Antony and Cleopatra.

Petrarch went to live in Arquà in 1369, and the house still sits in the Euganean Hills, near Padua. Five hundred years later the house was visited by another poet, Byron, and his friend, Countess Teresa Guiccioli — they both signed a visitors' book that is still on display.

Guerra, in the Alps of Lombardy, is a village truly left behind by time. A cluster of tall houses with overhanging storeys, the town was settled by the remnants of the royal bodyguard of Scottish archers who fled after Francis I was defeated at Pavia in 1525.

The snow blocked the Alpine passes, and in the spring the Scots raided the villages for brides and founded a line of fair-haired Italians, who still have about 800 Scottish words in their dialect. Macdonalds have become Donalds and the Patricks Patritti — and until about 1900 the men wore the kilt.

Vivid past lives with the present

bridge of jewellers' workshops, which it remains today.

The last of the Medicis was the Electress Anna Maria, who decided part of the character of modern Florence when she willed the fabulous family art collection to the State of Tuscany, with the restriction that it should never leave Florence.

While so many other ducal commissions drifted out of Italy, all the Medici patronage remains to be seen.

It was in a tiny mortuary chapel in Monterchi that Piero della Francesca painted his famous "Pregnant Madonna" — even today the village wives from miles around offer tins of burning oil before her, hoping for an easy delivery.

One of the old pagan springs in Umbria, the Waters of Clitumnus, was famed for whitening cattle who bathed there and for reflecting the nature of a person rather than his physical appearance.

The water seems to have lost its power in Catholic Italy, but the hundreds of tiny springs still bubble up from the sandy bottom — and the local farmers still throw in silver coins to appease the river spirits.

A visitor with arthritis or just tired feet can be soothed where the Caesars took their gout — the spa at Abano. Verona boasts the best-preserved Roman amphitheatre, now used for operas instead of gladiatorial battles, tournaments, and bullfights.

And at Padua University the desk where Galileo taught for 18 years is still in one of the lecture halls.

One evening Mr. Morton accidentally came upon an old arch bearing the insignia of Augustus, who had to

"Bonnie Prince Charlie" lived the last years of his exile's life in a Florence palazzo, the only property owned by the Stuarts during their exile of more than a century. The iron flag, bearing his insignia, "C.R.", and the date he purchased the mansion (1777), still flies.

Verona likes to think that Romeo and Juliet were historical characters, and the Veronese say that the famous lovers lived about 1303.

Juliet is reportedly buried at an old monastery, and she still receives so many letters from anxious lovers that the municipality employs a secretary to answer them.

In Parma, for anyone who can be dragged away from the fabulous cheese and ham of the district, there is a spectacular apothecary's shop, which was opened in 1201 and remained the city's only pharmacy until the 18th century. Now a museum, its walnut shelves hold blue and white jars, a dignified library of drugs.

The beadle of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, is a celebrity in his own right during the tourist season. Dressed in 18th-century garb, he stands at the west door, with the sole function of keeping insufficiently clothed women from entering the basilica.

While in most of Italy songbirds are considered fair game, in Venice the fattest and most tender pigeons strut unconcerned, knowing that they are safe. Since the Middle Ages, the pigeons of Venice have been protected.

Legend has it that they fluttered out of the city when Attila and his Huns approached, warning the Venetians to flee, and Venice has been grateful ever since.

SEEING THE

By JANET ROSENFELD

● Many Australians see Europe on a budget of about 30/- a day.

THE only qualifications necessary are youth — and a Youth Hostel Association membership card. Many young people hitchhike around the Continent (the more elite call it auto stopping!), and thus see all for even less, but we chose, as many Australians do, to buy a second-hand car in England, and drive ourselves.

If you have three companions instead of one, the cost will, of course, be less per person. And it is wise to spend time before money when purchasing the car.

It took us some weeks to find ours, but the hunt was worth while, as we have been travelling through the British Isles, Scandinavia, Central and Southern Europe, adding eight thousand miles to the speedometer and as yet we have spent nothing on repairs.

At time of writing we are staying at a delightful beach, reminiscent of home, not far from Lisbon, Portugal, and as usual we are at the local youth hostel which happens to be overlooking the coast, beautifully situated, as are many of the hostels throughout Europe.

To become a member of the Youth Hostel Association costs 30/- (all prices I refer to are Australian), and it is easier to join before leaving Australia. Actually, except for Switzerland and Bavaria, there is no age limit. Even in these countries the maximum age is 25.

Some hostels good, others fair

Youth hostels vary greatly. Some are good, some not so good — but all are cheap. Average price for one night ranges from about 3/- to 4/6. Some are built specially, but many are adapted for the purpose.

Some of the most notable which have been adapted include the castle, specially Carbisdale Castle in Scotland (where you may find yourself dusting marble statues) and the sailing ship at Chapman in Stockholm.

Alternatively, you may find yourself sleeping in a hut or a cabin; there may be two beds in a room or thirty bunks in a dormitory; there may be hot showers, cold showers, or no showers at all.

The hostels are in charge of wardens, who vary as much as the hostels themselves, and who may be male or female or married couples. In the British Isles you will be required to do some form of housework before leaving in the morning, but on the Continent this is not customary.

In most countries, hostels are so numerous that one need never worry that there will not be one along the route. A handbook can be obtained listing all the hostels, with details of meals, cooking facilities, number of beds, and closing times, etc. In the back is a comprehensive map showing the exact positions of all the hostels listed in the book. So there is bed for about £1/6/- a week.

The next most important item — or maybe the most important item — is food. Some hostels serve meals, as does the one we are staying in at present, which charges 1/6 for breakfast (Continental) and 3/9 for lunch, and the same for dinner, which is a three-course meal.

However, on the whole, we find it cheaper to cook for ourselves, and when the hostel does not have a members' kitchen, we use a small gas stove, purchased in London for £2/10/-.

Tinned food in England is extremely cheap, and the contents of our boot on leaving the British Isles would have stocked a small shop. Toilet articles are also cheaper in England and better stocked-up in the boot if possible. Thus we only have to buy milk, butter, eggs, bread, potatoes, and fruit. This costs at most a further £1/17/6 (approximately) per week each.

Car has quite an "appetite"

The remaining budget money is "eaten" by the car, which has a voracious appetite. Petrol prices vary in Europe from country to country, but average out at approximately 7/- per gallon, and we usually travel about 700 miles per week.

As you can see, the daily 30/- does not include presents and souvenirs, nor does it include entrance to museums and art galleries, palaces, etc. The former, of course, depend on your spare cash (if any) and the latter can usually be entered free on certain days if — after the first 20 or so — you are still keen!

Before setting out it is also imperative to decide whether (a) to grow your hair or (b) settle for a haircut by your friend. I have grown mine and now have two absurd pigtales. My friend Pat chose the more drastic way and now she has an equally absurd basin cut!

Like all prospective overseas visitors, we were warned by friends and families not to take too many clothes with us, and again like all those before us we disregarded the advice and brought too much.

Since travelling on the Continent we have worn slacks and jodhpurs (no dry-cleaning worries) in cold weather and shorts in the hot weather. We even tried wearing shorts in Spain. This was a grave mistake for which we nearly got arrested.

So, if you intend visiting Spain or Portugal, get out your muu-muu or your one good dress.

Evening wear is quite unnecessary, as youth hostels shut rather early; too many shorts or slacks are also a nuisance, as washing is a problem and we usually end up doing ours in our number one item, a 3/9 plastic bucket.

WORLD FOR 30/- A DAY

... HOME IS A CASTLE

● Carbisdale Castle, a history-steeped Scottish landmark that the International Youth Hostel Association has turned into one of its reasonably priced resting places for low-budget travellers.

Picture by Youth Hostels Association of N.S.W.



We spread the clothing inside the car to dry and frequently go to bed with various articles spread over the seats and the steering wheel.

Number one item also serves for washing up in, for washing the car, as a picnic basket, and in dire times we even wash our hair in it!

A kangaroo is a better mascot than a koala—if you show a koala around they conclude you come from Russia, but everyone knows kangaroos.

Talking of mascots, try to confine yourself to inanimate objects. In Madrid we acquired a budgerigar which looked as though it could have flown straight from the Australian bush, which is probably why we bought him.

We call him Francisco (Frisco), because (unlike his Spanish compatriots) he is a great admirer of Sir Francis Drake, and often tries to emulate him by circumnavigating (the car).

He does not have a cage (the budget doesn't stretch that far) and when not exploring, perches on two pieces of bamboo stretched across a box on the back seat.

We hope to get a good price for our car when we sell it and this money will go toward another car, either at home or maybe on the next trip!

We feel it is always wise to have a return fare paid before setting out. Most shipping companies issue tickets which are interchangeable with other shipping and air companies. It is cheaper to buy a return ticket and also a comforting feeling to know that you can return to Australia any time you choose.

A hairdo — hostel style

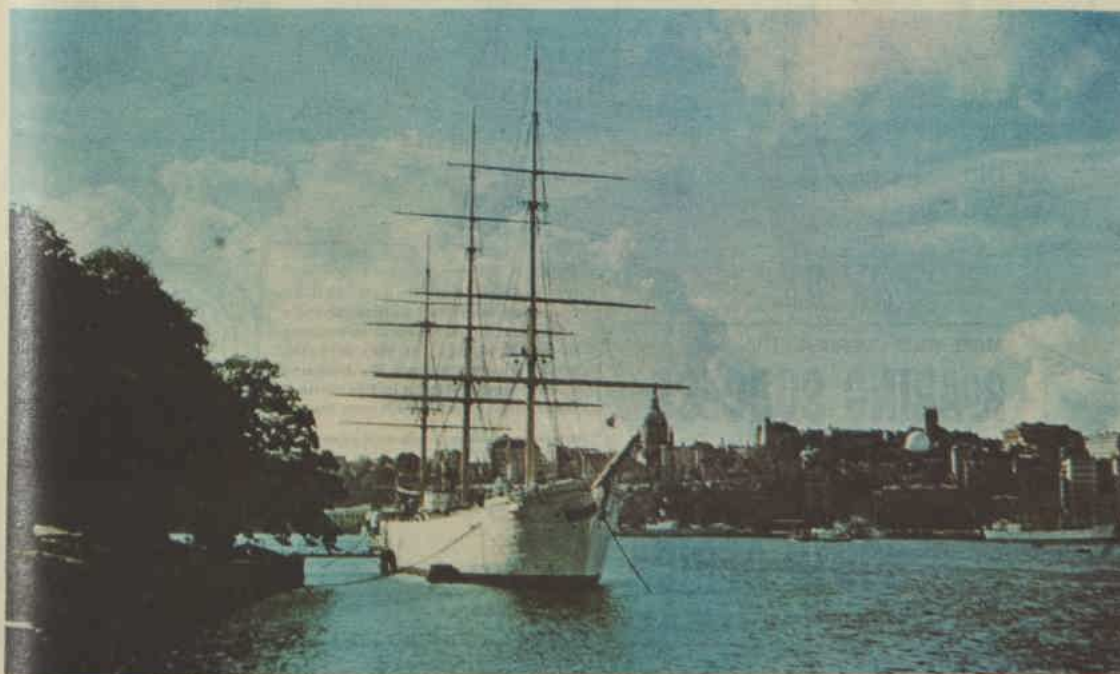
● Janet Rosenfeld, author of the story on these pages, cuts travelling companion Patricia Connellan's hair at a European hostel. Janet—an Australian nurse—said the hairdo ended up "absurd."



A SHIP- SHAPE HAVEN

● One of the most unusual hostels is the old sailing ship of Chapman, in Stockholm, Sweden. Some hostels are specially built, but many are imaginative and charming improvisations.

Picture by Youth Hostels Association of N.S.W.



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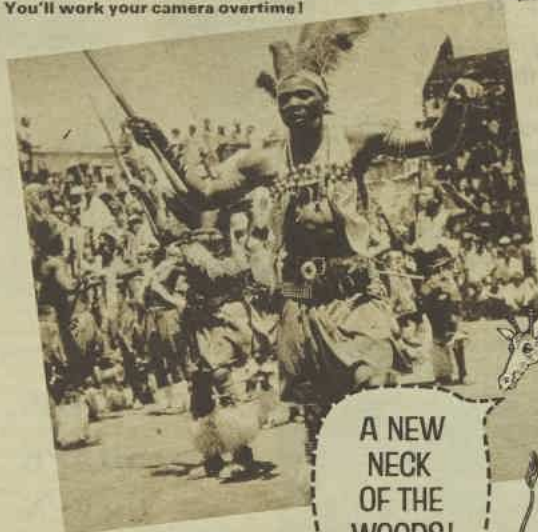
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THIS ENGLAND...

● London is, traditionally, "first base" for a United Kingdom tourist, no matter where he's heading.

MOST Australians set off to present themselves at Australia House, in the Strand, almost as soon as they set foot in London.

Here they catch up with newspapers from home, learn how any problems they have may be ironed out, and what privileges they can expect as Australian visitors to England.

For example, you can find out how to apply for an invitation to a Buckingham Palace garden party. You don't necessarily have to be a V.I.P. to get one. The Queen always has a big quota of Commonwealth visitors at these functions.

You also find out at Australia House where to get canned and iced Australian beer (most don't like the dark, lukewarm brew favored by the Englishman); where you might be able to trace your ancestors.

Whatever you want in London — a historic tour, a whirl of spending in the shops, a round of visits to art galleries, restaurants, or theatres — you can get in full measure.

The Tower of London and Westminster Abbey have more visitors a year than any other historic buildings in the United Kingdom.

You stand with other tourists and take snaps of the ravens on the Tower lawn and feel like pinching yourself as you try to realise this was where two of Henry VIII's six wives lost their heads, as well as being the scene of countless other executions. The Bloody Tower!

Superstition says that when the ravens leave the Tower that will be the end of England.

Stand in front of the Coronation Chair in the Abbey and visualise the cavalcade of English monarchs who have been crowned there since the year 1400.

Spend a few hours at the British Museum, where you'll see one of the four original copies of Magna Carta, the British charter of liberty, signed by King John at Runnymede, near Windsor, in 1215.

Food for thought

Gourmandise in London's restaurants. Take your choice from French, Chinese, Scandinavian, Indian, Italian, Turkish food in Soho.

Have a real old English repast in the candle-lit Elizabethan Room of the Gore Hotel in Kensington. The menu reads like this: Boar's head, peacock, syllabub, washed down with mead, served by a buxom serving wench, and accompanied by minstrels.

Or try some of the traditional English pubs like the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, where steak-kidney-and-oyster pie is one of the specialties, and the

successors of Dr. Johnson, the present-day news reporters, talk over tomorrow's news.

Or the George and Vulture, in the city, one of Dickens' chop-houses where they still serve Pickwick Pudding.

And — day or night — get a quick, cheap meal in one of the renowned Lyon's Corner Houses.

After a shopping spree in Kensington go to the roof garden of Derry and Toms, the big department store. There you'll find, above the hum of the London traffic, a rural retreat, with running stream, flower gardens, trees and all.

It wasn't for nothing that Napoleon called the English a nation of shopkeepers. He meant the remark in scorn, the Englishman accepted it with pride, and nowhere in the world can you find better shopping than in London.

Shopping spree

Smartest of all London shopping streets is Bond Street. There you can buy a valuable painting, an antique, a deer-stalker hat, a riding outfit, household linen, or exquisite leatherwork in luxuriously conservative stores which rub shoulders with equally luxurious glass and satin beauty salons.

Leading off Bond Street are the narrow, winding, discreet little streets like Savile Row, the stronghold of men's tailoring, Grosvenor Street, South Molton Street, and Hanover Square, where the Queen's courtier, Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, Victor Stiebel, and Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner, can be found.

Regent Street, Piccadilly, Kensington High Street, and Knightsbridge are also world-renowned shopping areas.

At Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, assistants dressed in very formal, tailed coats serve you with everything that is rare and wonderful in food, fashions, furnishings, and fine wines.

Treat yourself to luncheon or a fabulous afternoon tea there. Although so deluxe, it is not all that expensive.

Overseas visitors have special purchase tax concessions. Many principal stores are able to send goods direct to an address abroad free of purchase tax. Under Personal Export Scheme, if tax-free value of goods is £5 or over you may have them delivered free of tax to seaport or airport from which you are leaving the country.

London's "ritzest" hotels offer a single room, with bath, from £8/15/- (Australian) a night. A double room, with bath, costs from £12/10/-.

The hotels add a 10-15 per cent. service charge for distribution to staff.

If it is just comfortable accommodation and a good English breakfast you want for an inclusive tariff, there are plenty of medium-priced hotels in London, where bed and break-

fast can be obtained for from about £2/10/- a night.

Outside the London area, medium priced hotels range from about 37/6 a night.

You can have country farmhouse accommodation for about £1 a night or £9 a week, with meals. The British Travel Association will supply you with the addresses of farmers who welcome paying guests.

"Paying guests" are a respected source of revenue, not only for London landladies but for members of the aristocracy and a wide cross-section of the community, throughout Britain.

Staying in the homes of slightly hard-up earls, country clergymen, retired doctors, bakers, and candlestick makers — who want to supplement their incomes — can be very pleasurable as well as economical.

It's a wonderful way of really getting to know the British and discovering how hospitable they are to strangers, in spite of the fact they have been receiving "tourists" since 1066!

Australians who make a bee-line for hotels and areas such as Earls Court, where they can count on "feeling at home" by

WORKING VISITORS

● Visitors to the United Kingdom from Australia and New Zealand don't need special visas or entry permits apart from their passports.

However, if you plan to take temporary work there during your stay, your passport should be endorsed with an entry certificate before you leave home. They are obtainable from British Information Offices at capital cities in Australia.

If you go to the United Kingdom specifically to spend your time there working, rather than sightseeing, you should apply to your nearest British Information Office for an employment voucher.

sharing the company of hordes of other Australians, might just as well have never left home.

Why spend a lot of money to go abroad to meet Australians?

It's much more fun to invest it meeting and making friends with the English, the Irish, the Scots, and the Welsh, and also among visitors who flock to the United Kingdom from Europe.

If your taste in entertainment is for old-time music hall, for opera, ballet, symphony orchestras, or chamber music, the United Kingdom can supply the world's best. There are 50 theatres in central London alone.



● Piccadilly Circus, hub of London. In the centre, Eros, God of Love, "shoots" arrows over the busy crowds.

There is no off-season for music or drama. After you've sampled variety at the London Palladium, opera and ballet at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells, Shakespeare at the Old Vic, and concerts at the Royal Albert Hall and Royal Festival Hall, you can move on — to the Glyndebourne Opera Festival in Sussex, the Edinburgh Festival of Music and Drama, the Shakespeare season at the Memorial Theatre at his birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, to the Royal National Eisteddfod in Wales.

Australians, particularly, like Glyndebourne, an opera house built by John Christie alongside his ancestral home. You can have a dinner — or a picnic in the grounds — during the long intervals.

No visit to the United Kingdom would be complete without a visit to one of the stately homes.

For a few shillings you can go inside those tantalising buildings seen through the trees in the form of battlemented turrets, leadlight windows, and black-and-white Tudor timberwork.

It would take a year to see even half the beauty spots and historical cities of the United Kingdom, but no one will want to miss the Shakespeare Country, that bit of Warwickshire which takes in Stratford-on-Avon, Henley-in-Arden, and Charlecote Park, where the Bard was born and spent his early childhood.

See the cottage in Henley Street, where he was born; his tomb in Holy Trinity Church; Charlecote Park, where he poached deer.

Bookings for performances at the Memorial Theatre during the annual Shakespeare season are heavy. No one without an advance booking can expect to

get into a performance "on spec."

Farther south are the Cotswolds. Nestling in their green rolling valleys are the real old villages with the prettiest names — Stow-on-the-Wold, Bourton-on-the-Water, Moreton-in-Marsh, Milton-under-Wychwood. If you want to see genuine English villages as they've looked for generations, don't miss them.

A favorite with Englishmen who know, but not so well known to the overseas visitor, is Cheddar Gorge, in Somerset. It has fabulous underground caves, with stalagmites and stalactites galore.

Tea treat

It is also the home of the cream tea. In the West Country the strawberries are biggest, the cream thickest, and the best teas are served at Cheddar, with cream oozing thickly over the strawberries and the newly baked scones.

Although England and Wales have been at peace for about 700 years, visitors to the Principality will see the grim castles — some still standing as they have for hundreds of years, some in semi-ruin — evidence of border warfare.

"Musts" are Conway, Caernarvon, and Harlech Castles, the best known.

And when you have had your fill of history you can see some of the finest scenery in Britain in the Snowdonia National Park. Climb to the top of Snowdon on foot — the hard way — or by mountain railway — the easy way.

The Elan Valley Lakes of Radnorshire and the wild heather-clad mountains and valleys of the Black Mountains and the Brecon Beacons are other spots not to be missed.

Scandinavia: Land of summer fun, too

● The three countries — Sweden, Denmark, and Norway — which make up Scandinavia offer visitors an invigorating climate, fascinating food, and a countryside that breathes peace and tranquillity as well as gay cosmopolitan cities.

THERE are many ways of seeing these countries successfully. One is by a 15-day motor-coach tour across the heart of the three countries, taking in Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. It costs about £A132 per person.

From London, via Newcastle-on-Tyne, steamers take tourists to the famous Ulvik fiord in Norway, where sea-bathing, boating, and fishing are popular. This eight-day tour costs £38/10/- per person.

For £110 there is another 15-day tour by ship and coach, which leaves Newcastle-on-Tyne weekly during May to August, the summer months. Tourists can see Norway's capital (Oslo), Laerdal, Sjaerland, Stalheim, Bergen, Mørheimsund, Seljestand, and Stavanger.

One of the most heavily booked tours in Sweden is the Gota Canal tour, which takes three days by lake steamer between Stockholm and Gothenburg. A "Sunlit Nights" coach tour takes parties by special train from Stockholm through Dalarna and Jamtland to Lapland to see the Midnight Sun.

One of the most popular tours is arranged by a Swedish airline. It is the seven-day coach tour which begins in Copenhagen and ends in Oslo.

For about £80 per person a visitor can see Malmö (South

Sweden), the crystalware factories at Orrefors and Boda, travel by boat around the scenic waterways of Stockholm, and see Sweden's most picturesque countryside on the road through Karlstad to Oslo.

If you must "see the lot," then the 12-day coach tour from Copenhagen to Stockholm to Oslo, returning via the old Swedish seaport of Gothenburg, gives a fair overall picture of Scandinavia.

You see castles, chateaus, lakes, farms, and historic landmarks and buildings which date back centuries.

Another similar 14-day coach trip also includes a south-to-north tour of Denmark and costs about £140 per person.

Quick air tour

For the tourist with less time there is a seven-day air tour of the three capitals.

Including all meals, accommodation, air fares, and sight-seeing excursions the tour, which begins and ends in Copenhagen, costs about £96.

If you like to take your time and travel independently (remember, it is more expensive than a "package" tour) then there are several ways to travel from England or the Continent.

For example, in a dormitory-style cabin on one of the ships from Newcastle-on-Tyne it will



Picture by A. Olsen.

● Rising 1360ft., Norway's famous ski-jump stadium, Holmenkollen, has international championships each year. The stadium has a swimming-pool for summer tourists.

cost only about £12 to Kristiansand in South Norway or about £15 direct to Oslo. For an extra £3 you can take a car across on the same ship.

Another line offers a good service from Hamburg via the Kiel Canal to Oslo for about £9, tourist class, with meals extra.

Rooms in hotels vary from about £1 per day, bed and breakfast, in the provincial towns up to £2 a day in the one-star-bracket hotels within the cities.

Be prepared to pay as much as £4 a day in the best international hotels in the capital cities. At such places an average lunch would cost about 25/- and an evening meal perhaps £2 per person.

Menus in Scandinavian restaurants offer dishes to tempt the most fastidious gourmet, such as tasty reindeer cutlets, venison, elk steaks done in wine, and lobsters, prawns, crabs, mussels, and other exotic sea foods are served.

If you intend staying in medium-price hotels or first-class guest-houses allow yourself about £4 a day over and above your return fares for each day's stay.

This will cover accommodation, breakfast, one hearty three-course meal and average sight-seeing expenses. (Naturally, this amount won't be enough if you insist on going everywhere in taxis and eating at only the three-star restaurants.)

Summer, of course, is the best time to see Scandinavia. As soon as the warm weather begins in May, it unleashes a flurry of activity as the people take to sailing in the fiords, fishing, mountain-walking, and outdoor entertaining.

The friendly Scandinavians have formed organisations like "Meet the Danes," "Meet the Norwegians," and "Sweden at Home," which arrange for informal visits to families in their own homes.

In some cases certain organisations will even arrange holiday accommodation for tourists in family homes around all the chief tourist spots.

—ANNE OLSEN

By PAT HARRIS*

MUM'S 'TURKEY TROT'!

● At a cocktail party in London a few months ago I brightly remarked to an old friend that I wanted to visit Turkey. I asked her if she would like to come, too.

TO my delight she answered, "When do we leave?"

Feeling like two aunts of James Bond we set off on what my family now facetiously calls "Mum's Turkey trot!"

There are a myriad of paths to Turkey by land — travelling by train, coach, ship, or air — including being able to break your journey there when flying between Australia and Europe.

We chose to go by train in

* The author is Lady Harris, wife of Sir Jack Harris, of Waikanae, New Zealand.

the famous Direct Orient Express. The first-class fare from London for the 3½-day trip was £57stg. for a comfortable two-berth sleeping compartments, with a big window, through which half of Europe unfolded before our eyes.

(We went first class, because, although it is lively and amusing, you need to be very young and strong to make a long train journey sharing a second-class compartment with all the Balkan world and his wife—and children. They make a wall of humanity armed with bundles of blankets, rolls of mattresses, bird cages, and baskets of food, all quite impenetrable!)

The trip was enthralling from the moment we woke up to see the sun glittering on Lake Geneva with the Alps behind and the brilliant autumn colors pouring down their slopes.

We rolled down through Italy, round the shores of Lake Maggiore and on to Garda and Verona and finally to Venice in the evening. Trieste was just a glitter of lights before we crossed into Yugoslavia, and my first look behind the Iron Curtain.

It was not until we reached Belgrade that we began to see signs of made roads and electricity and sanitation.

The afternoon was better, and as we puffed our way toward Bulgaria we began to see gayer clothes on the women and children and brilliant hand-knitted stockings; and hand-painted carts taking the sugar-beet to the railway.

By this time we had made

friends with other passengers, including a charming elderly Turk who spoke perfect French and a handsome young Persian who was studying architecture at Istanbul University, and who spoke excellent English.

Between us we had established quite a social exchange. We visited each other and toasted our hosts or guests in a variety of liquor and languages.

It is quite a thing to offer a toast in Japanese to a Turk while drinking Slivovitz!

Night arrival

We moved through the small farms and wayside stations, we saw the donkeys and mules, and we admired the autumn trees and the girls in the gay cotton dresses and scarves. Then I suddenly realised that during the night we would cross into Turkey.

It was 4 a.m. when a very youthful face, under a very

official cap, looked into my compartment and asked politely for my passport. Having stamped it he handed it back, bowed, arranged the bedclothes round my neck, turned out the light and, with a soft "Bon nuit, and bon voyage, madame," he closed the door. I dozed and then woke in the early morning to see a Turkish wayside station.

The women were wearing long cotton trousers under their dresses, and I was being offered glasses of Turkish tea and halos of bread which had been rolled in sesame seeds. There were old men in fur caps with earpieces, and an old woman who looked like a bundle of black cloth and who wore her shawl over her face like a veil. It was all exactly like my dreams.

I found Turkish food wonderful, and almost every dish is exotically named. European cuisine is, of course, available

HONG KONG, BANGKOK CALL



Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

● The magic of Hong Kong is, to many visitors, strongest at night. In the foreground are the quaint jetties from which diners are ferried to the gaily lit floating restaurants.

By JUDE AINSWORTH



Picture by Johann Kraas

● The Blue Mosque, Istanbul, noted for its soaring minarets.

at modern hotels in the "new" part of Istanbul.

You can stay at the Istanbul Hilton — the haunt of the international set—for £A7/10/- a day for a single suite, or £9 a day for a twin-bedded one. It has 450 rooms, all with a sweeping view of the sea and city.

The tariff at several smaller, but well-run, centrally situated hotels ranges from £4 a day for singles and £5 for doubles. Rates at a hotel in the economy tourist bracket are from £2 single and £3 double.

Istanbul, with a population of two million people, is a most

fascinating city of unbelievable contrasts, with skyscrapers and mosques, modern shops, and 500-year-old covered bazaars.

The bazaars, massed with all the treasures of the Orient, look just like Ali Baba's cave.

During our five days' stay we went to see the Garden of Remembrance, built overlooking the ruins of the nine cities of Troy, at Gallipoli, and visited Istanbul's Topkapi Museum.

It is stacked with the most incredible treasures, including more yellow Ming than I knew existed — and reputedly the largest emerald in the world.

We also went to a film studio

and watched the making of a film about wrestling (I know now what people mean by "as strong as a Turk").

And a fabulous experience was going to Verdi's opera "Macbeth," sung in Turkish, at Istanbul's 18th-century Opera House, which is soon to be demolished and replaced by the largest opera house in Europe.

Besides all the things to do and see, we discovered the Turkish capacity for making a guest feel welcome.

Perhaps, most of all, my "Turkey trot" proved to me that I wasn't too staid or middle-aged to begin new adventures.

● Water buffalo plodding through rice paddies—this seems a scene from another, earlier time.

BUT staff photographer Keith Barlow found that, outside Bangkok, life in Thailand goes on undisturbed in a centuries-old pattern.

Coming home to Sydney from the Tokyo Olympic Games, Keith and his wife, Naomi, visited Hong Kong and Thailand. Only 20 miles from Bangkok they accidentally became guests of honor in a small Thai village.

"We took a water-taxi ride through the 'klongs' — irrigation channels that run through the rice marshes and also serve as roads," Keith said.

(The motor-propelled taxis, holding five passengers, are a popular form of transport in swampy Thailand.)

"As our water-taxi was passing a little village, our driver suggested watching a cock fight. The village mayor came up and spoke to us in English. They were delighted to see us, because we were a little off the tourist track.

"The mayor brought us chairs, and when the villagers brought along two cocks we were saved the embarrassment of watching a horrible cock fight — the birds wouldn't fight!

"Instead, a group of young men came and gave us a demonstration of their game, called tambok. Standing in a circle, they pass a wicker ball around,

and use anything — knees, elbows, feet, heads — to keep it from touching the ground.

"These villagers are really self-supporting, raising their own rice, papaya, pineapple, and bananas. They catch fish from the klongs and have little need for money. The Thai people consider this the ideal existence, and the Thais we met in Bangkok long to get out to the villages."

The taxi passed women patiently fishing for the finger-sized fish that abound in the

● Continued on page 14



Keith Barlow

● Thai temple scene

PERFECT HOLIDAYS — Page 13

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BANGKOK, HONG KONG • From page 13

channels and swim right in among the rice, said Keith. "Some of the canals are only 8ft. to 10ft. wide — we'd be going along and the next minute go right past a buffalo. They are the most placid animals.

"Little kiddies ride on their backs. A buffalo is treated as a valued possession — every afternoon we saw the women and boys getting into the water with them and washing off the rice-paddy mud."

In Thailand taxi fares are computed strictly on the miles covered — there is no allowance for the driver's time. So when the Barlows took a regular taxi out to the klongs, their driver came along for the water-taxi ride and afterwards drove them back to Bangkok. His fare was about £A2, and the water-taxi fare was the same.

The flavor of ancient Siam is just as intense in city life as in the unchanging rural existence. The yellow, bow-roofed temples are equally distinctive, rising above city shops and against the vivid green of the rice paddies.

In the Grand Palace Keith was forbidden to take photographs, because the royal family is still sensitive about the film "King and I," which all Thailand considers a misrepresentation of the monarchy. So the precautions ensure that no shots can be taken to be used as background in any future films.

Keith and Naomi toured one of Thailand's four leading factories that make the country's most famous product: Thai silk. The women weavers sit barefoot at the old-style wooden looms, and often bring their babies along to play about on the floor near the looms. The silk fibres are dyed in small braziers over open flames and hung to dry in hanks on clothes-lines.

Fit for Queen

"The factory we visited weaves for Queen Sirikit — the type of gold-interwoven design that she wears can be woven at a rate of only eight inches a day. It's surprising that such magnificent material can come from such apparently inadequate conditions," Keith said.

Buying the silk straight from the factory is even less expensive than buying it in Bangkok shops — the Barlows paid only 58 Baht, or £1/9/-, a yard. (The Thai monetary unit is the baht, or tical, worth an Australian sixpence.)

Single rooms in Bangkok's 19 major

hotels range from 70 ticals (£A1/15/-) to 270 ticals (£A6/15/-) a day. The double rooms are priced between 80 ticals (£A2) and 330 ticals (£A8/5/-) a day. Meals are not included in room rates.

The Bangkok floating market is a bit of rural life within city limits. The farmers bring boatloads of their produce down to the retail market near the Monastery of the Dawn, one of Bangkok's landmarks, Keith said.

"They come about 6.30 a.m., and by eight or nine in the morning there's hardly anyone left there. Some of the boats have awnings to shade the food, and they are all run by women. The man produces the crops and the woman is accepted as being the trader, with a keener eye for a bargain."

Life on water

To complete the water-borne commerce, floating among the trading boats are restaurants, selling coffee, noodle soup, and other simple foods which can be cooked aboard.

"Life in Hong Kong is even more concentrated on the harbor than Bangkok's is on its canals — the Chinese who have sampans as their homes live out there all their lives," Keith said.

"Salesmen go from sampan to sampan in little boats. It's quite common to see women calmly pedalling away at sewing-machines on the sampans, and we even saw wedding receptions in full swing!

"The sampans are numbered, like our cars, and the special areas that are kept clear for traffic have names just like streets.

The floating restaurants are a highlight of Hong Kong night-life.

Guests are ferried out to the restaurants, which are about the size of Sydney's Manly ferries.

The Hong Kong dollar is worth 1/7 Australian. For eight days in a good hotel, including bed, breakfast, and dinner, the Barlows' bill was 890 dollars, or £A70. Single rooms are available from as little as 16 dollars (£1/5/-) to as much as 137 dollars (£10/16/-).

Double rooms range from 34 dollars (£2/13/-) to 200 dollars (£15/16/8).

A five-course meal in Hong Kong can be as inexpensive as 19 dollars (£1/10/-) or as high-priced as 42 dollars (£3/6/10) at the city's lushest night-spot, the Marco Polo Room in the Peninsular Hotel.



• A water-taxi "rank" in swampy Thailand. The five-passenger skiffs are motor-powered. The waterway stretching behind the taxis is typical of the klongs (canals) that criss-cross the countryside.

● South Africa is so very old and yet so very young.

South Africa, the young-old country

THERE are still trails for the intrepid to blaze, and for arm-chair adventurers there's excitement laid on with all the comfort of "mod. cons.," too.

Johannesburg, in Transvaal Province, is South Africa's largest city, with a population of more than a million people, and the financial "capital" of the Republic.

If you fly to South Africa, Johannesburg, with its international airport, will be the centre from which you will plan to take off on your sightseeing safari. Going there by ship (a 17 days' trip from Australia) you will disembark at either Durban or Capetown.

It takes about three weeks to tour the four provinces by road or rail. If you want to have just a short, sharp look at the main highlights there is a network of air services to whisk you wherever you want to go.

Pleasant route

One of the most pleasant and comprehensive ways of seeing South Africa is taking what is known as the Garden Route, travelling by coach or car from Capetown and going in a north-easterly direction up the coast to Durban.

A six and a half days' tour by coach from Capetown to Durban costs about £50, including meals and accommodation in twin-bedded rooms with private baths or showers at good hotels along the route.

From Durban you can set off again on another six-day coach tour to Johannesburg, travelling via the famous Kruger National Park Game Reserve, for an inclusive cost of about £45.

Two nights of this tour are spent at rest camps in the Kruger Park.

And those noises you hear in the distance ARE made by wild animals roaming at will in the Park.

At the end of your six-day coach tour from Durban you'll find Johannesburg set on a high plateau 6000ft. above sea-level.

It's a cosmopolitan, skyscraper city, with lots of first-class hotels, theatres, nightclubs, and restaurants—and a marvellous place for a winter holiday, with warm, sunny days, very blue skies, and cool, crisp nights. The rain falls there during the summer months.

You can see gold—by the gallon—at pourings of molten gold, which are a ritual on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings.

Surface workings and underground mines may also be visited by tourists. Four hundred miles south of Johan-

nesburg is Kimberley, with its famous diamond mines, also open to visitors—under strict surveillance!

You can fly to Kimberley from Johannesburg for about £10 or have the thrill of travelling in the Blue Train, the luxury express linking Johannesburg with Capetown.

Everything about the Blue Train is blue—from the exterior and inside upholstery to the sheets you sleep between on the 25-hour trip from Johannesburg to Capetown.

The fare right through to Capetown is £17, and between Johannesburg and Kimberley you can travel on it for £7.

Two things that surprise Australians about South Africa are the mildness of the climate (it is never very hot by our standards, or very cold, either) and its mountainous character.

More than 40 per cent. of the total area lies 4000ft. and more above sea-level.

Table Mountain, which towers above Capetown, is one of the best-known mountains in the world.

Its flat, "table-like" top is further emphasised by cloud formations which gather above and around it as a softly draped "cloth."

Good food

And, talking of tables, South African fare is very, very good and the wines excellent and very inexpensive, particularly in the Cape area. Dry white wines range from about 3/9 to 17/6 a bottle and the reds from 4/- to 12/6.

National dishes which make expatriate South Africans homesick just by mentioning their names include melktert (a cinnamon-flavored milk custard and pastry tart), koksusters (made from featherweight pastry cut into strips), which are plaited and "fried" crisp in a bubbling syrup, and spicy beef sausages called boerewors.

● Elephant "pedestrians" don't need zebra crossings in Kruger National Park, South Africa!



"FIRST-TIMERS" abroad should never underestimate the wisdom of keeping to well-worn tracks. All the roads that lead to cities like Rome, Paris, London, New York, Lucerne, Copenhagen, and the Isle of Capri are crowded for the very good reason they have so much to offer travellers.

In going to places that have long been meccas of tourists, you can be sure of getting a cordial reception from local residents, business firms, hotels, and restaurants.

They're used to the "peculiarities of foreigners," and go out of their way to please, recognising how tourists bolster the economy of their country.

Congenial aspects of visiting "obvious" haunts also include rarely finding yourself far from someone to whom you can make known your needs in English.

If you should suddenly need a doctor, a dentist, or a nurse, it is important as well as consoling to be able to get treatment from people who can speak your language.

The particular wants of foreigners are anticipated at hotels and restaur-

ants that pride themselves on having an international clientele.

And, if you are an Australian and order strong tea and steak and eggs for breakfast, you'll be able to get it, with a smile.

Group tours are an attractive proposition for "first-timers" and people who don't want to have to bother with

TIPS FOR THE "FIRST-TIMER"

● By MARY COLES

money worries, transport, and accommodation problems when they are holidaying abroad.

These expenses are planned and paid for before you leave home with a group tour ticket. You select an itinerary that suits you and "sit back" and enjoy an "everything found" trip.

For a four or five months' group tour encircling the world by sea and land the inclusive fare varies according to your mode of travel.

Travelling tourist class on ships you can make one of these tours for about

£1000. On a one-class ship the cost would be about £1100 as a minimum and for first-class sea travel you would have to allow about £1350.

The fare would include accommodation, and such itineraries as a 14-day tour of the United Kingdom, 10 days in London, and a three or four weeks tour of the Continent by coach.

You could choose between shipboard travel via Suez or South Africa, going in one direction, and sailing via the Panama Canal route or making a 21-day escorted tour of North America by air-conditioned coach, before transferring to a ship again, crossing the "other" half of the world.

Group tours can also be made by land, sea, and air. To join in them you don't necessarily have to make a complete world tour. You may just fancy a cruise to the Far East to see cherry blossom time in Japan, or make

NEW GUINEA

● From page 7

Rabaul to Port Moresby, £21/15/-.

Boat fares? Here are two samples:

A voyage from Sydney covering Brisbane, Port Moresby, Samarai, Wewak, Lombrum, Lorengau (Manus Is.), Kavieng, Rabaul, Soraken, Teopasino, Numa Numa, Arigua, Kieta, and back to Sydney costs a minimum of £185 per adult.

Another from Sydney covering Brisbane, Port Moresby, Samarai, Lae, Madang, Rabaul, Samarai, Port Moresby, Brisbane, and back to Sydney costs from £185.

"What to wear" is usually a problem for travellers. I suggest cottons for ladies (no sleeves, round neckline), and shorts for men—it is the normal dress up here (with, of course, concessions to evening wear).

A woolly of some sort will be needed for the Highlands (5000ft. above sea-level plateau), an umbrella for the sun and rain.

Airlines have several annual conducted tours called Hostess Escorted Tours.

An oil company has put out quite a good set of maps covering the larger centres of the Territory. It is a folder well worth having.

Here's a parting tip for the hardy ones. Fly from Moresby to Kokoda (£25/10/-), just 60 air miles over the Owen Stanleys. There is no accommodation available at Kokoda (only private homes), so you set off straight away "walking" back over the Kokoda Trail, beforehand having arranged with the A.D.O. (Assistant District Officer)—politely, since it's a favor he will be doing you—to get you some carriers.

To get to Moresby will take you at least three days, more likely five—so don't try it unless you are a seasoned hiker—there are only a few villages on the way.

a special pilgrimage to Lourdes.

"First-timers" should never underestimate the value of having a reputable courier as a guide, philosopher, and friend in a strange land.

A good guide can make all the difference between really discovering the special fascinations of different countries and merely passing through them.

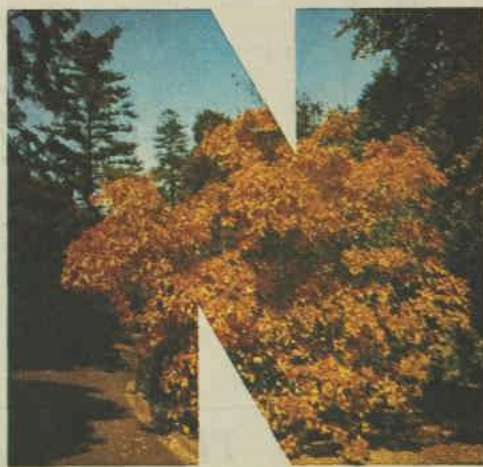
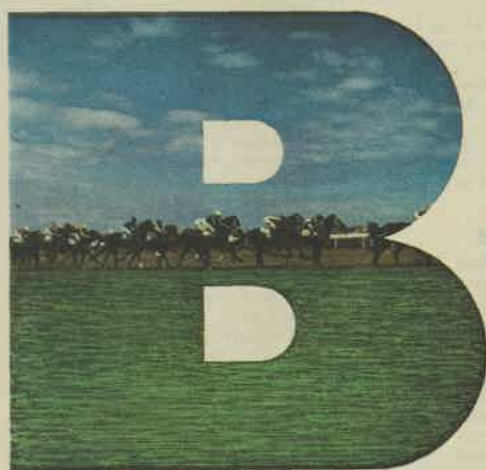
Whether you are alone or travelling with friends, your travel agent can arrange for you to be met and looked after by English-speaking couriers, who will escort you round in private hire cars or coaches—as your finances dictate.

On both group tours, and specially planned independent tours, the services of couriers detailed to look after you contribute so much to worry-free trips.

Little things—such as not fussing about whether your alarm clock will go off the very morning you are due to catch an early plane.

You can depend on it—if you are not ready on the mat when your courier comes to collect you, he'll quickly "raise the roof" and still get you where you have to go on time.

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How to cope with a Frenchman (...MORE) (OR LESS)

BUMP! That's you, mademoiselle, coming down to earth.

Because the first rule in How to Cope With A Frenchman is NEVER BELIEVE WHAT HE SAYS. Enjoy it, yes. Just don't be taken in.

For goodness' sake, don't fall in love with him (well, try not to) — unless he falls in love with you first. You'll just make yourself unhappy, which is no way to be on a holiday.

After all, half his appeal is that he's not Australian. If you're being swept off your reluctant feet, imagine him saying "Ulo, lov" with a nasal accent. This has a pretty horrifying effect.

However, here we are not dealing with Life's Great Loves. We are discussing light-hearted holiday flirtations.

And there is nothing, absolutely nothing, like *le flirting* with a Frenchman to lift a girl's holiday morale.

Short memories

A Frenchman is so French. He appreciates women — and especially you, *ma belle*. While he's with you, that is. Bear in mind that Frenchmen have unromantically short memories.

You can always disconcert a Frenchman by making sure he appreciates your romantic little tricks.

For example, point out that he must look at you while he's lighting your cigarette so he doesn't miss your effective glance upwards (through the eyelashes).

He will think you're sweet. He will also realise this is a feminine trick which you have been peculiarly honest enough to tell him about. He won't understand you. This is a very good thing.

Frenchmen think they understand

● Let's set the scene: There's dreamy music and glamorous you, dancing languidly round with Armand (or Georges or Pierre or Jean). He murmurs, "Darleeng, I cannot leeve weezout you" . . .

women. They have been brought up to think they understand women better than anyone. Everyone says they do, so . . .

NEVER LET THEM UNDERSTAND YOU.

Don't be one of those twitchy females who are always flitting desperately from one thing to another. Don't be mysterious; this is a ploy they know only too well.

Just be a bit fey sometimes. Be feline. Be capricious. Be sweet and gentle. Be wistful. And try being just yourself, too.

Apart from his beautifully melting accent, you will be sure to notice a Frenchman's beautifully melting looks.

Don't be disconcerted by the French look-her-up-and-down-slowly-and-then-smile technique. Appreciate it for what it is, and bask in it, *cherie*.

After all, he's been practising the art of the Melting Look for years. Give him a few fiery sideways looks yourself. See what happens.

On the other hand, he may go in for a masterful manner. One Frenchman told a usually reliable source that "Australian girls expect us to be voooolfee and noreeeng, so" — with relish — "we are!"

Careful questioning brought a more understandable version of "voooolfee and noreeeng." Wolfy and gnawing, he meant. So . . . watch yourself!

Or you could, if you like to live dangerously, try calling his bluff. He may be a mouse at heart.

But don't tease him. A Frenchman simply won't understand what you're doing; the language difficulties between you are probably bad enough, anyway.

He'll think you are making fun of him and he'll get huffy. It is very hard to coax a huffy Frenchman back into a good humor.

The language difficulties can be a help, though.

Tables turned

A girl on board ship was escorted to her cabin one evening by an amorous (French) fellow passenger.

"Now," he said, opening the door and beginning firmly to step in, "I weel say good night *propriety* . . ."

She kissed him gently on the cheek. "There," she said, all marvellous co-operation. "That's just about the most proper good night I can manage . . ."

She beamed, said "*bon soir*," went in and shut the door, and—
He stayed all bewitched, bothered, and very bewildered for the rest of the (short) voyage. She says the trick is to stay one move ahead!

It is with any man, of course. With your Frenchman — *bonne chance!*

—EVE BUTLER



● The world's first "TV tower," the Eiffel Tower is Paris' most famous landmark.

● There's such variety in 20th century transport — whether you go by land, sea, or air.

BY SHIP—OR PLANE?

HOLIDAYMAKING at home and abroad, lots of people find a combination of the three is the best way of meeting their needs.

By SHIP, fares are scaled according to grades of travel, distance covered, and according to the time of the year. Off-season travel for Australians means arriving in the Northern Hemisphere in late autumn and winter.

Some ships carry first-class passengers only. Others provide for both first- and tourist-class travellers. There are tourist-class-only ships. And ships described as one-class, with accommodation and amenities in a category between tourist and first class.

Superior, first-class type of accommodation, for a limited number of passengers, is also available on some cargo ships.

There is an enormous variation in fares charged by different shipping lines, and even in amounts paid by people travelling in the same ship.

A general idea of what it costs to go by sea can be gauged from minimum return-fare tickets between Australia and England aboard ships sailing via the Suez Canal—the shortest route in the off-season.

The minimum fare from Sydney to England and back to Sydney in a six-berth cabin aboard a tourist-class ship is £296. A two-berth cabin in the same type of ship costs from £323 re-

turn. And two-berth, first-class accommodation starts at £426 return.

Travelling in the In-Season, the rise in fares ranges from £324 return for six-berth tourist accommodation to from £610 return for two-berth first-class accommodation.

In pruning expenses holidaying abroad, think twice before putting economy before comfort on a ship. Your holiday should begin the moment you step aboard, and if your enjoyment of the trip is likely to be linked with particular creature comforts it is well worth paying a little more to have them.

The all-important thing to discover is whether the ship that suits your purse is well run, clean, and serves good food, even if the menu is simple. These are important points to consider—whether you go by luxury liner or tramp steamer.

And if you are going to have only a few months away, you get better value for your money by going during the In-Season.

Tipping?

You can't do much sightseeing abroad if it is a bad winter, with fogs and heavy snowfalls.

An inveterate traveller who invariably gets smiling service wherever he goes advises against tipping dining-saloon and cabin stewards aboard ship in advance.

He points out that those who attend you when you first go aboard may be

assigned to you only temporarily. And some also slacken their service once they have pocketed all they think they are likely to get.

The wise procedure is to find out who is going to look after your needs for the entire voyage and then say in a straightforward manner, "If you look after me well—I'll look after you."

He considers tourist-class passengers in six-berth cabins should tip their cabin and dining-saloon stewards £1 each, and that £5 each to cabin and dining-saloon stewards is a good "middle-of-the-road" sum for first-class passengers to tip on a voyage between Australia and England.

The sky is the limit for tipping by people who travel de luxe and want very special service from those who look after them.

If you run an account at the bar aboard ship, add 10 per cent to the bill to cover tipping.

Paying cash for your drinks you just leave some small change on the tray. But be sure to increase the amount when a steward makes a point of keeping an eye on you and gives you good service, taking your drinks to you beside the swimming-pool or to a far corner on the deck.

You can encircle the globe by AIR, making stopovers where you feel inclined, for £598/10/- travelling economy, or fly first class for £935/15/-.

Return-fare concessions are also available on air-sea interchange tickets,

which enable travellers to make half the journey by air and the other half by ship.

Fares are adjusted according to whether you fly economy or first class, and the type of shipboard accommodation selected.

Basic differences between first class and economy air fares are:

First-class passengers sit two abreast in comfortable lounge seats and have plenty of "leg-room" for stretching. They dine on de luxe meals and don't have to pay for drinks, which are "on the house."

Classes differ

First-class air travellers are permitted a much higher luggage allowance than economy ticket-holders. If you are not travelling "light" the money saved on excess baggage often makes first-class travel a good investment.

Economy-class air travellers sit three abreast in planes and have less space for stretching. They sup from simpler menus and pay for their drinks.

Travelling by air means no tipping for services provided by the airways company's staff.

But at some foreign airports a departure tax of up to 30/- is the law of the land. When setting aside local currency for last-minute expenses leaving a foreign country, check and find out whether you are liable to the Government for a departure tax.

—MARY COLES



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AVIS
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By PETER HARDING

● A new road for tourists and sportsmen has been built across the Southern Alps in New Zealand, unlocking a substantial part of one of the largest national parks in the world.

LITTLE New Zealand likes using superlatives and some of its claims to notice may be wishful thinking, but this one seems genuine enough. The southern playground is said to be, in land area, the world's fifth biggest proclaimed national park.

The opening of the road is an interesting event. Cars and buses are using it this summer, driving safely and easily through country as wild as anything that could be imagined.

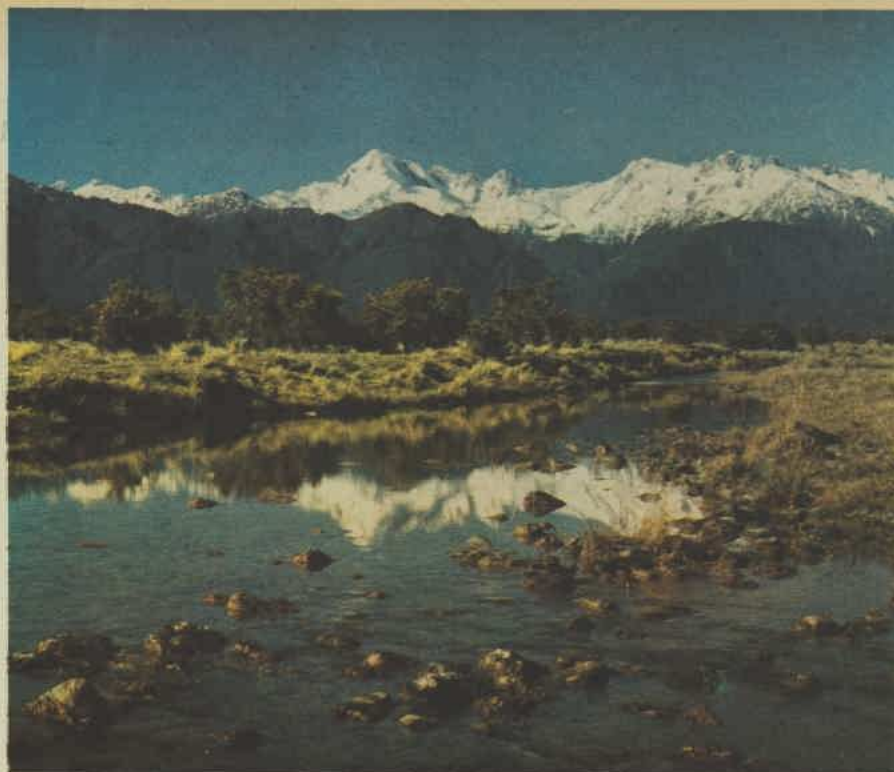
Construction was a long, tough job. The road goes through a low mountain pass beneath an 8265ft. peak (937ft. higher than Kosciuszko); and on the 36 miles no fewer than 33 bridges have had to be built.

By next spring, with the building of many more bridges, this road will link up with the highway that runs most of the

There are many glaciers, rivers of ice moving slowly, a few feet a day, down the wide, deep beds they have gouged in the ranges. The largest is the Tasman Glacier, 18 miles long and a mile and a quarter wide, on the eastern flank of Mt. Cook.

Every fine day tourists at the big hotel and motor camp near Cook are taken in a small plane fitted with skis instead of wheels and are landed high up the glacier, in a weirdly architected world of ice, with its gleaming cliffs, turrets, and cornices, frozen cascades and deathly blue crevasses.

And every day, wet or fine, others take a brief bus trip to the lower part of this glacier, and, their thoughts full of the exalting purity of the mountains, are a little disappointed to find the ice is dirty. (New Zealanders darkly blame the dust-storms from sinful Australia.)



Picture by N.Z. Govt. Tourist Dept.

● Southern Alps, seen from the western side. Snowfalls are more frequent, glaciers steeper and faster on this side of the range.

NEW ROAD UNLOCKS TOUR PARADISE

way up the western side of the island. Then spectacular round trips will be possible for the first time in the South Island's main tourist zone.

In the past, because of the mountain chain which forms the backbone of the island, the tourist has often had to go back over his tracks before setting out for the next point of interest, and this involves travelling great distances.

The Southern Alps cover possibly twice the area of Switzerland, and extend 500 miles down the island. The mountains are very young on the geological scale, and so are not blunted by time; the high peaks rise sharply in their year-round coat of ice and snow, shining like sky spirits, incredibly close and stately in the sunlight.

Everest trials

The highest part of the main range, around the 12,349ft. Mt. Cook, is a sea of peaks rising above 10,000ft. — 17 of them. There are many higher mountains in the world, but few more spectacular.

It was here that Hillary, the Auckland beekeeper, trained for the Coronation Eve conquest of the tallest mountain of all, and the Southern Alps are well thought of by overseas climbers.

As the mountains look down in their lofty grandeur (the traveller, groping for the word, can't help thinking of them in human and even religious terms), there is constant dramatic change on their high slopes.

For these are weather-makers, where lightning plays and avalanches of ice and rock roar down, where frequent heavy falls of snow feed the glaciers.

It is hundreds of feet deep, this river of ice, and never quite still. At its foot it melts, and the water drains to a turquoise-colored lake.

The beds of all the famous lakes on the eastern side of the Alps were formed in the same way, by glacial action in the Ice Age. The glaciers receded (and they are still receding up the mountainside a few yards every year), leaving lakes so deep that some extend a long way below sea-level.

You can't help feeling in these parts that geology has become an open book, with the mountains, lakes, and forests its text. In the glaciers the Ice Age has not yet ended; you realise the continuity of past and future and the inevitability of change; and the forces that grind mountains down are vividly apparent.

The greatest of the glacial lakes, Wakatipu, 60 miles long, has its beaches and jetties just over 1000ft. above sea-level, but its bed extends to 226ft. below.

Wakatipu is shaped like a sleeping man, and this inevitably is the theme of a Maori legend. The giant, it says, still lies there, for the lake "breathes" in the most extraordinary way — there is a regular rise and fall of its waters, averaging three inches every 15 minutes (the Maoris were always an observant people).

Writers of guide-books, and many others connected with the tourist trade, pretend the cause of his pulsation is still a mystery. Like their kind elsewhere, they underrate the travellers' intelligence and encourage a simple-minded *oo* and *ah* response before presenting the bill.

In fact, the lake level changes because a difference in barometric pressure at its distant ends creates a slight tidal effect.

On Wakatipu a large and ancient steamer brings the wool bales from high-country sheep stations in roadless places around the lake, and takes hunters, anglers, and trappers to remote forests. Headquarters

New Zealand

of all this, on the lake shore, is Queenstown, the prettiest little town one could imagine.

Queenstown is one place that outdoes its most colorful travel posters. With its backdrop the lake and a jagged mountain range named, with restraint, the Remarkables, it is a solidly built, cosy town with narrow matey shopping streets that were laid out in a gold-rush.

Here gather tourists and sportsmen in their thousands. Mountaintops near the town are popular for skiing (often with real powder snow, the kind that enthusiasts travel half-way round the world to find).

There are many "other attractions," as the tourist folders say. For instance, right above the town, 1530ft. up, is a small new chalet called the Skyline which gives practically an aeroplane view.

(Agile little buses take

visitors to the chalet, but the manager noticed recently that a man of 86, a woman of 73, and a child of two and a half walked up.)

Back of Lake Wakatipu and the other main lakes — Te Anau, Manapouri, and Wanaka — begin the primeval forests, extending into high valleys some of which remain unexplored.

So wild are these valleys that there are occasional mad rumors of the survival of a few moas, the monstrous wingless birds, up to 12ft. tall, which roamed New Zealand eating twigs and roots, until Maori hunters ate the last of them two or three hundred years ago.

If there are now no moas, a colony of takahes, another "extinct" flightless bird, was found by a naturalist exploring one of the southern valleys only six years ago. Their feeding grounds are now, of course, a carefully guarded sanctuary and it would be an international incident if you blundered into it.

Deer "pests"

At night the shy kiwis also scuttle through these southern forests as in some other parts of New Zealand, searching for worms with the assistance of sensitive nostrils at the tip of a long probing beak. They lay one or two eggs each weighing about a pound — a quarter of their own weight and eight times larger than a hen's egg.

Scientists say this shows that the kiwi is much smaller than its ancestors (it happens to be a relation of the moa). The egg has stayed large, the unlucky bird has not.

Now deer in great numbers roam these ancient beech forests eating seedlings and saplings, ringbarking trees, speeding erosion with their sharp hoofs. They were brought from Europe and America for sport and have become a mortal menace to the bush in many parts of New Zealand, nowhere more than on the slopes of the southern ranges, where forests grow so gallantly on the thinnest of soil covering the glacier-carved granite.

The deer move in herds amounting sometimes to a hundred or more, and the Government employs hunters to keep the numbers down. Tough young men with rifles and supplies are landed by plane at remote huts, to shoot for a wage and live for months on bacon, venison, and dried or tinned vegetables.

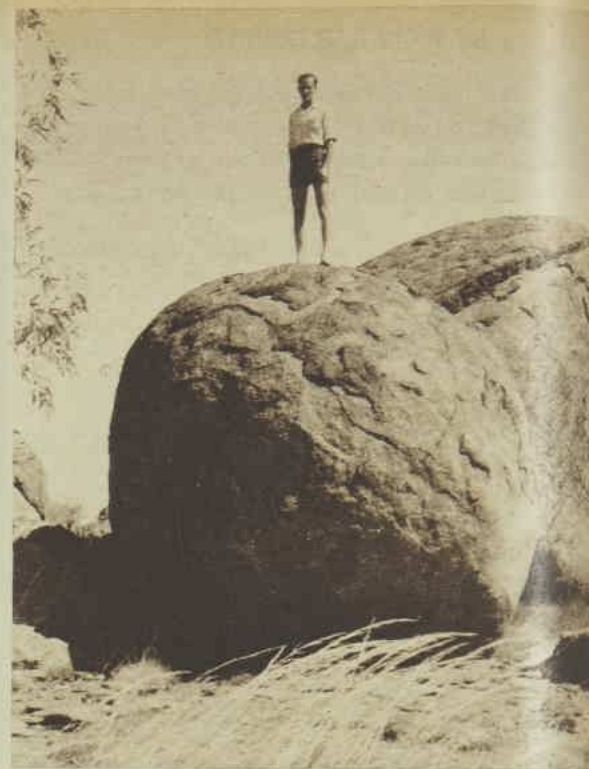
Naturally, any amateur deer-stalker readily obtains a shooting licence (no limit on bags or closed seasons).

Venison and trout are staple foods among southern holiday-makers; but you have to catch the trout yourself or receive it as a gift — it can't be bought because selling it is illegal. The chef in any hotel is happy to grill it for your table.

● Continued on page 23

PERFECT HOLIDAYS — Page 19

● Joyce Wade on the Wades' station waggon. Ayers Rock is behind.



● Allan Wade climbs The Devil's Marbles, near Tennant Creek, N.T.

● Seeing more than 7000 miles of Australia by car—in a sweep from Kings Cross to the Southern Ocean, inland as far as Ayers Rock, and north to the Gulf of Carpentaria—a Sydney couple, Allan and Joyce Wade, spent less than £70 on their transport.

By
MARY COLES

7000

TRAVELLING and sleeping in their comfortably equipped, nine-year-old French station waggon, their incidental expenses didn't amount to any more than housekeeping at home.

And they lived off the fat of the land, with fare ranging from fresh-from-the-tree fruit to just-caught fish and fresh-killed meat.

They sat down to plates covered with thick, juicy, grilled steak at a cost of 3/6 in Central Australia.

And in Cairns, luscious papaws were theirs for the picking every morning for breakfast.

Paying from 3/6 to 7/- a gallon for petrol, according to locality, they averaged about 25 miles to the gallon, with an overall assessment of under £10 a thousand miles for petrol and oil.

At the end of the trip the four new tyres they had put on their station waggon were hardly marked, apart from a nail-hole puncture in one.

The only accommodation costs they had to meet were the small fees charged by camping grounds and caravans when they "made camp" in capital cities and townships on their route.

One of the joys of their holiday was not having to bother with suitcases.

Everything, from party clothes to pots and pans, was "filed" in a series of "tailor-made" wooden boxes, which covered the entire area of space, as a platform, at the rear of the driving seat of the station waggon.

Each box was of the same depth, and built to snugly fit beside its neighbors, forming a wide expanse of level

surface as a smooth base for rubber mattresses, which the Wades inflated to sleep on when they "made camp" at night.

The boxes were each painted a different color for easy identification of their contents.

It was easy to remember crockery, cutlery, and currently-in-use packaged foods in the blue box, casual clothes and underwear in the pink box, car parts and tools in the red box, and so on.

They "go bush"

Joyce made sage-green twill curtains to draw across the windows for privacy and to keep out the glare of the early-morning sunshine—and dazzling moonlight, too.

"Some nights the moonlight was so brilliant in Central Australia, we could read the paper by it," she said.

Living in a flat in Sydney's densely populated Kings Cross, Allan Wade, who is a commercial artist, and his wife always head for wide open spaces when they are holiday bent.

Experience has taught them that autumn and early spring are the best times of the year for their kind of vacations.

"We can boil our billy and barbecue chops and steak free from restrictions imposed during bushfire danger periods in summer," Allan said.

"Summer is not a good time of the year for going north, either, where, instead of bushfire, you are likely to run into floods once the 'wet season' begins in Queensland and the Northern Territory.

"We make our holiday plans to visit different places at their most perfect times of the year, with warm to hot

sunny days and cool, clear nights," he added.

Their 7000-mile trek last year was divided into two safaris. At Easter they covered 1500 miles making a week's tour of Victoria.

"The weather was wonderful with warm, balmy sunshine casting a mellow light on all the marvellous autumn foliage everywhere," Allan said.

"We went down the Hume Highway from Sydney and made a detour to Bright at the foot of the Victorian snowfields country.

"Bright is famous for its appearance in autumn, with gardens and streets canopied with poplars, elms, oaks, and other beautiful old English trees, glowing in so many tones—from palest yellow to rich gold, tawny and brilliant red, and every shade of brown.

"Melbourne, specially St. Kilda Rd., carpeted with autumn leaves also looked a picture."

"And to add to the beauty of going through the Dandenongs and into Gippsland, the amazingly crystal-clear notes of bellbirds broke the stillness of the forests as we drove along," Joyce said.

A highlight of their trip was an overnight stay at Port Phillip Island, linked to the mainland in Western Port Bay by a suspension bridge.

"It is a special sanctuary for koalas and penguins," Joyce said.

"Wherever you look there are sleepy koalas curled up dozing in trees, completely unconcerned by tourists, who flock there in thousands.

"The beach is floodlit and visitors are requested to sit very quietly without moving or talking, while the penguins—hundreds and hundreds of

them—waddle over and around them, marching to nest down in inland holes they call 'home' at night.

"The same ritual takes place in the mornings when they set off again on fishing expeditions."

In the spring, Joyce and Allan Wade set off on holiday again, this time crossing the Blue Mountains, ablaze with wattle and wildflowers.

They took the Olympic Highway to Wagga, and on through the rich Riverina District of New South Wales to Mildura, Victoria, where they followed the River Murray into South Australia.

"At Renmark we stocked up with the largest, juiciest, navel oranges we've ever had. And they cost only 5/- for a big sackful!" said Allan.

Opal search

"Everywhere we drove, along the Murray and through the Barossa Valley to Adelaide, there were pretty little townships massed with fruit trees of every description covered with blossom."

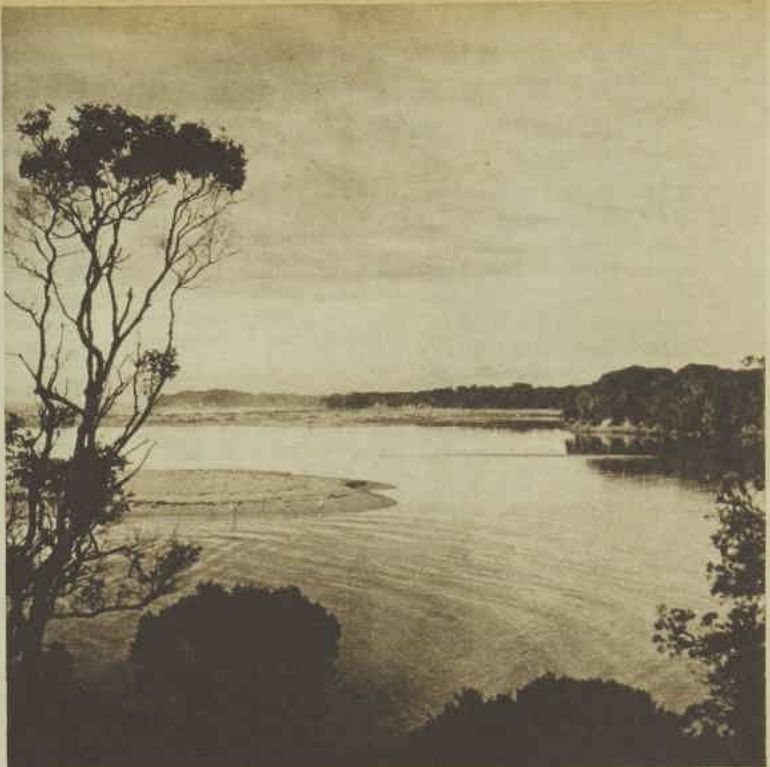
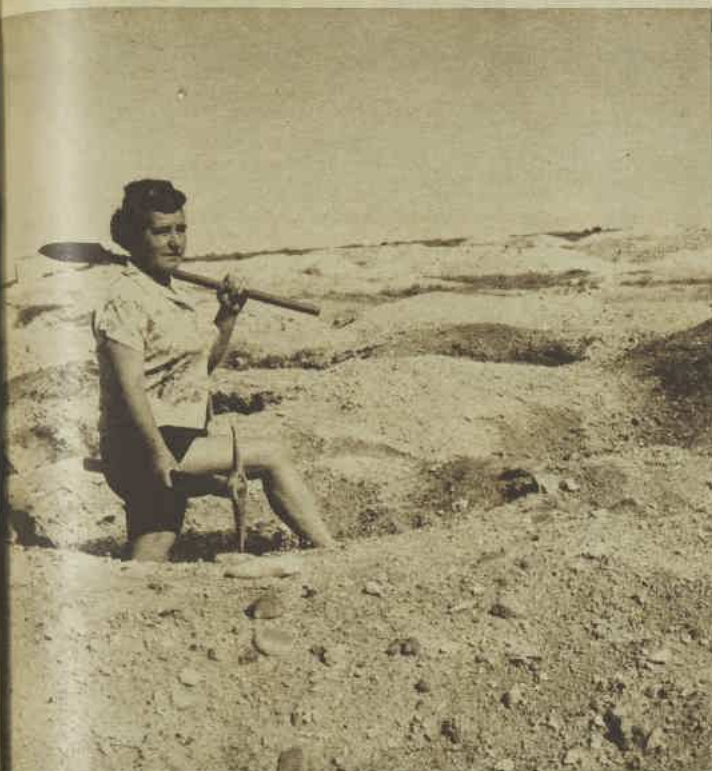
From Adelaide they went north to Port Augusta and on to Andamooka, where Joyce took out a Miner's Right to spend a few days digging for opals.

She worked at her claim under the guidance of "Dusty" Watson, a young bachelor who has been opal mining at Andamooka for eight years.

"He lives in a very solid little house he built himself from stones and lumps of granite, and its 'mod. cons.' include a kerosene refrigerator," she said.

"Keeping in touch with what was happening throughout the world by radio, he was a wonderful conversationalist, and knew more about current

● Joyce digging for opals at Andamooka, South Australia. She found several pieces. This picture, and those on opposite page, taken by the Wades.



● Peaceful Mallaacoota Inlet, East Gippsland, Vic., is a charming retreat near the N.S.W. border. Picture by Victorian Govt. Tourist Development Authority. The Wades passed through Gippsland on their trip.

MILES FOR £70 (in style!)

events and interesting happenings than most people."

The grandeur of the scenery at Ayers Rock, with its constant changes of fantastic coloring caused by the movement of the sun throwing light and shade, almost took their breath away.

"We were told that it has to be climbed before 9 a.m. in summer," said Joyce.

"Later, the temperature goes up to 114deg. and more, and you can get badly blistered fingers just by touching the iron safety rail."

They were also very impressed by the John Flynn Memorial Church, built as a token of affection to the memory of Flynn of the Inland, at Alice Springs.

"At the entrance tropical fish swim in a lovely pool surrounded by tropical plants, and inside there were urns filled with Sturt peas," Joyce said.

Pressing on again, the Wades headed for Tennant Creek ("where two milkshakes cost us 5/-!"), then turned east to Mount Isa in Queensland, and eventually north to Normanton in the Gulf country.

"We loved Normanton. It's an old mining town with good restaurants, shops that sell wonderful bread, and it is surrounded by rivers that teem with marvellous fish," said Joyce. "And there were birds there that sang right up and down the scales!"

Near Ravenshoe, on the beautiful Atherton Tableland of Queensland, the Wades were intrigued to come across hundreds of fireplaces made from stones. "They had been built by members of the 7th and 9th Division, who were in camp there during the war," Allan said.

"We camped nearby that night and as soon as it became dark the whole place was lit by fireflies — glowing like torch bulbs through the undergrowth."

From Atherton they went on to Cairns, where visiting Green Island in a glass-bottomed boat to peer at the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef is a "must" for tourists.

Lush fruit

"From Cairns you can also take a little train to Kuranda to see the Barron Falls," Joyce said.

"It's a 21-mile trip going high up into the rain forest country, through 15 tunnels and across canyons and waterfall bridges, with the train stopping along the way for passengers to take pictures of the scenery."

"The fare was only 9/4, and when we got to Kuranda (which has a most picturesque railway station strung with hanging baskets of magnificent ferns) a wonderful morning tea was waiting for us," said Joyce. "Lovely hot coffee and all kinds of sandwiches, scones, and cakes—all for 5/-."

Leaving Cairns with their car laden with lush tropical fruits, the Wades travelled down the coast through miles and miles of sugarcane plantations, and roads lined with pineapple farms, then on to the famous banana-growing districts of Queensland and New South Wales.

"We arrived home after our five weeks' tour feeling marvellous," said Joyce. "Our holiday had been such an eye-opener. Until this trip I had never quite realised the vastness of Australia."

"Seeing sign-posts such as '134 miles to Homestead' on a cattle station in Central Australia is a real jolt for Kings Cross dwellers!"

The Wades speak glowingly of the cleanliness, and amenities at camping grounds and caravan parks, wherever they travelled.

"For a parking fee of usually 7/- a night, travellers are provided with water 'on tap' beside their vehicles, an open fireplace, a stack of firewood, and the use of communal bathrooms with hot showers," Allan said.

"In most, washing machines and ironing rooms are available for a small fee. Some have restaurants—even television viewing, too."

"There was a marvellous one near Alice Springs," Joyce said. "It had pale-pink-tiled bathrooms with huge mirrors, and there was a specially furnished writing-room, too, so that tourists could catch up with letters."

The Wades said the outback is full of surprises these days.

"For instance," Allan explained, "at Mt. Ebenezer, just a name on the map miles from anywhere on the Ayers Rock detour, we found a most glamorous, log cabin-style restaurant recently opened up by two Dutch girls."

"Horror" stretch

"The day we called in they served us—and 200 other tourists—with a beautiful three-course meal for 12/6."

"And cashing in on the boom in tourism, Mt. Ebenezer aborigines had rounded up camels to take tourists for rides at 2/- a time," he said.

In the inland, the Wades made a point of keeping to main roads so that, in the event of a breakdown, someone would come along and find them eventually.

The only "horror stretch" they travelled over was a 25-mile patch be-

tween Mt. Isa and Cloncurry, in Queensland.

They carried several days' supply of water for drinking and washing in a five-gallon drum with a tap at the base.

Other equipment included a pressure primus stove, a collapsible barbecue for grilling and boiling the billy, a folding table (with four seats attached) which packs up for carrying like a suitcase, and a 200-candlepower kerosene pressure lamp.

"It's essential to always have a good strong light with you," Joyce said. "And we also like to read in bed—even in the outback!"

As the nights are usually nippy in spring and autumn they prefer flannelette sheets and pillow cases, and sleep under three blankets and a light eiderdown.

Joyce also takes a big square of mosquito netting to throw over their dining-table and protect the food from flies and insects.

On tour in the autumn she wore slacks, with light blouses, jumpers, and cardigans, and in the spring she lived in dresses, made from light, non-iron, synthetic materials, and cardigans.

Always on their travels, they "file" a complete set of best clothes for both of them, in a wooden box painted in a color which denotes "only needed sometimes."

On their last trip one of the times it was opened up was to take out a satin ballerina dress for Joyce, and a formal suit for Allan, when they were invited to attend a ball at Milla Milla, where they made an overnight stop in Queensland.

In perfecting the art of learning how to holiday on a shoestring, the Wades have also discovered how to do it in style!

● The cost of luxury living is cheaper in Greece than in most other European countries.

BUT if you decide to "go Greek," eat the local food, avoid the cities and more "ritzy" resorts, and stay in homely village guest-houses, your holiday will be unbelievably cheap.

Greek food is exotic. Try the stuffed vine leaves with egg and lemon sauce; cocoretsi, a sort of barbecued sausage of sheep's liver fragrant with herbs; the tiny squid fried in oil; and the variety of goats' milk cheese which complement the ubiquitous fresh fruit and watermelon.

Coffee is a course in itself—sweet, thick Turkish coffee, always served with a glass of icy water and often eaten with a bowl of rose petal jam or a sweetmeat of Turkish Delight.

A sumptuous meal in a luxury restaurant will cost about 30/-; a good meal with wines in a modest outdoor restaurant costs about 5/-.

If you go to Greece during the hot summer months—June, July, and August—you'll be wise if you adopt the Greek habit of taking a siesta in the afternoon.

(For summer you will need lightweight clothing for the hot, dry climate and lots of sun-clothes and a bathing suit. For summer evenings you will need a woollen stole or cardigan. In the winter, wear woollen heavier clothes and you will need an overcoat. Even in Athens, dress for most occasions is casual and informal.)

In the evenings everyone comes to life. In Athens, you can wander through the winding cobbled streets of the Plaka—the Old Athens—built beneath the Acropolis, and pick your place to dine from the many outdoor "tavernas," where you will probably be serenaded by a wandering guitar player.

You can go to one of the many outdoor cinemas; to a

Sound and Light performance at the Acropolis; or to a concert or performance of a classical Greek tragedy in the ancient theatre of Herodotus Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis.

Or, for a more relaxed evening, drive along the coast from Athens to the harbor of Tourkolimano for dinner—fish is the specialty there—at one of the countless restaurants on the waterfront overlooking the luxury yachts of millionaires and colorful, small "caiques" of Athenian fishermen.

Just out of Athens, too, is the port of Piraeus, where at nightclubs mounted on a big rock overlooking the sea you can hear the modern Greek "bouzoukia" orchestras play old Greek folk songs, and dine and dance.

For traditional Greek folk dancing with modern choreography, go to the Ancient Theatre in Piraeus to see the "Dora Stratou" dancers.

Even if you're not interested in the classical past of Greece, you can't help being caught up in it. The Acropolis dominates Athens. You must explore it for yourself, preferably at sunset.

From Athens, take the glorious drive through the sophisticated bathing resorts of Phaleron and Vougliamni, and through thick woods along the peninsula of Attica to Cape Sounion, where the marble remains of the Temple of Poseidon top the headland overlooking the sea.

Go to Corinth and cross the famous Corinth canal. Stand in the agora, or market place, of Old Corinth, where the philosopher Socrates used to chat and St. Paul preached.

Visit Delphi, perched high above the Gulf of Corinth on the side of Mount Parnassus, where the ancient warriors and heroes came to consult the oracle; Olympia, where the original Olympic Games were

held; Mycenae, with its famous "Lions' Gate" and sun-baked ruins of royal tombs dating from the 17th century B.C.; and Epidaurus, where, in the best preserved and most perfect of the ancient theatres, you can see performances of the plays of Sophocles and Euripides.

While you're in Greece, don't neglect visiting some of the wonderful islands which stud the Ionian and Aegean seas. Each one is a world in itself. Crete, Rhodes, and Corfu are the most famous for their modern resorts and historical past.

Hydra is renowned as a location for modern glazier films and as the home of a thriving colony of artists, writers, and

pleasure seekers from all over the world.

As nowhere in Greece is very far from the sea, you can do most of your travelling by boat. In the tourist season, special cruises can be booked, or you can hire a motor yacht, or take any of the normal boat services which run from Piraeus, the port of Athens.

By land—the roads are not terribly good—you can travel by regular daily coach tours from Athens to places of historical interest, or hire a car for about £1/10/- a day. There is also a railway network throughout Greece. Air services from Athens "feed" Thessalonika, Crete, and Rhodes.

GLORIOUS GREECE



Picture by Laurie Le Guen.

● Approaching the Greek island of Kalamata. The hardy islanders are world-famous as sponge fishers.

In a de-luxe class hotel a room with private bathroom costs about £3/4/- a night. A nice room with bath in a first-class hotel costs about 30/- a night, and a room in a third-class hotel costs about 14/-.

In all villages with tourist attractions you can get accommodation in one of the registered "Village Guest Houses" for about 5/- a night.

—CAROL HENTY

West Indies

THE CARIBBEAN CALYPSO ISLES



Page 22 — PERFECT HOLIDAYS

● The West Indies — once only the holiday playground of very wealthy American and British tourists — is now very much "on the map" for many visitors from Australia.

SINCE the introduction recently of a new jet air route via Tahiti, Mexico, Bermuda, and Nassau, it is one step easier (and a big one financially) for tourists who wish to visit these ex-

citing islands in the heart of the glittering Caribbean Sea.

For the same cost as one of the airline's round-the-world tickets (£610 return, tourist class) Australians can now take in the exotic resorts.

With year-round sunshine, beautiful beaches and first-class hotels, Bermuda and Nassau (both within easy flying time of New York and Miami) have been "in" for years with America's and Britain's winter-weary socialites.

● Mrs. Pat Copes, of Sydney, buys a hand-made basket from Jamaicans at Montego Bay, in hospitable Jamaica.

Picture by Pat Copes

Come each December, when the American coast is being battered by blizzards and there are heavy snowfalls in Britain, wealthy tourists flock down to these idyllic islands to soak up gracious living and sunshine.

However, if you wish to spend a week's stop-over in luxury on either island (or both) you will have to allow yourself at least £10 a day upwards for food and accommodation.

The hotels on Nassau and Bermuda are among the world's best, and so are expensive.

Prices at these hotels range from £9 a day for single accommodation in the off-season to £15 a day for the same accommodation during the peak season of December to May.

● Other introduced game in the region are wapiti (a large deer), chamois and thar (like a large goat), and a few moose.

IMAGINATIVE early settlers tried to establish kangaroos, llamas, and even zebras; they didn't acclimatise.

Back to the Ice Age . . . The many fiords you can see on the map on the mountainous south-west coast were gouged out by immense glaciers in the same way as the lakes. This region, extending about 100 miles by 50, can be seen only from the air or sea, or on foot; it is far too rugged for road-making except at Milford Sound.

A road (snowed up in winter) crosses the Alps to Milford, passing through a tunnel at the highest point. It stops at a surprisingly large and good hotel at the inland end of the sound, with a glimpse of 9042ft. Mt. Tutoko in the northern sky.

Milford, with its hotel, motor camp, road, and airfield, lives entirely for the tourist industry (except for a few crayfish boats), and nobody who has been there could ever forget the visit.

Grand view

From the main lounge you find that the hotel's plate-glass front wall is filled, like a framed picture, with Mitre Peak, one of the most photographed of mountains. It rises out of the sound for 5560ft., as pointed, smooth, and symmetrical as a tiger-shark's tooth, booming with unimaginable granite weight.

Here, with a shock, you have again some small idea of the forces loosed by the ancient glaciers, thrust down to the sea by the weight of ice thousands of feet deep, grinding straight into the granite from the top of Mitre Peak and all the other mountains that constitute the walls of the fiord.

These, it has been pointed out, are true "fiords" (the word means "threshold"), being of great depth for all their length and suddenly shallower at the seaward end, where the

glacier melted and dropped its moraine—the masses of rock which it had carried embedded in the ice. But large international tourist liners often sail into the sounds.

How does Milford Sound compare with the Norwegian fiords? The Scandinavian voyager Haakon Mielche, in his book "Round the World with the Galathea," wrote that Milford is "a fiord wider and more beautiful than the famous ones of Norway."

Heavy rain

You will remember the sandflies of Milford (take a repellent) and perhaps the rain. Here the average rainfall is about 300 inches a year (Sydney's, for comparison, is in the 40s), so you are lucky to get an entirely fine day.

Heavy rain brings a compensation: Mitre Peak and other mountainsides become a shining sheet of water for hours afterwards, and the main waterfalls roar splendidly into the sound as you pass close by in a tourist launch.

The drive to Milford is magnificent, but it's better still to walk, if you haven't forgotten how.

This expedition on the Mil-

Sutherland Falls, where water from a high snow-fed lake leaps in three flights for a vertical distance of 1904ft. It is one of the highest waterfalls in the world.

New Zealanders used to say it was the highest; now they call it the fifth highest (there is one higher in Africa, and three in the Andes in Central America, but these records possibly leave less-known mountain regions of Asia out of the question).

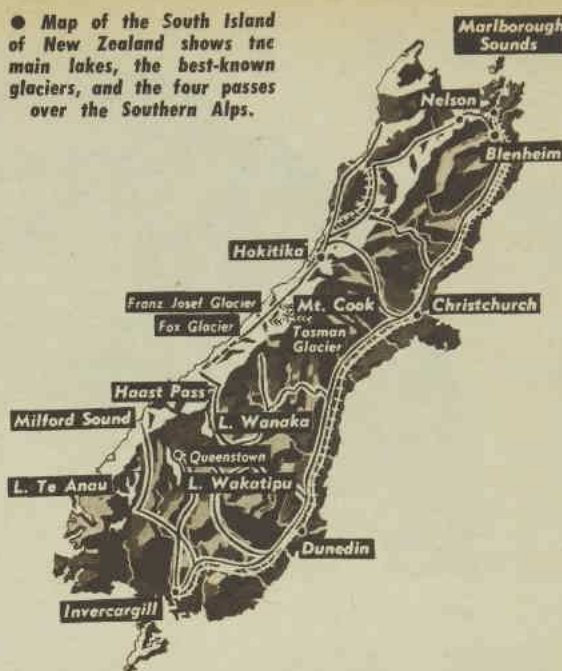
Or you can cross the Alps here by plane, taking a cheeky look at the Sutherland Falls and the mountain-tops before being landed with your luggage at the Milford hotel.

The traveller can look at most parts of New Zealand by air — by seaplane where there are lakes and tarns, ski-plane where there are snowfields to land on, and in other aircraft taking up small parties whenever the weather is suitable.

More snow falls on the western than the eastern side of the mountains, and that is why the western glaciers are worth a special trip to see.

The best known, the Fox and Franz Josef, are only 15 miles apart, and are served by a tourist hotel at the Fox and

● Map of the South Island of New Zealand shows the main lakes, the best-known glaciers, and the four passes over the Southern Alps.



coastal plain, and so in their lower reaches pass through dense forest.

Practically nowhere except in Greenland and the Antarctic do glaciers descend so far.

The Franz Josef ends in a cliff of ice 100ft. high and half a mile wide. And near the foot of each glacier are warm springs. It's a strange country, New Zealand.

You are now in densely forested Westland. The whole of this region is distinctive; it has its own "feel," and the people (coalminers and timbermen, many of them) call themselves West Coasters, are friendly and independent, adore beer and football, and are as rugged as the country.

You reach the western glaciers by air or, if in a car or bus, by crossing the Alps spectacularly through Arthur's Pass, 100 miles to the north, and driving down the coast. In winter even that pass is blocked, and the traveller has

to use Lewis Pass, 50 miles farther north.

Travel in the South Island can still involve long detours and back-tracking. One hears there the wry joke: "New Zealand isn't really smaller than Australia—it's just that so much of it has been pushed up in the air."

Unrivalled

Now the road through the Alps at Haast Pass, with the impending link-up with the West Coast highway, constitutes a very great improvement.

All New Zealand highways, on mountain and plain, are well made and safe. They are not expressways but are reasonably fast considering the nature of the country.

So it is true enough to say, like the travel agents, that New Zealand in its compactness has almost an unrivalled variety of quickly accessible resorts for the tourist and sportsman.

New Zealand

● Continued from page 19

ford Track is no Sunday stroll, but it is well organised and safe, and therefore popular among young and old. The parties hire their gear and are taken about 40 miles by launch up Lake Te Anau. Then the tramp begins.

It lasts several days, rain or shine (and it is often enough rain), in fairly easy stages, with good overnight hostel food and cheer.

On the way to the pass across the main divide, under snow-capped peaks, you come to the

good motor camps. Another Government-financed hotel is now being built at the Franz Josef Glacier.

The mountains are most spectacular from the west. The slopes are steepest and the glaciers, with their greater volume of ice, flow faster.

From their starting-point about 8000ft. up, the Fox Glacier extends 9½ miles and the Franz Josef 8½, a fall of about a thousand feet to the mile. They flow to within a few hundred feet above the narrow

In one way it is "cheaper" for two people, as double accommodation during the peak season is only £25 a day! That includes two meals a day each and a fabulous harbor or beach view is usually "thrown in."

For a more comprehensive "peep" into the Calypso islands, Australian tourists can now fly from Sydney to New York, then to Nassau, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Antigua, Barbados, Trinidad, and Bermuda en route to London for £470/14/- (single, tourist class).

For those tourists planning a summer arrival in Europe (May-August) they will find it an economical proposition to have a stay-over in the West Indies during its tourist off-season, May-November.

In most cases the larger, first-

class hotels and large old converted mansion guest-houses cut their rates by half.

Don't despair though if you have only a limited budget and the prices of luxury hotels are beyond that budget.

According to a Sydney advertising executive, Gail Carmichael, who lived in Nassau for nine months, it is possible for young Australians to have working holidays in some parts of the West Indies.

"No tax"

Gail travelled from Sydney in a one-class ship to Trinidad, via the Panama Canal, for about £180.

Trinidad, just 16 miles off the coast of Venezuela, is the home of Calypso music.

After a short stay in Port-of-Spain, Gail flew to Nassau "without any job lined up."

Within a few days, however, she was employed as a receptionist at a large exclusive resort colony. She stayed six months.

At the high salary of £35 a week—"and no tax"—she was able to make the most of her luxurious surroundings.

"Secretaries with good shorthand and typing are in demand and get even more a week," she said.

Later Gail flew "down to Kingston Town," Jamaica, where she found work in an advertising agency.

Jamaica is the biggest and most populated, as well as being the most mountainous island in the West Indies.

With an average of 300 days sunshine a year and an average summer temperature of 81 degrees, Jamaica has much to offer visitors with superb mountain

scenery, plantations, fine hotels, and shark-free bathing beaches.

After a year in Kingston, Gail and an English friend, Pat Summers (now Mrs. Pat Copes, of Sydney), worked together as tourist hostesses for a Kingston travel agency.

Glamor jobs

"We would escort parties of tourists around the island in air-conditioned cars," said Pat.

"Hotels are expensive in the resort areas of Ochos Rios, or Montego Bay—some are about £15 a day per person for accommodation and meals," she said.

"But they are certainly of the best standard and most of them have private pools, beaches, and all their own entertainment facilities," she added.

Gail's and Pat's jobs were considered glamor ones ("we received £25 a week plus all over-accommodation expenses").

When the tours finished both girls picked up office work again in Kingston and Pat found reasonably priced accommodation in a guest-house some miles outside of Kingston.

"It cost only £8 per week and that included meals and the use of a private swimming-pool," she recalled.

Farther south are the islands of Antigua, Barbados, and the Windward Islands of Granada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and Martinique.

All these islands, serviced daily by aircraft, have a natural and as yet unexploited beauty, and are well worth a visit, if time and pocket-money allow.

—ANNE OLSEN



TRAVELLING



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Page 24—PERFECT HOLIDAYS

The Australian Women's Weekly—February 10, 1965

KICKING SUIT

● The vest is a wrap-around, tying at the front. Matching pilchers are knitted in the same wide rib. Directions below.



Materials: 5 balls Patons Patonyle 4-ply Knitting Yarn; 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 1½ yds. ribbon; 1 button.
Measurements: Vest, to fit 20in. chest; length, 10in.; sleeve, 1½in. Panties, 20in. (widest part).
Tension: 15 sts. to 2in.

VEST

Cast on 75 sts. and work 4 rows in g-st.
Next Row (right side): K 4, (p 1, k 5) to last 5 sts., p 1, k 4.

Next Row: Purl.
Rep. 2 rows above until work measures 6in. from beg., ending on purl row.
To Shape Raglan: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 31 sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 49 sts. and work 4 rows in g-st.
Next Row: K 8, (p 1, k 5) to last 5 sts., p 1, k 4.

Next Row: P 45, k 4.
Rep. above 2 rows until work measures as back to armhole.
To Shape Raglan: * Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and foll. alt. rows until 33 sts. rem., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 24 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 2 sts. rem. in raglan and neck shaping. Cast off. *

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 49 sts. and work 4 rows in g-st.
Next Row: K 4, (p 1, k 5) to last 3 sts., k 3.

Next Row: K 4, purl to end.
Rep. above 2 rows until work measures as back to armhole. Work as right front from * to *, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Cast on 48 sts. and work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row (49 sts.).
Pat. 10 rows as back.

Shape raglan by dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 7 sts. rem., work 1 row and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using small back-st., join raglan seams.
Neck Border: Join yarn to neck edge (right side facing), pick up and knit 90 sts. evenly round neck edge. Work 3 rows in g-st. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Using small b-st., join side and sleeve seams. Make button loop at top of left front and sew button to correspond. Sew on ribbon ties if desired.

PANTIES

Cast on 74 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 4 rows (front waist edge).

Next Row: K 1, (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) to last st., p 1 (eyelet hole row).
Rib 8 more rows, but inc. 1 st. at end of last row (75 sts.).

Now work in patt. as for back vest until work measures 6½in.

To Shape for Leg Opening: Dec. 1 st. each end of every row to 25 sts.
Work 4 rows without shaping.

Inc. 1 st. each end of every row to 25 sts. Work straight for 5½in.

To Shape Back: Next 2 Rows: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Work to last 16 sts., turn.

Next 2 Rows: Work to last 22 sts., turn.

Next Row: Work to end of row.

Next Row: Work across all sts. and dec. 1 st. at end of row (74 sts.).

Work 8 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Rep. eyelet-hole row, then rib 3 more rows.

Cast off in rib.

Leg Borders: With right side facing, pick up and knit 55 sts. round leg edges and work 4 rows in g-st. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using small b-st., join side seams. Thread ribbon through eyelet holes. Press.

Bright-and breeze proof



● Mite-sized reefer with raglan shaping is accompanied by firm tie-on mittens and booties. To make it for a very young lady, simply switch buttonholes to opposite side front of jacket. Directions begin below.

Materials: Woolworths Nylo 4-ply wool—Jacket only, 4 (5, 5) balls, full set 5 (6, 6) balls; 1 pair No. 9 needles; 4 small buttons; 1 medium crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 18 (20, 22) in. chest; length 10 (11, 12) in.; sleeve 6½ (7½, 8½) in.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in.

BACK

Cast on 66 (74, 82) sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: As first row.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Raglan: Keeping patt. correct with right side facing, cast off 2 (3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, p 1, work in patt. to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 20 (22, 24) sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 40 (44, 48) sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2), rep. to end.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 2), rep. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows till work measures 1½ (1½, 1½) in.

Make buttonholes on this side thus: (For girl) Work 4 sts., cast off 1 st., work 8 sts., cast off 1 st., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work in patt. till 12 sts. rem., cast on 1 st., work 8 sts., cast on 1 st., work 4 sts.

Cont. in patt., working 2 buttonhole rows when work measures 3½ (4, 4½) in.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in. in all.

To Shape Raglan: Wrong side facing, cast off 2 (3, 3) sts. at beg. of next row.

Next Row: Patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, p 1, patt. to end of row. Rep. last 2 rows until 17 (18, 19) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front till work measures 1½ (1½, 1½) in. If for a boy make buttonholes this side thus: Right side facing, work in patt. until 14 sts. rem. Cast off 1 st., work 8 sts., cast off 1 st., work 4 sts.

Next Row: Work 4 sts., cast on 1 st., work 8 sts., cast on 1 st., patt. to end of row.

Cont. in patt., making buttonholes when work measures 3½ (4, 4½) in.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 6 (6½, 7) in.

To Shape Raglan: Right side facing, cast off 2 (3, 3) sts., work to end of row. Work 1 row patt.

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to end.

Next Row: Work in patt. until 3 sts. rem., p 1, k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 17 (18, 19) sts. rem. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 36 (40, 40) sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2), rep. to end.

2nd Row: (P 2, k 2), rep. to end.

Cont. in patt. 8 more rows.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 6th foll. row to 52 (58, 64) sts.

Cont. in patt. until work measures 6½ (7½, 8½) in.

To Shape Raglan: Right side facing, cast off 2 (3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Continued overleaf

Baby Knitting, Page 5

Page 33

BALACLAVA STAYS ON



Materials: 2 (2) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool; one pair No. 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit the average two-year-old and four-year-old.

Tension: 5½ sts. and 7½ rows to 1 square in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st(s), stitch(es); in., inch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch; beg., beginning; patt., pattern; rep., repeat; tog., together; t.b.l., through back loops; cont., continue.

● It's a snug warm cap that's easy to knit, but not so easy for youngsters to pull off. See directions below.

TO MAKE

Cast on 62 (64) sts.
1st Row: (K 1 t.b.l., p 1) to end. Rep. this row until 16 (18 rows) worked from beg.

Next Row: Rib to last 8 (9) sts., leave rem. 8 (9) sts. on safety-pin.

Next Row: Rib to last 8 (9), leave rem. 8 (9) sts. on safety-pin.

Next Row: Knitting across row, inc. evenly along row to 54 (56) sts.

Beg. with a purl row, work 4 rows in st-st. Work in ridge pattern thus:

1st Row: Knit (on wrong side of work). Beg. with a knit row, work 5 rows in st-st. Rep. last 6 rows until 8 (9) ridges worked.

To Shape Top: Cont. in ridge pattern, work thus:

1st Row: K 33 (34) sts., k 2 tog. t.b.l., turn.

2nd Row: P 13 (13) sts., p 2 tog., turn.

3rd Row: K 13 (13), k 2 tog. t.b.l., turn.

Making ridge on every 6th row as before, rep. 2nd and 3rd rows of back shaping until 14 (14) sts. rem. Break wool.

With right side facing, slip 8 (9) sts. on safety-pin on right side of work on to a needle; with same needle, pick up and knit 28 (30) sts. along side of helmet, knit across 14 sts. on needle, pick up and knit 28 (30) sts. along other side, rib across the 8 (9) sts. on safety-pin. Work in k 1, p 1 twisted rib for 5 rows. Cast off in twisted rib. Join front seam.

BRIGHT AND BREEZE-PROOF

Continued from previous page

Next Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work in patt. to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

Next Row: K 2, p 1, work in patt. to last 3 sts., p 1, k 2.

Rep. last 2 rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join all raglans with flat seams. With wrong side facing, commencing in 7th st. from edge, pick up 11 (12, 13) sts. along left-front neck edge, 6 sts. across top of left sleeve, 20 (22, 24) sts. across back of neck, 6 sts. across top of right sleeve, 11 (12, 13) sts. along right-front neck edge, ending in 7th st. from end, 54 (58, 62) sts.

1st Row: (K 2, p 2) to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. last row twice.

Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row to 66 (70, 74) sts., work 1 row and cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections lightly with warm iron over damp cloth. Seam sides and sleeves. Sew on buttons.

Work 1 row d.c. around each cuff and also all around edge of collar, fronts, and lower edge. Press all seams.

MITENS

Cast on 34 (38, 42) sts.

Work in patt. as for back for 12 (14, 16) rows.

Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 rows.

Next Row (ribbon holes): K 1, (p 1, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 8 (8, 10) times, rib to end of row, 1 (5, 1) sts.

Work 3 more rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: K 2, (p 2, k 2) 3 (3, 4) times, p 2, k 2 (6, 2), p 2, (k 2, p 2) 3 (3, 4) times, k 2.

Next Row: P 2, (p 2, k 2) 3 (4, 4) times, p 6 (2, 6), (k 2, p 2) 3 (4, 4) times, p 2.

Rep. last 2 rows 11 (13, 15) times.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work 12 (14, 16) sts. in patt., k 2 tog., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., work 12 (14, 16) sts. in patt., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Work as before, keeping continuity. Rep. last 2 rows, having 2 sts. less between decs. until 18 sts. rem. Break off, leaving a thread of wool. Thread wool through darning needle, run wool through all rem. sts. and pull up. End off. Seam side.

BOOTEES

Cast on 36 (40, 44) sts.

1st Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k 16 (18, 20), inc. 1 in each of next 2 sts., k 16 (18, 20), inc. 1 in last st.

2nd, 4th and 6th Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k 18 (20, 22), inc. 1 in each of next 2 sts., k 18 (20, 22), inc. 1 in last st.

5th Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k 20 (22, 24), inc. 1 in each of next 2 sts., k 20 (22, 24), inc. 1 in last st.

7th Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k 22 (24, 26), inc. 1 in each of next 2 sts., k 22 (24, 26), inc. 1 in last st., 52 (58, 62) sts.

8th Row: (K 2, p 2), rep. to end.

9th Row: (P 2, k 2), rep. to end.

Rep. last 2 rows 3 (4, 5) times, then the 8th row once.

Next Row: Work in patt. 31 (33, 35) sts., work 2 tog. through back of loop, turn.

Next Row: Work patt. 11 sts., work 2 tog. through back of loop, turn.

Rep. last row until 34 (38, 42) sts. rem., turn.

Work across 12 instep sts., then cont. to end of row.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) rib to end.

Ribbon Holes: K 1, (p 1, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog.), rep. to last st., p 1.

Work 3 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

Next Row: (K 2, p 2), rep. to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. last row 13 (15, 17) times. Cast off in patt.

Seam back and sole.

Crochet chain 12in. long for each bootie and mitten. Thread through ribbon holes. Make small tassel and tie on to each end of chain.

Taking care of baby clothes

Delicate baby clothes will last much longer and keep their shape better if you use a little tender loving care when you wash them.

To avoid shrinkage, use water that is barely lukewarm.

Mix one of the special powder or flake washing products designed specially for woollens well into the water to make a good lather. Soak garment a few minutes in the mixture, then squeeze suds gently through garment. Don't rub or wring, as this

can cause matting. Treat very soiled spots by dampening first with water to soften the dirt, then rubbing a little of the washing product into the mark, before washing the whole garment.

Rinse in cold or lukewarm water two or three times to remove all trace of suds. Squeeze gently, then roll in a towel to remove as much water as you can. Lay garment out to dry on a clean dry towel in the shade; never in direct sunlight.



LAYETTE . . . continued from opposite page

PILCHERS

With No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1. Rep. 1st row 5 times.

7th Row: * K 2, w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st row 5 times. Cont. thus:

1st Row: Knit to last 24 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Purl to last 24 sts., turn.

3rd Row: Knit to last 16 sts., turn.

4th Row: Purl to last 16 sts., turn.

5th Row: Knit to last 8 sts., turn.

6th Row: Purl to last 8 sts., turn.

7th Row: Knit to end of row.

8th Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1.

With No. 9 needles, work 26 rows st-st., 24 rows in patt. as for dress front.

Cont. in st-st., dec. once each end every row until 36 sts. rem.

Work 16 rows without shaping.

Inc. once each end every row until 72 sts. on needle. Work to correspond with back, omitting shaping.

Sew side seams. Work 1 row d.c. round leg openings.

Next Round: * 3 ch., sl-st. back into 2nd ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., rep. from * to end of round.

Press very lightly. Thread ribbon through holes at waist.

BONNET

With No. 12 needles, cast on 74 sts., work 6 rows m-st.

Next Row: K 5, inc. once in next st., * k 6, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5 (84 sts.).

Purl 1 row. Work in patt. as for front of dress, with 1 extra st. each end.

When 4 complete patts. have been worked, shape for back:

1st Row: * K 10, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: * K 9, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

5th Row: * K 8, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Cont. dec. thus until 14 sts. rem. Work 1 row.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Break wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c., 2 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into first d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., * 3 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 d.c. into

each of next 2 d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

4th Row: 1 d.c. into first d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c., * 1 d.c. into each of next 3 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 d.c., rep. from * to end of row, 2 ch., turn.

5th Row: 1 d.c. into each d.c. Fasten off. Press very lightly. Thread ribbon through holes.

BOOTEES

(Both Alike)

With pair of No. 13 needles, cast on 55 sts.

1st and Alt. Rows: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 26, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 26, w.fwd., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 28, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 28, w.fwd., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 30, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 30, w.fwd., k 1.

Cont. thus until 5 incs. worked from beg.

Cont. inc. thus at toe only, until 10 incs. have been worked from beg.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Next Row: K 50, turn. Work on these 50 sts. thus:

1st Row: K 13, k 2 tog., turn.

Rep. 1st row until 19 sts. rem. at each side of centre 14 sts.

Next Row: Knit to end of row. Work thus:

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2, p 1, k 1.

Rep. 1st row 3 times.

5th Row: * K 2, w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog. Rep. 1st row 16 times.

22nd Row: Knit plain.

23rd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 22nd row 3 times, then 23rd row once. Work thus:

1st Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice. Rep. from * to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog.

5th Row: Knit.

7th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to end of row.

9th Row: K 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 5 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2.

11th Row: Knit plain.

12th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Rep. 11th row 3 times. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Sew foot and leg seams. Steam press very lightly. Thread ribbon through holes at ankle.

Baby Knitting, page 9

Baby Knitting, page 6

Baby's first layette

Materials: 14 balls Patons Beehive Baby Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 9, 10, and 12 knitting needles; 1 medium crochet hook; 9 small buttons; 6yds. 4in., 1yds. 1in. ribbon; set of 4 No. 13 needles.

Measurements: Coat — To fit 21in. chest; length, 18½in.; sleeve seam, 6in. Dress — 20in.; length, 17½in.; sleeve seam, 3in. Pilchers — Length at centre front, 9in. Bonnet — Width round face, 10in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin.
Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; inc., increase; dec., decrease; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; cont., continue; m-st., moss-stitch; st-st., stocking-stitch; w.fwd., wool forward; d.c., double crochet; ch., chain; w.n., wool round needle; w.o.n., wool over needle.

DRESS

FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 144 sts. Work moss-st. for 8 rows, st-st. for 8 rows.

Work as follows:

1st Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 2, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog.

5th Row: Knit.

7th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to end of row.

9th Row: K 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 5 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2.

11th Row: As 5th row.

12th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. from ** to ** once.

Work 14 rows st-st., then 12 rows in patt. Cont. in st-st. until skirt measures 12in. from beg.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (72 sts.).

With No. 12 needles purl one row, knit one row, purl one row.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1. Purl one row, knit one row, purl one row.

Change to No. 10 needles, work 2 rows st-st., 6 rows in patt. Still keeping to patt., cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. each end every alt. row to 54 sts.

Cont. in patt. until there are 28 patt. rows altogether.

To Shape Neck — Next Row: K 20, cast off 14 sts., k 20. Cont. in patt. on last 20 sts., dec. at neck edge every row until 17 sts. rem. Work 4 rows in patt.

To Shape Shoulders — 1st Row: Work in patt. to last 9 sts., turn. 2nd Row: Work in patt. to end of row. Cast off.

Join wool at neck edge, work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front until armhole shapings completed (54 sts.).

To Shape Shoulders — 1st and 2nd Rows: Patt. to last 9 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Patt. to last 17 sts., turn. 5th Row: Patt. to end. Cast off.

SLEEVES

(Both Alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 82 sts. Knit one row, purl one row. Work as front from ** to ** twice.

Keeping to patt., dec. 1 st. each end every row until 34 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew shoulder seams for lin. Sew side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves seam to seam, easing extra fullness at top. Work 1 row d.c. round neck and shoulder openings, making two loops on each front shoulder to fit buttons.

Work across front neck thus:

1st Row: * 3 ch., sl-st. back into 2nd ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * to end. Work across back neck to correspond.

Sleeve Edging

1st Round: * 1 d.c. in 1st st., miss 1 st., 1 d.c. into next st., rep. from * to last st., 1 d.c. in last st.

2nd Round: 1 d.c. in each d.c. Rep. 2nd round twice.

5th Round: Work as 1st row for front neck. Thread ribbon through holes at waist, sew on buttons. Press very lightly.

COAT

(Coat is worked in one piece to under-arm.)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 323 sts. Work 8 rows m-st.; 8 rows st-st. Cont. thus:

1st Row: M-st. 6, k 7, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to last 10 sts., k 4, m-st. 6.

2nd and Alt. Rows: M-st. 6, purl to last 6 sts., m-st. 6.

3rd Row: M-st. 6, k 5, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 15 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6, m-st. 6.

• A coat, dress, bonnet, booties, mittens, and pilchers comprise a complete outfit. See picture opposite page.

5th Row: M-st. 6, knit to last 6 sts., m-st. 6.

7th Row: M-st. 6, k 5, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to last 7 sts., k 1, m-st. 6.

9th Row: M-st. 6, k 3, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 12 sts., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, m-st. 6.

11th Row: As 5th row.

12th Row: As 2nd row. Rep. last 12 rows once.

Keeping m-st. border, work 14 rows st-st., 12 rows in patt. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 13in. or length required from beg.

1st Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row (161 sts.). Change to No. 12 needles.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, rep. from * to end of row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Knit.

With No. 10 needles, work thus:

1st Row: K 42, turn.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to last 3 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 1.

5th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to end of row.

6th Row: Cast off 4 sts., purl to last st., k 1.

7th Row: Knit.

9th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 3, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

11th Row: K 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., (k 2 tog.) twice, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

12th Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Keeping continuity of patt., dec. once at end of needle in next and every alt. row until 33 sts. rem. Work even until there are three complete patts.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of needle, dec. once at neck edge every row until 18 sts. rem.

To Shape Shoulders — 1st Row: Patt. to last 9 sts., turn. Patt. to end of row. Cast off.

Join wool at armhole edge, k 77, turn.

Next Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Work in patt., casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 59 sts. rem. Cont. in patt. until armholes match front.

To Shape Shoulders — 1st and 2nd Rows: Patt. to last 9 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Patt. to last 18 sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

Join wool to rem. 42 sts. and work to correspond with right front.

SLEEVES

(Both Alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 47 sts., k 1 row, p 1 row.

Work in patt. as skirt of dress from ** to **, inc. once each end of 5th and every foll. 6th row until 57 sts. on needle.

Work even until there are five complete patts. Dec. once each end of needle in every row until 21 sts. rem. Cast off.

MITTENS

With two No. 13 needles, cast on 52 sts. 1st and 2nd Rows: Knit.

3rd and 4th Rows: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.

Work 12 patt. rows as for dress once.

15th and 16th Rows: Knit.

15th Row: * K 9, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 8 (48 sts.).

Next Row (wrong side): * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to end, working sts. on to 3 needles, 16 (16, 16).

1st Round: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to end of round. Rep. 1st round 18 times.

20th Round: W.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.

Rep. 1st round 4 times. Work 14 rounds plain knitting.

Next Round: Knit first 12 sts. of round, leave on holder, inc. twice in next st., knit to last st. of round, inc. twice in last st.

Work 20 rounds plain knitting.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Work 2 rounds without shaping.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Break wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

THUMB

Knit up 4 sts. from base of thumb and 12 sts. from holder. Divide these sts. on to 3 needles; work 12 rounds plain knitting.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 1 round without shaping.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Break wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

Topcoat for a toddler

• Double-breasted junior topcoat is knitted in a neat firm stitch on Nos. 7 and 10 knitting needles.



Materials: 9 (10, 11) oz. Sirdar Double Knitting Wool or Sirdar Double Crepe Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 10 knitting needles; 6 buttons; 1 medium crochet hook.

Measurements: Chest, 20 (22, 24) in.; length from shoulder to lower edge, 15 (16½, 18) in.; sleeve seam, 7½ (8½, 10) in.

Tension: 12 sts. and 16 rows to 2in. over patt.

Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward; w.b., wool back; sl., slip.

BACK

With No. 7 needles, cast on 115 (121, 127) sts. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, w.b., k 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, * w.fwd., sl. 1 purlwise, w.b., k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

These four rows form patt. Cont. straight in patt. until work measures 1in. from beg. Put markers at both ends of next row; cont. straight for 12 rows, ending on wrong-side row.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every foll. 12th row 5 times in all — 105 (111, 117) sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 9 (10, 11) in. from markers, ending on a wrong-side row.

To Shape Pleat — Next Row: Work 36 (39, 42) sts., cast off 33 sts., work to end.

Next Row: P 35 (38, 41) sts., purl tog. the last st. of 1st set of sts. and the 1st st. of 2nd set of sts., work to end—71 (77, 83) sts.

Cont. straight until back measures 10 (11, 12) in. from markers, ending on wrong side.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends every row until 51 (55, 59) sts. rem.

Work straight until armholes measure 5 (5½, 6) in., ending on wrong side.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 9 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 17 (19, 21) sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 7 needles, cast on 47 (51, 55) sts. Work in patt. for 1in., ending on wrong side. Put markers at both ends of next row. Cont. straight for 12 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at end of next and every foll. 12th row 5 times in all; at the same time, when work measures 7 (8, 9) in. from markers, ending at front edge, make 1st set of buttonholes.

1st Buttonhole Row: Work 1 st., cast off

3 sts., work 13 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Work to end, casting on 3 sts. over each set of 3 cast-off sts. on last row.

Make two more sets of buttonholes on every foll. 15th and 16th rows.

Work straight at side edge after last dec. until front measures same as back to armhole shaping, ending on right side.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next 5 (6, 7) rows.

Work straight until four rows have been worked after last set of buttonholes, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 (8, 9) rows — 17 (18, 19) sts.

Work straight until armhole measures same as back, ending on right side.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 8 (9, 10) sts. at beg. of next row and rem. 9 sts. on next side row.

LEFT FRONT

Work as right front, omitting buttonholes and reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

(Both Alike)

With No. 7 needles cast on 33 (35, 37) sts. Work in patt. for 1in.

Put markers at both ends of next row and cont. straight another 1½in., ending on wrong side.

Inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every foll. 6th row 9 times — 51 (53, 55) sts.

Work straight until sleeve measures 7½ (8½, 10) in. from markers, ending on a wrong-side row. To Shape Top: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next two rows.

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every foll. alt. row until 11 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

With No. 7 needles cast on 71 (73, 75) sts. Work straight in patt. for 2½ (2½, 2½) in. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next four rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece with hot iron under damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Set in sleeves. Sew up sleeve and side seams in one. Turn lin. hems at lower edge and at lower edge of sleeves. Work 1 row of double crochet along front edges and all round collar edges, omitting cast-on edge of collar. Work row of double crochet round neck edge. Sew on collar. Buttonhole stitch round buttonholes. Press seams. Sew down the pleat. Sew on buttons.

Baby Knitting, page 7

Baby Knitting, page 8



One of the Finer Foods of Life

GARDEN FOLIAGE GIVES YEAR-ROUND PATTERNS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● When selecting shrubs and trees for the new garden or additions for an established garden, we are inclined to concentrate on the flowering qualities and overlook the value of foliage and bark patterns in the general design.

MOST shrubs and trees bloom for only a few weeks or months in the year, so it is wise to select plants with attractive and varied foliage.

Camellias, for example, have strong glossy leaves which are always handsome and add substance to the garden.

Many plants, of course, are chosen solely or mainly for foliage color.

Trees and shrubs with glossy dark green leaves give restfulness in hot dry districts, whereas the lighter, clearer greens relieve the oppressive colorings in sub-tropical districts.

The many variegations in gold and silver are lovely and interesting. Golden conifers such as *Chamaecyparis lawsoniana aurea*, *Chamaecyparis obtusa crispus*, *Cupressus lambertiana aurea*, and *Thuja "Rheingold"* give brilliant color, while silver and grey foliage is

provided by *Cupressus arizonica* and *Juniperus hibernica*.

The spectacular blue pyramid of the blue spruce is a much-sought-after variation in color.

The two variegated forms of *Acer negundo* (Box Elder), one silver the other golden, are among the most colorful of trees for the smaller garden.

Prunus pissardii nigra supplies a welcome contrast with its deep bronze leaves.

Among the colorful shrubs are *Cassia artemesioides* (silver), *Euonymus japonicus aureus* (gold markings), *Coprosma repens variegata* (leaves margined with yellow), *Goldfussia anisophyllus* (bronze green), and *Photinia* (young foliage red).

Apart from color, good use can be made of the fascinating variation in the texture, size, and shape of the leaves. Here there is an infinite range from which to choose.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 143

Some plants, including many conifers, have leaves reduced to small scales, while others, like the *strelitzia* and bananas, have leaves several feet long.

Care must be taken in the use of large-leaved plants, as in small gardens these tend to make the area appear even smaller, whereas fine-textured leaves have the opposite effect.

Apart from size we can notice many differences in shape, venation, edging, softness, and arrangement of the leaves.

The fine-feathered foliage of the tamarisk can soften the bolder foliage of its neighbors in the shrubbery.

The large vigorous leaves of the *acanthus* have attracted interest from the time they were used as a basis for the decoration of the Corinthian columns.

Fatsia japonica has large, glossy, deeply lobed leaves on long stalks, which make it a desirable plant both for the garden and indoors.

Other plants such as *Phormium tenax* (New Zealand Flax) and *Doryanthus excelsa* (Giant Lily) have long undivided leaves, and are very effective when grown in clumps.

The *Agapanthus*, apart from its attractive flowers, forms useful groups of symmetrical glossy leaves.

Some shrubs have the leaves arranged in interesting patterns along the stems. *Hypericum patulum* and *Hebe* species have the leaves in pairs in symmetrical rows along the branchlets.

Other shrubs with ornamental foliage include *abelia*, *holly*, *nandina*, *laverder*, and *Japanese maple*.

Palms and ferns, of course, depend mainly on their foliage for a place in the garden. The bark of the trees and

larger shrubs can be interesting and beautiful, both in color and texture.

Many of the smooth-barked trees have a particular appeal, ranging from the lovely whiteness of the *silver birch* to the rich coloring of *angophoras* (the coastal red-gums).

Trees with spotted bark, such as the *leopard tree* (*Caesalpinia ferrea*) and *spotted gum* (*Eucalyptus maculata*), provide an interesting variation in the garden.

The flame tree, particularly in certain seasons, has a mottled bark as an added attraction to its massive crown.

On these trees the bark sheds itself irregularly, usually in spring and early summer. The ordinary *crepe myrtle* has quite a distinctive mottled bark.

The rough-barked trees have their own special charm.

The deeply corrugated, almost black bark of the pink-flowering *ironbark* (*Eucalyptus sideroxylon*) is most impressive, while the soft paper-like bark of *Melaleuca quinquenervia*, one of the native paper-barks, helps to make it one of the most attractive of our trees.

Some pines have a tessellated bark of varying colors which add to their distinction.

Older plants of the Cockscomb coral tree develop a pleasing rough bark of mosaic design. Figs and black bean vary the color scheme with greys and browns.

Other plants with interesting colored barks include the *strawberry tree* (*Arbutus unedo*), with its red stems, and the *golden willow*, with its beautiful yellow stems and branches.

You can add color and variation in texture and design to your garden by remembering the importance of foliage and bark.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 144

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



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Start to be younger today—not tomorrow

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Dress Sense

"What colored hose should I wear with a white nylon wool overcoat?"

You should wear a light taupe. By the way, stockings by next spring will be really pale—suntans shades are going out.

"Could you provide me with a pattern for a small boy's suit to fit a chest size 21in?"

Butterick pattern 2831 is for a boy's suit and shirt. The pattern includes long and short trousers,

and short trousers with suspender strap. The pattern price, 5/6, includes postage. If ordering, please address your letter to Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"Is it correct fashion to wear a hat for lunch in a city restaurant? The occasion is a pre-wedding luncheon."

By **BETTY KEEP**

● The striped beach blouse below and the soft two-piece suit on the opposite page answer two style queries in my current fashion mail. Paper patterns are available for the designs. Details are given under the illustrations.

Put it this way: it is not incorrect. In general terms of current fashion the choice of a hat for the occasion you mention is optional. However, as a compliment to your hostess and to guest of honor, it would be a nice gesture to have your hair specially done.

"I am attending a buffet dinner and as I am

pregnant I would like your suggestion for a style to wear. I have a piece of fine black lace and some plain black crepe rayon. Could I combine these two in one outfit?"

Yes, use the lace for a sleeveless overblouse (with a front and back shoulder yoke and gathers below this point) and the crepe for a plain skirt. The skirt can be street- or full-length, depending on the formality of the occasion. In either case, it can be finished with a centre-back kick pleat.

"I have been trying to buy a pattern for a beltless frock that is slightly shaped to the figure. The style is for a figure with a 36in. bust."

What you need is a princess-line dress. Our pattern department includes one in your size group. The design has an easy fit and is front-buttoned to below the hipline. It is finished with a tailored collar and waist-length sleeves. The number is Vogue pattern 6103, the price 7/6 includes postage. To obtain the pattern write direct to Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"I am making a chiffon frock for late day and would like a way to finish the waistline. I have tried a stiffened belt and it looks too hard."

For late-day fashions, ribbon often does duty as a belt, and I suggest this idea for your chiffon dress. Have the ribbon a shade darker than the color of the dress. The ribbon can be satin or moiré.

"I would like you to suggest a pretty trim for a pair of baby-doll pyjamas."

There is nothing prettier for pyjamas than a self-ruffle or lace-ruffle trim.



Antiseptic needed quickly.

But you won't find the right kind under your kitchen sink.

That's probably where you keep that "all-purpose" disinfectant.

When you cut or scratch yourself, a household disinfectant is just not good enough—even if labelled "antiseptic."

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Nothing you can buy will safely kill germs like the classic germicide and antiseptic: "Dettol."

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For soothing, healing protection, apply "Dettol" Antiseptic Cream. Recommended for abrasions and scratches; insect bites, sunburn, and skin affections.

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HP122H



6176.—Beach overblouse: pattern also includes a short beach dress and two-piece swimsuit. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6176, price 6/6 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

"Is a skin bag, I think it is lizard, suitable to carry with a floral silk frock?"

I consider a skin bag looks best with autumn and winter clothes.

"Do you think boots will be worn next winter? I can't wear very high ones as my legs are rather fat."

Boots will again be in Paris fashion favor. The height that will be right for your legs is just above the ankle.

"Is it correct to wear a cheongsam over pants?"

Quite correct. A cheongsam looks very chic with ultra-slim pants.

"Could you please give me an idea what sort of skirt would be suitable for deck games on a cruise ship?"

Knee-high culottes or a pleated skirt.

"Could you suggest some slimming styles for the larger figure? I am only 30,

but have a 40in. bust. I would also like to have your opinion on fabrics and colors."

Your clothes should not be too close fitting; anything tight is apt to make the large figure look larger. The two best fashions I know for the not-so-slim are a two-piece jumper suit with an unbelted, easy-fit top and a cardigan-type suit. The simple easy lines of both these designs are young-looking and flattering, too. A small print is often recommended for the larger figure, but I consider a plain fabric in a color to flatter the

wearer's eyes and hair is a better fashion bet. Avoid shiny fabrics and any fabric that clings.

"Mine is an accessory problem and very important to me, because it is to do with an outfit I am wearing to my son's wedding. The frock I have chosen is beige lace with a sheen. What color should I have for shoes, bag, and gloves?"

I suggest you wear chocolate-brown shoes and handbag and creamy white gloves.

"I am going to visit my boyfriend's family, who live in the country. I want to look my best and don't want to overdo it, but want to look smart. Could you advise me?"

The best advice I can give you is to take conservatively casual clothes such as tailored dresses, shirts, skirts, sweaters, and a pretty dress for any gala occasion. Casual outfits worn appropriately can look very elegant.



1353. — Two-piece jumper suit. The pattern is proportioned for tall, average, and short figures. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust. Full details are given on the envelope for each figure type. Vogue pattern 1353, price 7/6 includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"I have been asked to attend a formal dinner and find the women in the party are wearing dinner frocks. Just what is a dinner frock?"

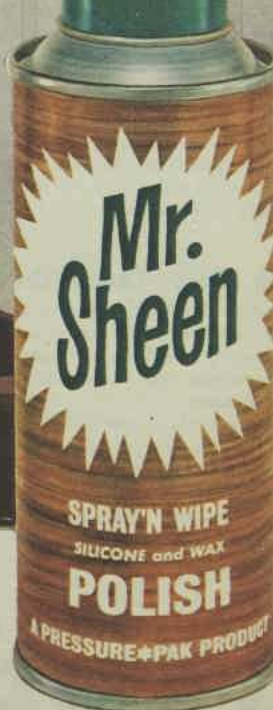
The only definite rule for a dinner frock is the material, which should be formal. Chiffon, crepe, any sheer, or a rich cotton would all be an excellent choice for the current season. The dress can be sleeveless or made with sleeves, with a high or low neckline, a long or street-length skirt.

"I have just bought a plain, sleeveless, black evening sheath in ankle length. The neckline is high in front and cut low at the back. What style of jewellery should I wear?"

Important dangling earrings in some type of glitter would look stunning with the black sheath.



Nothing cleans mirrors like Mr. Sheen



Only 6/6

Clean, wax and polish as you dust with Mr. Sheen

Just spray Mr. Sheen on your mirrors, then simply wipe over to remove smears and greasy finger marks. There is no hard rubbing, because you leave the work to Mr. Sheen. Mirrors stay brighter longer because Mr. Sheen polishes as it cleans. Use Mr. Sheen to give a

long lasting shine to all the surfaces you clean. Mr. Sheen polishes furniture and plastic surfaces; cleans and protects your refrigerator, washing machine, stove; cleans venetian blinds; and makes chrome even shinier. So clean, wax and polish the easy way... with Mr. Sheen.

SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN AND WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE

DO SOME PAIN RELIEVERS LOSE THEIR POWER TO HELP?



"I'd never questioned my pain reliever before, but suddenly I began to wonder..."

"It happened after I read one of those medical articles recently in a magazine. It made me think... has my body got used to the pain reliever I've been using for years? Perhaps that's why I don't seem to get rid of my headaches as fast as I used to. Maybe my pain remedy doesn't work for me any more. And it may even be the reason I've had these dizzy sensations recently."

Here are the plain medical facts... Some pain relievers tend to lose their efficiency when in constant use. Some people's systems can become accustomed to action of a pain reliever. So the degree of pain relief drops according to use.

But there is one pain reliever which never loses its power... 'ASPRO'. No matter how long you take 'ASPRO' — and some people have taken it regularly for 40 years — it works every time with the same 100% efficiency.

How does 'ASPRO' work to relieve pain? 'ASPRO' works in two ways to relieve pain. 1. 'ASPRO' soothes the nervous system centrally, reduces your awareness of pain impulses, and... 2. 'ASPRO' acts locally at the very site of rheumatic pain to reduce its severity. But 'ASPRO' — unlike many pain relievers — does not dull your mind. You think and act as clearly as ever.

Some other facts about 'ASPRO' you should know

- 'ASPRO' does not contain any narcotic drugs. You can take it as often as you need to without fear of habituation.
- 'ASPRO' will not harm the heart.
- 'ASPRO' taken with a cup of tea relieves tension and increases your efficiency when tired.
- 'ASPRO' is sold in over 100 different countries in the world.
- 'ASPRO' is a tried and proved aid to people suffering colds and flu, sciatica, sleeplessness, headache, nerve pain, periodic pain, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, sore throat, fibrositis, after effects of alcohol, muscular pain, toothache.
- 'ASPRO' comes in 3 handy packages; bottles of 100 tablets; packets of 25; strips of 6.

WORLD-WIDE PAIN RELIEF
'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

6/6 • 2/- • 6d.



When Tom was interviewed he admitted that he and Molly had talked of running off, but they had never fixed it finally, and how could the note be his since he couldn't read or write?

So Molly had obviously been lured into a trap. Someone had been at the crossroads that night with a vehicle of some kind, and she had been spirited away. To where?

Then Molly was found, but not until six weeks later and then in a not unexpected fashion. A young woman arrested in Piccadilly for being drunk and disorderly gave her name as Molly Hancock and, recognising that she might be the missing maid-servant from Ravenscroft, the police sent for Guy to identify her.

He not only identified Molly, but Molly, brazen and impertinent, identified him as the gentleman who had kidnapped her that night at the crossroads.

NOTHING would shake her from that story. Although it was pointed out to her that Guy had been in London that night, she swore he had been the gentleman in the carriage waiting at the crossroads.

The young police inspector, scenting duplicity, questioned the girl remorselessly.

If Mr. Raven had her in this house in the country, why should he use such elaborate means to abduct her.

He'd hardly keep her side by side with his wife, would he, said Molly insolently. He wanted her to himself, hidden away, secret. He took her to a house near the river. No, she didn't think she could identify it again. It was dark when she arrived and dark the night she left. She knew it was near the river because she could smell the mud when the tide went out, and hear foghorns. She thought the two rooms in which she was confined, the outside door always locked, were rented from a woman who lived downstairs. The windows faced a brick wall. She couldn't look out to see where she was, nor was there any way to escape.

Here Guy interrupted the girl's bitter invective.

"Someone has made you say all this, haven't they?" He spoke quite gently. "I don't know what you've been threatened with. But these people aren't all powerful.

Continued from page 28

You're quite safe now. Just tell the truth and you'll be protected."

"I am telling the truth. Every word of what I said is true. I'll swear it to my dying day."

In exactly her old sane voice Lally said, "I think you ought to know, Bella, I saw Mr. Raven kissing Miss Thompson last night."

"Don't be absurd! You must have dreamed it. You know you're always having nightmares."

Lally shook her head slowly. Her eyes were wide, serious, alarmingly sober. "It wasn't a dream, Bella. It was just before we went upstairs. Mr. Raven lit a candle from the hallstand, and then as he handed it to Miss Thompson he kissed her on the cheek. But don't send her away, Bella. I wouldn't have told you if I thought you would send her away. She's kind to me. She doesn't scold."

What could she do? Lally was making progress, Doctor Frohisher said. One couldn't risk her having a relapse.

"Not if you insist."

For Lally's sake she somehow kept her temper. Also, she knew it would be a weakness to have Miss Thompson dismissed from jealousy. It would only accentuate all those stories about her husband's vulnerability for women. Miss Thompson must be found out in some other misdemeanor.

But all her wisdom was discarded the day she heard Mrs. Walter and Miss Thompson whispering together.

"You'd better be careful, my girl. Don't lose your head." That was Mrs. Walter, brusque and unsentimental.

"I'm not losing my head."

"What makes you think he'll fall in love with you? He's as cold and calculating as the devil."

"He wasn't always, I'm told."

"You're thinking of his first wife. That's why he's as he is now. I don't see why you think you can change him if his new wife can't."

Miss Thompson gave a little trill of laughter. The blood bursting in her head, Bella flung open the door. There was a whisk of skirts as Mrs. Walter moved swiftly to gather up fallen rose

BELLA

petals from a polished table, muttering something about careless maids. Miss Thompson didn't move. She lifted her little pointed chin and looked inquiringly at Bella.

"Oh, dear, is Miss Eulalie needing me? I'm so sorry, I'll go at once."

She had gone, composedly, before Bella could speak.

After that it was a matter of waiting until the evening when Guy came in and prepared Lally for the shock of Miss Thompson's departure.

It was true that Lally was so much better she didn't require constant supervision. But by some freak of fate a storm blew up that afternoon, and Lally hated storms. The wild wind and the sudden showers of leaves and the black clouds bringing dusk far too early filled the house with uneasiness. Then suddenly, with her nose pressed against the window, she cried loudly, "Bella, there's Noah! Look! Over there under the copper beech!"

Bella flew to the window, unable to stop herself. Sure enough, in the premature dusk, she could make out a figure under the great spreading beech tree.

FOR a moment it looked a wild sinister figure, wearing a cloak billowing in the breeze. But almost immediately she burst out laughing, saying that it was Joseph, sheltering from a shower, a sack wrapped round his cowering shoulders.

At that moment Miss Thompson came in, and Lally exclaimed in exactly Bella's tone of asperity, "Don't be silly, Bella. He intends you to think he's Joseph. But he's Noah. Isn't he, Miss Thompson?"

"No!" cried Miss Thompson, her hand at her throat.

Bella looked at her curiously.

"Do you know Noah, too?"

"No, no, of course I don't. It's only that Miss Eulalie's talked so much about him. I felt startled—"

"I think you'd better take her to her room," said Bella. "Give her some of her sedative. The storm's upset her."

"Yes, Mrs. Raven. I will, at once."

The wind was still battering against the walls when they sat down to dinner, the

To page 43

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 219. — MATERNITY SMOCK

Smock is available cut out to make in check cotton in green, lemon, navy, and pink, all on a white ground. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, £1/10/6; 36 and 38 in. bust, £1/12/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

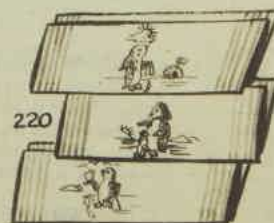
No. 220. — SET OF THREE TEA-TOWELS

Tea-towels are cut out and traced ready to embroider on white Irish linen with multicolor stripes. Price is 19/11 for the set plus 2/- postage and dispatch; or 8/11 each plus 1/- postage and dispatch.

No. 221. — FROCK

Smart shift-line frock is available cut out to make in denim-finish cotton in pink, blue, charcoal, and purple. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, £1/10/6; 36 and 38 in. bust, £2/0/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Has anyone seen a kangaroo?

... asks **ERICA KLEIN** — a Sydney reader who migrated from behind the Iron Curtain eight years ago—in an amusing story of how a migrant sees Australia and becomes an "Aussie"

● So you finally arrive in Australia, overjoyed and thoroughly exhausted. This is to be your new country, and the moment should be full of tender sentiments. Instead, unusual thoughts race through your twisted mind.

YOU think, for instance, of Australian wool cardigans—you are going to buy one at the first possible opportunity.

Where you've come from, owning one earned you a special place in society. And the thought that from now on you are going to be surrounded by them makes you ecstatic.

Apart from cardigans, the only other things you are expecting to see sooner or later are a few kangaroos.

You step off the train wearing an overcoat and warm underwear. After the first five minutes you very nearly die of heat exhaustion.

As far as seasons and weather are concerned, you are completely confused. It's May—the month of spring, or is it autumn?

machine, you otherwise get away with the job splendidly.

Some Communist-inserted mechanism inside you drives you to non-stop speed at work. But not for long.

Your friendly foreman soon drops a few hints about taking it easy. This you do to the perfect satisfaction of everyone concerned.

You take up the customary habit of drinking numerous cups of tea at work. After a few vain attempts you give up asking for lemon.

You spend very little out of your pay envelope at first and hide the rest of the money underneath your underwear in the bottom drawer.

But it isn't long before you open a savings account, a cheque account, and several budget accounts. Not to mention hire purchases of the most absurd kind. You find the capitalist way of spending thoroughly enjoyable.

Even the flowers look weird

All the way to the nice little room your relatives were kind enough to reserve for you, you watch the street signs, the people, the children. (The fact that even three-year-olds speak English seems to indicate great intelligence.)

The words "PTY. LTD." on buildings and stores catch you eye several times and you think it must be a popular national product—food, perhaps.

Finally you arrive at the room and find it's full of flowers. Half of them are artificial, the other half have no smell whatsoever. What a place this must turn out to be! You turn the light on just to realise you have just switched it off. Maybe they work the other way around here in Australia. They do.

A couple of mornings later you register at the Employment Office.

Because your command of English is somewhat limited, to say the least, there are two ways open for you. You either say yes to every question asked or you say no.

Being a positive thinker, you decide on the first alternative, so the interview goes something like this:

"You do understand me, Miss S., don't you?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now after we take down the particulars we must find out what work you are most suited for. What sort of work did you do in your own country?"

Pause. You smile in a friendly sort of way.

"Let me see. Did you do any manual work?"

"Yes."

"Good. I see you speak English much better than your sister."

Your sister, by the way, sits through the whole interview staring blankly at a nearby wall.

You land a job in a factory assembling electric clocks. Needless to say, you're as clumsy as they come. They didn't teach you to assemble electric clocks at the Teachers' College back in Hungary.

Still, though you get your hair caught once in a

Your inseparable travelling companion is an English dictionary. You can't use it at the pictures, but then there are more useful things you can do at the pictures, like eating chips, ice-cream, cracking nuts, etc.

Where you've come from all these things were considered highly anti-cultural. You think nothing is too extravagant here and light up a cigarette.

Before you know, you get ushered out into the foyer. Well, you can't always be right.

There is a lot to be said about not being able to speak the language. There are the advantages to consider.

When a policeman lectures you about crossing the road at the wrong spot, you smile innocently and dismiss him with a "No speak English." It works.

Naturally, you can get into awkward situations if you don't understand what people are saying to you.

For instance, when you get called a so-and-so foreigner by an angry bus conductor for presenting him with six half-pennies, you agree with him wholeheartedly and might even go to the extreme of thanking him. (All because of misinterpretation of what he said to you.)

As the years go by, you learn the language pretty well. So well, in fact, that you acquire a much wider knowledge of slang in English than you ever possessed in your own tongue.

That was home—that WAS

You resign yourself to the fact that your three-year-old daughter hates veal goulash and demands tomato sauce with every dish served.

You yourself grow quite fond of fish and chips, but you still prefer to eat it out of a plate; you haven't quite reached the "eating out of a newspaper" stage yet.

In parallel manner, your psychological development and your tastes in clothes undergo a most amazing change also. Sophisticated elegance for the office, blue jeans for the weekend become your motto.

You admire the surf from a distance of several feet. Closer than that you just don't feel safe.

You consider the young men's behaviour at the beach offensive; they don't take the slightest notice of you. Nobody flirts. Everybody sunbathes.

When friends get together you have heated arguments about the high cultural standard of the old country. You say you miss good theatre terribly.

What you really miss is that night's episode of "Bonanza" on TV. You forgot about the opera long ago (with your musical disabilities this wasn't difficult) and buy Opera House lottery tickets instead.

Gradually, without noticing it, you have gone through a "casualisation" process. All your old stuffiness and love of formality is gone.

"Good afternoon" you don't say any more. Its place

has been taken by baby talk ("bye-bye," "ta-ta," etc.), bird calls ("cheerio," "tutulu," etc.), and the popular "see-ya" (reserved for more formal occasions).

You don't feel like jumping out of your skin any more when the bus driver stops his vehicle, buys a newspaper, and chats to his colleagues on the street. At times like this you sit back and relax nowadays.

You know now that the shabbier the cloth the richer the person. The Most Important Person in the district drives around in his shining big car wearing old shorts and dirty socks. Your financial state wouldn't allow that just yet!

You don't remark casually to people: "I used to be a schoolteacher, you know," for the simple reason that they couldn't care less about it.

This intellectual reminiscing has been replaced by sober financial statements about your weekly income (a little exaggeration won't hurt).

And so one fine day, after about a dozen prominent people finish making never-ending speeches, you officially renounce your original citizenship (which you lost years before, anyway, for leaving the country illegally) and become an Australian citizen. You go home expecting to feel a different person from that day on. You don't.

Meanwhile, all through the years, you keep on having the same dream about visiting home. (This is how you refer to the country you have renounced.)

You set about realising the dream in a sensible sort of way. You go on a diet; buy new clothes; pennypinch.

And so off you go. Home, home, home! At the airport your friends cry for you, with you. And some of them envy you without tears.

The fantastic fact is that visiting home is just like visiting a foreign country. They speak a foreign language—your own.

Everything is strange. The streets and buildings seem to have shrunk.

You find that your old schoolfriends aren't wearing pony-tails any longer, either. All the time in Australia you had the unnerving feeling that only you had collected wrinkles and grey hair. As if time stood still those thousands of miles away. It didn't.

You held the firm belief for years that wiener schnitzel tastes a hundred per cent. better at home. It doesn't. Besides, you can't get veal steak, anyway.

Then you start to pursue some more sentimental dreams. You look for the bench in City Park where, in a moment of childish ecstasy, you received your first kiss from a pleasant young man called Andrew.

You find that the bench has been replaced by a distinguished-looking statue. Andrew is married with three kids. He is going bald.

There is always your old school, of course. Your favorite

teacher had long since retired. Finally, you succeed in locating her, just to discover she can hardly remember you.

All through the visit you feel it is your patriotic duty to say nice things about Australia. It is like being a missionary in the midst of Africa.

And what do you think they are most interested in? Australian wool cardigans and kangaroos. You give away all your cardigans and admit to not having seen a kangaroo as yet.

You feel an uncontrollable hunger for steak and eggs and milkshakes. — You miss your frivolous spending on such things as hair-spray terribly, and you miss the lunch-hour hustle-bustle in Sydney's George Street.

Could it be that homesickness has struck you unexpectedly from the back?

At Mascot you can hardly wait to clear Customs. You rush into the arms of your waiting friends.

You laugh and you cry alternately. To each and every one of them you go on repeating the same sweet sentence: "Gosh, it's great to be home!"

It's not easy to understand a migrant. As a matter of fact you have to be one to understand one. This, of course, mightn't be worth while just for the experience.

One thing is for certain—we are a mixed-up lot.

By the way, has anybody seen a kangaroo? I still haven't.

Summer safeguards in bringing up baby

● In the hot summer season, many additional problems in the feeding and care of babies face the young and inexperienced mother, and several adjustments must be made in the baby's clothing, bedding, and diet.

Various skin-rashes, such as prickly heat and hives, and digestive troubles, resulting in vomiting and diarrhoea, are often caused by unsuitable clothing and heating foods.

Valuable hints on the care and feeding of baby in the hot weather are given in a free leaflet available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. NOTE: A stamped-addressed envelope must be enclosed.



PERFECT PARTNERS

DAVIS GELATINE & CANNED PEACHES

Superb sweets are simple when you start with canned peaches and Davis Gelatine. See for yourself! Try this luscious new recipe soon.

PEACH SPARKLE Dissolve 1 envelope or 3 rounded teaspoons Davis Gelatine in 1 cup hot water. Add 3 tablespoons sugar and dissolve. Drain syrup from a 29-oz. can of peach slices, add to gelatine. Then add 2 tablespoons claret (or port wine or lemon juice). Pour jelly into parfait glasses or serving dish, reserving a little for decorating. Leave until cool and almost set. Add peach slices, chill till set. Top with a little of the remaining jelly, "forked" to a sparkle.



ACF54

three of them. In spite of the well-built house, somehow the draughts came in, and the candle flames flickered constantly. Miss Thompson, kept her eyes downcast, not responding even to Guy's attentiveness. There was no doubt she had had a fright. The last thing she would want would be to be dismissed.

So much for that, thought Bella, and opened her mouth to speak.

Her words were unheard and surprised even herself.

"Don't worry Miss Thompson, Guy. She had a bad fright this afternoon. She thought she saw Noah on the lawn sheltering under the copper beech."

"Noah?" said Guy sharply, looking at Miss Thompson. "Do you know our arch fiend, too? My wife and her sister constantly think they are being persecuted, by his ghost presumably, since he himself is still in prison. But I didn't know you subscribed to this fantasy."

"It's only that Miss Eulalie talks of him a great deal." Miss Thompson's voice was low and calm, but she didn't look up and she was still very pale. "From her description of him, I hope never to set eyes on him."

"Oh, he's quite a good-looking fellow in his way," Guy said easily. "I can imagine some women admiring that black visage."

"Not Miss Thompson," said Bella. "She admires an entirely different type of man. Don't you, Miss Thompson?"

She hardly knew what response to expect from that remark, certainly not the quick intimate glance that passed between Miss Thompson and Guy. For a moment it was as if she were not there. Or did they think her blind? Couldn't she interpret the adoring light in that shameless creature's eyes, and the tenderness — a tenderness he had never shown to her — in her husband's?

In the next moment they were both looking at her, two pairs of eyes, polite, disinterested, as if she were no more than a shadow and deserved as little notice.

"What were you about to say, my love?" Guy inquired courteously.

The sheer blatancy of it was beyond endurance. Bella was on her feet, and hardly knowing what she did, leaned forward to snatch a candle from the candlestick.

"I wouldn't dream of boring you with my trivial remarks. Continue your conversation with Miss Thompson. She knows a better and quicker way to ruin your career than I ever did. I am going upstairs."

"Bella—" The intimate shortened version of her name caught her ear as she flung round to go. She couldn't help turning back, and it was then that the candle, held in her violently trembling hand, caught the ruffled lace of her gown. She screamed as the hot flame scorched her face. A violent pain shot through her body. She seemed to be consumed with fire. She was aware of falling, then of being held tightly, swaddled in something, and the room going dark.

Bella stirred sleepily, reluctant to come back from oblivion. Then a little pang of pleasure struck her as she remembered the snuffling, whimpering bundle that had been laid in her arms, and the blissful end of pain.

"The sweetest little girl, madam."

"I promised him a boy. I always disappoint —" She stopped abruptly, on guard again.

Continued from page 40

"If you mean the master, madam, he's ever so pleased with his little daughter."

My husband has very good manners, Bella thought. Except when he forgets me altogether and gazes across the candlelight into another pair of eyes.

"I'll tell the nurse you're awake, madam."

"Nurse?"

"Oh, dear, yes, Doctor Frobisher sent for one in a great hurry. You gave us all a fright, madam. But all's well that ends well."

Bella looked into Mrs. Walter's familiar dour face, unreadable as always, although it did seem that the woman had been moved to a little warmth by the arrival of the baby.

"And by the way, madam, if I may say something."

"Go on, Mrs. Walter."

"I think you misunderstood what you overheard between me and Miss Thompson yesterday. She's a designing creature, but the gentleman she's interested in is a stranger

to you. Begging your pardon for taking this liberty, madam—"

"We won't discuss the matter, Mrs. Walter. Ask the nurse to bring me my baby. And is Mr. Raven in?"

"He went out riding, madam. I don't think he's back."

But he had seen her immediately after the baby's birth. She remembered him standing at her bedside just before exhaustion overcame her and she slept. It wasn't to be expected that he would linger indoors until she woke again. Nor should she imagine that he would be thinking too bitterly that the wrong people died in childbirth, the wrong ones lived.

She hoped the nurse, with her kind strange face, would think her tears were from joy as the baby was put in her arms.

"Has my sister seen the baby?" she asked.

"Only for a minute, Mrs. Raven. It was done to calm her. She was very upset last night. She kept saying it was snowing, I don't know why, because the storm had died down long since. But seeing the baby seemed to quieten her, poor soul."

"Bring her in now," said Bella.

"Oh, but, Mrs. Raven, the doctor said—"

"Never mind the doctor. I can see my own sister, surely."

Lally came in hesitantly, her huge eyes dominating her little so white face. But when she saw Bella lying with the small bundle in her arms her uncertainty left her and she flew to the bedside.

"Bella, we must guard her. Aunt Aggie and Noah mustn't find out about her."

"Hush, Lally! None of that talk!" To banish the shadow from Lally's eyes Bella went on quickly, "I've already decided her name."

"Oh, yes! What is it?"

"After Mamma, of course. Kate. Kate Eulalie. And I think Henrietta for a third name, because Cousin Henrietta was kind."

"Does Mr. Raven agree?"

"I think Miss Thompson is looking for you," said Guy to Lally.

"Oh, dear, is she? I must go." But Lally's nervousness was overcome by her longing. She darted back to the bedside, her face avid. "Bella, can I hold the baby? Just for a minute?"

"Of course you can." Bella began to lift the baby, but Guy's hand on Lally's shoulder made her stiffen and gasp.

"No," he said. "Oh, Guy—"

Bella's protest was too late, for Lally's vulnerable face had crumpled into desolation. She ran out of the room, crying.

"Did you need to do that?" Bella exclaimed. "She wouldn't have hurt the baby."

"She might have crushed it. Smothered it. She's unbalanced. Good heavens, don't you know it already?"

Bella tried not to think of Lally's face, avid with longing, her hungry hands. "She wouldn't have done anything while we watched."

"How can you tell? Mad people act in a moment."

"Oh, Guy! You make her sound like a monster!"

"And so she could be, all unwittingly."

Bella blinked rapidly and changed the subject. "You don't mind that the baby isn't a boy?"

"That was an unavoidable mistake. Perhaps not a mistake." He put his finger beneath the baby's chin. "She's very sweet. I have something for you."

He took from his pocket a small morocco box and opened it.

"Earrings to match your necklace," he said in his formal voice. "I had the design copied exactly."

"They're for me!" Bella couldn't keep the pleasure out of her voice.

BELLA

"It's my right to choose my daughter's names. If it had been a son, it would be different."

"She's just ours," Lally crooned.

"Well," came Guy's voice from the door. "Baby worship already, I see."

"Oh, Mr. Raven, Bella has named the baby. Kate Eulalie! You did say that, Bella, didn't you? The baby is to be named after me?"

Guy's presence had disturbed Lally and already she was fluttering and uncertain, fearful.

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GUY smiled. "I thought you didn't care for diamonds."

"These are different."

"I defy you to recognise the technical difference."

"Oh, technical—what is that?" Bella's fingers lingered over the gems. She knew that they were the conventional gift of a rich husband to his wife after she had borne him a child, but there was still that vital difference between them and the necklace. They were entirely hers. In years to come they would be labelled "Isabella Raven's earrings, given to her by her husband on the occasion of the birth of their first child." Nothing could alter that. Caroline's shadowy fingers were not on these. Nor would Clara Thompson's or any other woman's be. They were uniquely hers. They didn't represent wealth or opulence, but a small bright moment of happiness. Hers alone.

"We shall stay here over Christmas. Cousin Henrietta is coming," Guy said. "She wants to attend the christening. I believe she made us this promise before the baby was ever thought of."

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AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● With talk about road hazards and methods of improving your driving being so much in the news lately, I feel I must pass on to you some advice I've read recently on "How To Avoid Running Down And Perhaps Killing Persons Walking On The Highways."

PLEASE don't take the advice — or if you do, just go right on playing your heavenly harp, and don't blame me!

The advice was printed in "The Chauffeur's Companion" in the early days of motoring in England.

The first chauffeurs had all been French because most of the first cars were French. Milord's coachman could hardly be expected to switch from horses to a petrol engine, so car and driver were imported from France, and the driver became known as a "shuvver" on the good old English principle that foreign words were unpronounceable.

But the French "shuvvers" soon annoyed their English employers by smoking incessantly, driving too fast, and regarding themselves as talented artists instead of uniformed servants.

Englishmen began to take over their jobs, and motoring magazines, full of mechanical and operating advice, started to sell like hot cakes.

"If on a fairly broad and slippery road you have the alternative of going on and killing someone, or stopping, and you find you cannot stop, there is one desperate remedy which may or may not come off, and that is to try and swing the car round with the bonnet pointing to where the back was," the Chauffeur's Companion advised in 1905.

"To do this (and I only advise it in cases of absolutely dire necessity) swing your steering wheel hard round and at the same time open your throttle and jam in your clutch with a jerk."

"This should skid the car and when you are round you must get the wheel over on the other lock, and head her straight along the road again."

"The impetus of the car forcing her in the original direction and the engine pushing her the reverse way (when you have got her round) will neutralise each other and she should stop almost dead."

Even with the relatively empty roads of 1905, I should think you would have run the risk of "neutralising" quite a lot of other things as well — pedestrians, policemen, fences, wandering chooks, and probably yourself.

It's parents who make heavy work of exams...

THIS time of the year always seems to me to be one of heavenly peace, when all the school and university and technical college results are published and done with, and enough time has passed for the worst of the wounds to have healed a little bit.

From the beginning of November on, examinations become the main topic of conversation at adult gatherings.

You go to a party, knowing that you're going to see your old friends the Xs, who've just come back from a holiday in Greece which you're dying to hear about.

Knowing their son is in the middle of doing the Leaving, you politely inquire how he liked the day's paper.

Do they tell you that he said either that it was "beaut" or "lousy" and then get on to a more interesting topic of conversation?

They do not. They tell you exactly what he did with each question, how many and which questions were totally unfair, how things have changed since they did the same exam in 1935, and what immediate steps ought to be taken to rearrange the entire examination and education system.

If you're halfway human you get your own back by launching into a long account of how your own offspring have been faring in their exams, totally ignoring the glazed look of boredom on the X's faces once they're no longer talking about their own hopeful candidate.

The party theme becomes one-track and boring

PRETTY soon others join the group, and before long everyone in the room is talking examinations — past, present, and future.

Mr. Y just happens to have a copy of the Chemistry paper in his pocket (he's been dining out on it for days, actually), and he gets into a heated debate with two or three other men about whether there's a misprint in the equation in question 6.

While they retire into a corner to argue it out on the backs of envelopes, someone brings up the annual story that the papers are marked by a computer which, owing to some sort of mechanical nervous breakdown, annihilates great numbers of genuine students and then invents fictional ones and gives them first-class honors just to keep the record straight.

And someone else has heard on the highest possible authority (which unfortunately they've sworn not to divulge) that there are so many candidates in some subjects, the pass mark has been raised from 50 to 87.

Somehow this always turns out to be the subjects in which your own children are weakest, so that if you're the worrying sort you won't sleep much that night.

All this parental interest in examinations is understandable in the horrible competitive state we've got ourselves into, but it certainly doesn't make things any easier for the examination candidates, who once upon a time used to be considered the main sufferers at examination time.

In our young days, parents, I'm sure, took much more of a "be it on their own heads" attitude to examinations, and though a few harsh words may have been said on the day results came out, you didn't have hordes of apprehensive young things madly trying to organise invitations for themselves so that they'll be away from home when their results are published.

Adult parties around result time are even worse than at examination time. Half the guests are cock-a-hoop, and half are sullen, resentful, and likely to take offence where none was meant.

The only consolation is that round about the end of February you may just run into the Xs at a party and persuade them to give you their time-dimmed recollections of that visit to Greece.

But even if they're not there you'll probably enjoy the party: it's the peaceful time of year, remember? People will be talking about politics and cars and cricket and the sins of the whole teenage generation. You probably won't hear another word about examinations until late October.



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MERINGUES AND MACAROONS

● *Crisp delicate meringues and crunchy macaroons make delightful desserts, biscuits, and pie toppings, and with the correct know-how it's easy to turn out perfect ones every time.*

SOME cooks have a way with meringues and turn them out perfectly every time. Others find them temperamental. One time they'll be well shaped, with melt-in-the-mouth crispness; the next, soft, sad, and weeping. This feature includes useful tips to help you tame the temperamental meringue.

Basically, meringues are a combination of well-beaten egg-whites and sugar; macaroons are made from a meringue mixture with coconut or ground nuts added.

The two main types of meringue are the Straight Meringue, made from egg-whites beaten with sugar, and the Italian Meringue, in which the sugar is boiled with water before adding to the beaten egg-whites.

Straight Meringue: Allow from 1 to 3oz. sugar to each egg-white, depending on size. The ideal quantity for most purposes is 2oz. per white; below 1oz., there is not enough sugar to give structure; above 3oz. there is too much for the white to absorb. (See panel overleaf for useful hints on how to make meringues that never fail.)

Sugar decides finish

The finish of the meringue is determined by the type of sugar used.

A meringue made with icing sugar will have a soft finish and needs to be dried off very carefully, preferably in a warm place, after cooking. Granulated and castor sugars produce a meringue of medium finish. (Castor sugar dissolves more quickly; requires less beating.) Hard meringues are made from Italian Meringue with boiled sugar syrup.

Italian Meringue: Quantities are the same as for Straight Meringue (see above). Put granulated sugar in saucepan; add water until sugar is just covered. Boil to 245 degrees, or soft ball stage. It is important not to overcook sugar, or meringue will collapse. While sugar is cooking, brush sides of saucepan free from sugar with small brush dipped in water.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and firm. Gradually add boiling sugar mixture, beating all the time. The mixture should be smooth, satiny, and very firm.

Unlike Straight Meringue, which must be used immediately, Italian Meringue can be made in advance and will stand for several hours. It is used in recipes like Bombe Alaska.

Recipes in this feature demonstrate the versatility of meringue and macaroon mixtures.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in all recipes.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Crust: Two and a half cups crushed biscuit crumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4oz. melted butter or substitute (or use 7in. baked pastry-case).

Combine all ingredients and press in 7in. pie-plate; chill. **Filling:** One can sweetened condensed milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup lemon juice.

Combine condensed milk and egg-yolks, gradually beat in lemon juice. Pour into prepared crust and return to refrigerator.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 1-3rd cup sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat until mixture holds its shape. Pile on to lemon filling and place under hot grill until lightly browned or put in moderate oven until meringue is golden-tipped.

PAVLOVA

Six egg-whites, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, 3 teaspoons vinegar, ice-cream, fruit salad.

Grease large oven slide and place a circle of waxed paper, 9in. in diameter, on top. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, then gradually add sugar, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until mixture is satiny and firm enough to hold its shape. Fold in cornflour and vinegar and mix well. Color, if desired, with food coloring. Spoon or pipe meringue over base of wax paper circle and build up sides to form a nest. Bake in very slow oven about 1 1/2 hours or until crisp and dry on outside. Cool, slide on to serving-plate and fill with scoops of ice-cream and fruit salad, or with this luscious chocolate cream filling:

Chocolate Cream Filling: Six ounces semi-sweet chocolate, 3 egg-yolks, 2-3rds cup water, 1 pint cream, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Chop chocolate roughly, put in top half of double saucepan, melt over simmering water. Spread thin layer of chocolate over base of baked pavlova shell. Add beaten egg-yolks and water to remaining chocolate; stir over hot water until



LEMON Meringue Pie, Chocolate Macaroon Dessert, Pavlova in foreground; Mushrooms, Meringue Kisses, Meringues Chantilly on stand; Almond Crunch Biscuits in background and deliciously chewy macaroons in tall jar.

mixture thickens to custard consistency; chill. Combine cream, sugar, and cinnamon; beat until thick. Pour half chocolate custard mixture into pavlova; fold balance into 2-3rds of the whipped cream. Pour over chocolate layer. Spoon remaining cream in centre as a decoration and trickle a little extra melted chocolate over top if desired.

ALMOND CRUNCH BISCUITS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence, almond halves.

Cream butter and sugar; add egg-yolk and essence. Work in sifted flour; knead well together and roll out thinly on floured board. Cut into small fancy shapes, top with a little meringue topping (recipe below), then an almond half. Bake in a slow oven about 15 minutes.

Meringue Topping: One egg-white, 7oz. icing sugar, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence.

Beat egg-white lightly, stir in icing sugar and essence.

MUSHROOMS

Three egg-whites, pinch cream of tartar, 6 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, cocoa, little fresh or mock cream.

Cover oven slides with waxed paper. Put egg-whites in clean, dry basin with cream of tartar. Beat until stiff; then gradually add sugar, one tablespoon at a time, beating until all sugar grains have dissolved. Add vanilla. Fill meringue into piping bag with plain round tube attached. Pipe caps first; using even pressure, pipe little mounds with slightly peaked tops; sprinkle lightly with cocoa. Pipe stems, making bases slightly wider than tops to balance mushroom when assembled. Bake in very slow oven until completely dried out (about 1 1/2 hours). Leave in turned-off oven to cool completely. Store in box or tin until required. To serve, spread a little whipped cream or mock cream under base of mushroom cap and attach stem.

THRIFTY MERINGUES

Method 1: One egg-white, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Beat egg-white in basin until stiff, beat in sugar gradually, then beat 2 or 3 minutes longer. Add vinegar and boiling water, continue beating until very thick; lastly fold in baking powder. This meringue has a sugary appearance which becomes smooth during baking.

Method 2: One egg-white, 1 cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Combine unbeaten egg-white and sugar, allow to stand overnight. Next day, place mixture in small electric mixer bowl, beat 2 minutes on slow speed. Add boiling water, vanilla, and vinegar. Beat 15 minutes on medium to high speed. Fold in baking powder.

MERINGUES CHANTILLY

One quantity Thrifty Meringue (recipe above), sweetened whipped cream, paper patty-cases.

Using a plain, large tube, pipe small meringues on to oven-trays that have been oiled, covered with waxed paper, then lightly oiled again. Bake in very slow oven about 1 hour. Cool in oven and store in box or tin until required. To serve, sandwich two together with cream and sit in patty-cases.

MERINGUE KISSES

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 1/2oz. cocoa, 1oz. icing sugar, whipped cream, vanilla, chocolate decorettes.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, then gradually add half the castor sugar, beating constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Combine remaining castor sugar with cocoa and icing sugar, fold into egg-white mixture with vanilla. Fill meringue into a large piping bag with a plain tube, and pipe 2in. lengths on to a greased oven-tray. Put in slow oven and bake 1 hour. When thoroughly dried out, remove from oven, cool. Just before serving, join with whipped cream; sprinkle cream with chocolate decorettes.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

Continued overleaf

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MERINGUES and MACAROONS

... Continued from previous page

CHOCOLATE MACAROON DESSERT

Base: One and a half cups crushed sweet biscuits, 2oz. melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

Topping: Four egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped or grated sweet chocolate, grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts or almonds, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine crushed biscuit crumbs with melted butter and cinnamon. Press over base of greased shallow casserole. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in lemon rind, coconut, chocolate, walnuts, and vanilla. Spread over biscuit base. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes; cool. Cut into squares, serve topped with whipped cream or ice-cream and chocolate fudge sauce.

Chocolate Fudge Sauce: Three ounces dark chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Melt chocolate with milk over hot water, stirring until smooth. Sift together sugar, flour, and salt, add enough chocolate mixture to make a smooth paste, add to remaining chocolate mixture. Cook until smooth and slightly thickened (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat, stir in remaining ingredients.

ALMOND CUP CAKES

Four egg-whites, 10oz. sugar, pinch salt, few drops acetic acid, 1 dessertspoon icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence, 4oz. almonds.

Place egg-whites, sugar, and salt in clean dry basin, beat until thick and mixture stands in peaks. Fold in sifted icing sugar, acetic acid, almond essence, whole blanched almonds (reserving about 2 dozen). Spoon mixture into paper patty-cases, press 1 almond into each. Bake in very slow oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until completely dried out. Leave in oven to cool completely.

BANANA FROSTED LOAF

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons milk, 3 ripe bananas, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and salt together. Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg-yolk, beat well. Dissolve soda in milk, add alternately to creamed mixture with sifted dry ingredients. Add bananas which have been well mashed; beat well. Stir in vanilla. Spread mixture evenly into greased paper-lined loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven, spread over prepared frosting. Return to oven, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until cake is firm and frosting dry, but not too brown. Reduce heat if necessary during latter half of cooking time if cake becomes too brown. Cool in tin.

Bake-on Frosting: One egg-white, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts.

Beat egg-white until stiff, add brown sugar gradually and beat until well blended, fold in walnuts, spread evenly over cake.

QUEEN PUDDING

Two eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 slices bread (crusts removed), 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 to 2 tablespoons jam, pinch salt, extra 3 tablespoons sugar, pink sugar (sugar colored with food coloring).

Scald milk, add cubed bread, and whisk well. Beat egg-yolks with sugar and vanilla, mix in milk-and-bread mixture, beat lightly; add sultanas. Pour into greased pie-dish, place dish in tray of warm water. Bake in moderate oven until sharp-pointed knife comes out clean. Spread top with sieved jam. Beat egg-whites with salt until firm, gradually add sugar, continue beating until smooth and stiff. Pile on top of jam. Brown lightly in oven about 7 to 10 minutes. Sprinkle with pink sugar and serve.

LEMON ANGEL PIE

Meringue Shell: Three egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Place egg-whites in clean dry basin, add cream of tartar and salt, beat until stiff. Gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture forms stiff peaks. Cover base and sides of greased 9in. pie-plate with $\frac{1}{2}$ of meringue. Place remaining meringue in piping-bag and pipe round edge of pie-plate. Bake in slow oven 1 hour.

Filling: Four egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice.

In top of double saucepan, beat egg-yolks and sugar with rotary beater until thick and light, stir in lemon juice and rind. Cook over hot (not boiling) water, stirring until thickened and smooth (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat, allow to cool completely, stirring occasionally. Turn into meringue shell and chill.

COFFEE FLOATING ISLANDS

One pint milk, 3 eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong black coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream or chilled evaporated milk (lightly beaten), extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, pinch cream of tartar.

Place milk in shallow pan, heat slightly. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the sugar, beat until dissolved. Take up meringue with 2 tablespoons, cupping one over the other to form a mound. Slide into hot milk, poach 3 minutes on each side. Remove with slotted spoon, drain on rack. Strain milk, place in top half of double-boiler. Beat egg-yolks with remaining sugar and coffee, add vanilla. Gradually mix into hot milk, then cook over simmering water until thickened to custard consistency, or until a mixture coats silver spoon. Remove from heat, cool slightly; fold in slightly whipped cream or evaporated milk. Pour into shallow serving-dish, allow to chill.

Meanwhile, place extra sugar, water, and cream of tartar in small pan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Then bring to boil, cook without stirring until mixture is honey colored.

Arrange poached meringues on top of chilled coffee custard, carefully drizzle over the toffee. Serve well chilled.

BOMBE ALASKA

One 8in. round sponge cake, 1 large carton or 2 trays ice-cream.

Italian Meringue: Three egg-whites, 7oz. sugar, 1-3rd cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon liquid glucose.

Place water in saucepan with the sugar, stir over very low heat until completely dissolved. If necessary, wash down sides of saucepan with pastry brush dipped in cold water to remove all sugar grains. When sugar has dissolved, bring mixture to boil, add glucose. Boil steadily until it reaches soft-ball stage or 245 degrees. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Gradually add syrup to egg-white mixture, beating constantly until smooth and thick. (This meringue can be made an hour or so before required, because it will stand without losing volume.)

Cover breadboard with heavy brown paper or aluminium foil. Top with cake. Soften ice-cream slightly, pack into 6in. bombe mould; freeze ice-cream until solid. Chill board with cake. At serving time, remove chilled board and cake from refrigerator. Remove ice-cream from freezer, run knife or spatula round inside edge of mould, turn upside down over cake. Swirl meringue quickly all over ice-cream and cake, making sure both are completely sealed. Bake in hot oven 5 minutes or until meringue is lightly browned. Serve at once.

To Flame: Just as dessert is ready to go to table, dip cubes of loaf sugar into lemon essence, place in small egg-shell halves almost buried in meringue, then set sugar alight. It will blaze brightly and you will have Bombe Alaska Flambe.

SWISS COCONUT MACAROONS

Four egg-whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, 2 cups shredded coconut.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, add vanilla, gradually beat in sifted icing sugar. Continue beating until mixture is stiff and glossy. Fold in sifted flour and coconut. Drop by teaspoons, 1in. apart, on buttered and floured oven-slide or into paper patty-cases; bake in moderately slow oven 15 minutes.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS

Three-quarters cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 cup unblanched almonds (shredded), 4oz. finely chopped chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg-whites, 4oz. flaked coconut.

Dissolve sugar in the water over low heat, stirring constantly; add almonds, cool. Stir in chocolate, coconut, vanilla, and unbeaten egg-whites. Mix well, drop by the teaspoon on to greased oven-slides. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Cool macaroons before removing from slide.

TROPICAL MERINGUE CASES

One quantity Thrifty Meringue (see previous page), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, pulp of 2 or 3 passionfruit, 1 small can crushed pineapple, shredded coconut, cherries, angelica.

Make up meringue, color, if desired, with food coloring; fill into piping-bag with star tube attached. Grease or oil oven-slides, sprinkle with flour. First, pipe dots of meringue, spread it out to about 2in. circle with knife to form base of cases. Pipe 2 layers round outside of circle, so forming little nests. Bake in slow oven about 1 hour. Leave to cool in oven. At serving time, beat cream until thick, add icing sugar, vanilla, passionfruit pulp, well-drained pineapple; mix well. Spoon a little into each case. Decorate with shredded coconut, cherries, and angelica.

How to make meringues with success

● Follow the simple rules below for perfect meringues.

THERE are also some hints to ensure success with the meringue toppings that make such an attractive finish to pies, tarts, puddings.

★ ★ ★
Bowl and beater should be scrupulously clean; the slightest trace of water or grease will prevent whites whisking. Carefully remove any trace of broken yolk, small pieces of egg-shell, etc., before whisking.

★ ★ ★
Prepare oven-trays before whisking egg-whites, which will collapse if not used immediately. Brush oven-trays lightly with oil; other fats will solidify as meringues cool and make it difficult to remove meringues from trays.

★ ★ ★
Add a pinch of cream of tartar or a few drops of acid (lemon juice or vinegar) to egg-whites; this strengthens the protein in the whites, giving a stronger structure and more volume.

★ ★ ★
Egg-whites must be really stiff before you start to add sugar, otherwise the meringue will not be firm enough to support the sugar and mixture will not hold a firm peak.

★ ★ ★
Beat whites until bubbly, add cream of tartar, and beat again until whites are stiff. Add sugar, a dessertspoon at a time, and beat after each addition until sugar is completely dissolved. When sugar is dissolved, the foam will be satiny-smooth and glossy.

★ ★ ★
Lift beaters from basin, the white that adheres to them should stand in stiff peaks. If peaks bend over, continue beating.

★ ★ ★
Use a cool oven for meringues. They do not need cooking — just a gentle warmth to dry them out completely.

TIPS FOR TOPPINGS

● For meringue toppings, use slightly less sugar than for a meringue which has to set firm; about 1oz. per egg-white is sufficient, because toppings must cook more quickly.

● Spread or pipe meringue topping round edge of pie and work toward centre; make sure meringue touches pastry round edge, thus sealing the filling. This prevents meringue shrinking, softening, or weeping during cooking.

● Be sure to use a fairly cool oven to cook meringue toppings. If oven is too hot, meringue will brown on top but remain uncooked underneath and, as pie cools, meringue may collapse.

● Spread topping evenly over pie, avoiding too many high peaks, because these will burn before the remainder of topping cooks.

Beef dish with new flavoring

Spanish Roast Beef, flavored with tomatoes, onions, garlic, wine, and bacon, is a delicious recipe that wins the £5 main prize this week for a reader.

TWO biscuit recipes win consolation prizes of £1 each. They are the ever-popular crunchy peanut-oat biscuits which use only one egg and produce 50 biscuits, and dainty lemon butter star biscuits for afternoon tea parties. All spoon measurements are level.

SPANISH ROAST BEEF

Four pounds boned sirloin of beef, 3 onions, 3 rashers bacon, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon lard or fat, 3 tablespoons port wine, 3 medium-sized tomatoes. Unroll beef, sprinkle with 1 chopped onion and the chopped bacon; roll up, secure with string or skewers. Crush garlic and place in basin with vinegar, salt and pepper. Stand beef in the liquid, turning occasionally, about 2 hours or until most of the liquid is absorbed. Heat lard in pan, add meat, cover and bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Remove from oven, pour over wine. Return to moderate oven, bake about 1½ hours, basting several times. Cut tomatoes and remaining onions in halves, place round meat. Cover, bake until vegetables are cooked. Serve with gravy made from vegetable mixture in pan, jacket potatoes, and peas or beans.

First prize of £5 to Miss C. Phelps, "Myuna," R.M.B. 107, Kentucky, N.S.W.

PEANUT CRISPS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup rolled oats, ½ cup salted peanuts, 1 cup corn cereal flakes.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar, add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in flour, salt, bicarbonate of soda and baking powder sifted together. Work in oats, peanuts, and corn cereal flakes. Place by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-slides, and space well apart. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Loosen and cool on trays, store in airtight tin.

This recipe is very economical; it makes about 50 biscuits.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Weber, Eden Valley, S.A.

LEMON STARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon lemon essence, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 small egg (separated), 1 tablespoon water, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, little lemon cheese, coconut.

Cream together butter, sugar, essence, lemon rind, and egg-yolk until soft. Work in sifted flours and salt alternately with water; chill. Knead slightly, roll out thinly, cut into rounds with small cutter about 1½ in. in diameter. Spread half the rounds with lemon cheese. With small knife cut centre of remainder of rounds into a cross, fold back the 4 points of each. Carefully place one on top of each lemon cheese round. Glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with coconut. Bake on greased slides in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Cool on trays.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss V. Windmill, Elliminyt, via Colac, Vic.

• These useful hints sent in by readers will help housewives with their cookery.

EQUAL quantities of flour and brown sugar mixed make a delicious coating for fried pork fillets or chops. Any excess flour and sugar mixture can be used to make a gravy to pour over the pork.—Mrs. H. F. Godfrey, 184 Booker Bay Rd., Booker Bay, N.S.W.

Stewing steak will go through the mincer easily and cleanly if it

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

is first frozen hard in the freezer in refrigerator, then cut into small pieces. A small piece of bread put through at the last will help clean the mincer.—Mrs. E. Paton, 21b Trafalgar Rd., Camberwell E.6, Vic.

To add color to a light cabbage: Shred it, grate one small onion and one carrot, place all in saucepan to which a nut of butter has been added. Cover tightly and keep tossing approximately 10 minutes over low heat.—Mrs. S. Curtis, P.O. Box 116, Bega, N.S.W.

Flour will prevent scrambled eggs becoming watery in cooking. Add 1 teaspoon flour to six eggs and ¼ cup of milk.—Mrs. E. Jarrett, Winton St., Stafford, Brisbane.

Peel oranges without mess by running a knife round centre of orange, cutting skin only; then slip handle of spoon under skin edge and run it round inside, working right up to both ends. The skin will come off easily in two pieces.—Helen Duffy, 176 Edinburgh Castle Rd., Wavell Heights, Brisbane.

When there are only two in the family, packets of cake mix are usually too much. I solved this problem by using half the packet, plus one small egg and half the water stated in directions. If a large egg is used, the yolk will be sufficient and the white can be used for macaroons. Sealed firmly, the remaining cake mix will keep at least a fortnight.—Mrs. C. Rudd, 158 Kareena Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

To keep garlic indefinitely, peel it, put in a screw-top jar and cover with salad oil. The oil can be used later for salads.—Mrs. V. Joyce, Flat 1, 75 Dickens St., Elwood, Vic.



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PEEK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT

thought of," Bella said coldly. "Cousin Henrietta has a better memory than you."

His face darkened. She knew that he hated to be reminded of that night, the disastrous visit to the opera, and then she, unexpected and shameless, in her nightgown. He had meant to punish her for ever for being his wife, and had never meant to be trapped, seduced by his own wife! No wonder the memory rankled. His pride was so enormous and so stupid. There would be successors to Miss Thompson, she supposed wearily. She clenched her hands, feeling utterly defeated. And yet she was sure he already loved the baby.

"And your mother?" she went on, making her voice cool and polite.

"My mother doesn't care to travel in the cold weather."

"Is she never going to see her grandchild?" Bella burst out. "Really, as a stubborn stiff-necked family, you must have no equal. I tremble to think what my daughter has inherited."

"My temper and yours, my love," Guy said. He seemed suddenly cheerful. "I agree that she's to be pitied. I expect London will rock with scandals in about seventeen years' time. But you'll be tolerably used to them by then, I daresay. In the meantime, shall we plan Kate's christening for Christmas Day? And it's customary to have a servants' party in the evening. I'd like you to arrange that. Cousin Henrietta will help."

Cousin Henrietta arrived two days before Christmas. The house was filled with bustle and gaiety. Even Lally was infected with the general lightheartedness, and for the first time since the beginning of her illness was persuaded to go with Bella and Miss Thompson to the village to do Christmas shopping.

At little Kate's christening, too, she looked animated and happy, her childish face, framed by her blue velvet bonnet, quite adorable. Indeed, it compared more than favorably with Miss Thompson's, for lately Miss Thompson had lost her color and looked particularly pinched and cold as she stood in the small semi-circle listening to the baby being formally named. Bella was almost sorry for her.

As they came out of the church Bella saw that the threatened snow was beginning at last. Bella bundled Cousin Henrietta, who was carrying the baby, into the carriage immediately, and Lally after her. Guy had already announced his intention of walking, leaving the women the carriage. But Miss Thompson seemed to be missing. Bella looked for her impatiently among the little crowd of spectators, then saw her hurrying round the side of the church. In her haste she tripped on a grass-obscured gravestone and almost fell. The shock took the remaining color out of her face and she was quite white as she approached.

"Am I keeping you, Mrs. Raven? I'm so sorry. I took a short walk, I felt a little faint." Her voice was breathless, as if she hadn't yet recovered. And her eyelids were slightly reddened, whether from tears or the biting wind, Bella couldn't decide. However, she climbed in the carriage without more ado, although, the foolish creature, she couldn't resist a backward and plainly appealing glance at Guy.

Back in the house Cousin Henrietta said bluntly, "Get rid of that woman."

"Miss Thompson?"

"Who else? She's sly and scheming."

Continued from page 43

BELLA

"I know. I haven't been blind. I've wanted to dismiss her but Guy won't allow it. He says she's too important for Lally."

"She's too important for him, if you ask me. Haven't you learned to manage him yet?"

"I've tried. I always lose my temper. Some day, I tell myself, he must see me without all that horrid resentment. But will he ever, Cousin Henrietta? Will he ever?"

"Bless me," said Cousin Henrietta, "you love him."

"From the beginning," Bella admitted.

Tottie had laid out the sapphire velvet, as she had been told, with Bella's satin slippers and white silk stockings, her gloves, her lace fan, her silver mesh reticule, and her six crisp white petticoats. But when Bella rang for Tottie to come and help her

she had gone into the nursery to find Miss Thompson bending over the baby.

"I asked her what she was doing, ma'am, and she said the baby had been crying. But I didn't believe her. I couldn't, because the little angel was sound asleep."

"Did she say anything else?" Bella asked tensely.

"No, ma'am. Oh, yes, only that she thought she'd go for a walk because she had a headache. And then, later, I saw her and the master going toward the yew walk."

"All right, Norah. That will be all. But stay with the baby."

Norah bobbed and withdrew. Bella looked at Mrs. Walter, whose long face was carefully expressionless.

"Is Mr. Raven in?"

"Yes, madam. He's in the library."

Guy was sitting at the table in the library, busily writing.



dress, the girl was slow in answering the bell, and then seemed extraordinarily jumpy and nervous.

"Whatever's the matter?" Bella asked impatiently, as her hair was tugged for the tenth time. "Surely you're not scared of the party tonight, Tottie? You couldn't be scared? With everyone here being your friends?"

Tottie's small bright alarmed eyes stared back at her. She moved her lips, desperately trying to say something.

Then Lally came bursting in unceremoniously.

"Bella, where's Miss Thompson? Why doesn't she come to help me to dress? I've waited and waited." She darted to the window and flung back a curtain to peer out. "Is she lost in the snow?"

"Hain't she been with you all afternoon?" Bella exclaimed.

"She was there at first," Lally looked uncertain. "Then she told me I must rest if I was to be up late tonight. I didn't want to rest, I wasn't in the least tired, but she was cross about it. She said 'Do as I tell you!' and then we both cried."

"Gried! Miss Thompson cried?"

"She told me not to be a baby, but there were tears in her eyes. Then she went out and I haven't seen her since."

Was that what Tottie had been trying to tell her, that Miss Thompson had gone out, and, like Molly, hadn't come back? Bella crushed down her sudden feeling of apprehension.

But the strange thing was, Miss Thompson did not appear to be anywhere in the house. Bella tried not to think of Molly, as Mrs. Walter checked that Miss Thompson's cloak and outdoor boots were gone, but nothing else.

Then Norah reported that immediately after luncheon

"Guy, Miss Thompson's disappeared! And you were out walking with her!"

Guy's eyes narrowed. "And what do you think I have done with her? Thrown her in the river? Strangled her?"

"Don't joke, please!"

"Then don't make statements with so much innuendo. If you must know, I walked to the top of the yew walk and back with Miss Thompson. We were both feeling in need of fresh air. Then we came in."

"Then where can she be? She's not in her room or apparently in the house."

"Then she's gone into the village for something. I'm sure there's no need to raise a hue and cry. Miss Thompson will be back. She's much too sensible."

"To share Molly's fate?" Bella said swiftly.

"My dear Isabella, the way you feel about the lady, wouldn't you be glad if such a thing happened?"

He came toward her and quite unexpectedly lifted her hand and kissed it with a courtly gesture.

"You're looking very charming. Which reminds me, I must go and dress. I think Kate must share the party, since it's her first Christmas. It's a pity to keep Norah a prisoner upstairs for the entire evening."

"And Miss Thompson?"

"She must make her explanations when she turns up. We can't allow her to wreck our Christmas."

The tree, with all its candles lit, sparkled very prettily. The servants, awkward and self-conscious in their best clothes, took a little thawing, but with the help of steaming rum punch, the music of the two young men engaged to play the piano and the violin, and Cousin Henrietta's raucous leading of Christmas carols, their constraint soon broke down. Guy

danced a sober polka with Mrs. Walter, then a spirited one with Norah. After that he danced dutifully with each maid in turn, even Tottie, who stumbled unhappily and refused to lose her look of apprehension.

Then Guy handed Bella a steaming glass and said under his breath, "Smile!"

"Oh — I'm sorry. Aren't I doing well?"

"You're looking like the snow queen. Drink that and come and dance."

The warming drink, and then his arms about her changed her mood miraculously. A flood of hot recklessness swept through her. She began to laugh, her head thrown back displaying her long throat, the diamonds glittering from her ears.

"Do you realise we've been married almost a year and this is the first time we've danced together?"

"Ours isn't an ordinary marriage. Must I tell you again?"

"Are we to give Kate a brother?" she suddenly demanded.

She looked him fully in the eyes, seeing the shine in his, as hard as diamonds. No tenderness, no warmth, and yet suddenly her heart was beating suffocatingly. She was thinking that she would wear her lawn nightgown with the Nottingham lace in spite of the coldness of the night. She would send Tottie away early and leave only the candle at her bedside alight. She had forgotten Miss Thompson.

At the end of the party Guy stood up to make a special announcement. He said that he intended keeping a book, a "commonplace book" he called it, of events at Ravenscroft, that would interest his wife and himself in later years, and after that their children.

He proposed that all present at this party sign their names. Those who could not write were to make a cross, and he would mark it with their name. The page was headed Christmas 1856, and Guy suggested that the first to sign should be Cousin Henrietta. After that came Bella and himself, and Lally, and following that the servants headed by Mrs. Walter.

Then the party was over. From a little too much of the hot punch Bella was in a pleasantly dazed state. She

rigid form of a woman whose skirts fell in a cumbersome bundle, but whose face was thrown back to catch the snowflakes — a face as white as the snow. It was Miss Thompson.

Someone had opened the front door and the man had edged his way stiffly into the hall as she made her way downstairs. The reluctant dread she felt overcame her so severely as she reached the last steps that she stood a moment unseen staring at the little group. Guy in an elegant quilted silk dressing-gown (had he been about to come to her? she wondered agonisedly), old Broome stooped and muttering, Mrs. Walter, and the stranger who had laid his burden on the floor.

GUY said in a hard harsh voice, "Get blankets and brandy!" Broome scuttled off to obey.

"Mrs. Walter! Wake Joseph and send him for Doctor Frobisher."

"It be too late," the man said, and Bella recognised him as Norah's father. "But I reckon the doctor should see her. I'll fetch him. It's a bad night to send the lad out."

He turned back to say what he must already have said before, "She must have been lying there hours. 'Twas my old dog barking that brought me out. I thought it must be a ewe on her back. So I come out with a lantern, and found the poor lady. Right at the end of the yew walk, sir. Just at the edge of the woods. I can show you the spot in the morning."

"Yes," said Guy in a hard emotionless voice. "The police will need to see that."

Mrs. Walter's face was lifted. "The police?" she hissed on an indrawn breath.

"Certainly the police. Hadn't you noticed the poor girl's neck? She's been strangled."

Bella flew to Guy's side. Gripping his arm tightly she made herself look down on the poor ruined face. The black cherry eyes looked back at her. They seemed to start out of the still face in loathing. You've won, Mrs. Raven, they were saying.

"Bella, my love! You shouldn't be here."

"Why not? Isn't my place at your side? Didn't we say 'for better, for worse'?" But

"Yes. My wife is quite right," said Guy, with sudden briskness. "Can you help me, Broome?"

Then, when he and Bella were alone, he said without preamble, "You know that I'll be suspected of this crime."

"Yes. I know."

"But you don't believe me guilty?"

"Never say that again!" said Bella. "I know you commit sins. A great many. But strangling unfortunate women isn't one of them. Now tell me what that foolish girl said to you when you walked with her this afternoon."

"She said that she had fallen in love with me. She had wrongly interpreted certain actions of mine. Women are too susceptible, I fear. She was distressed in church this morning, and this afternoon her emotions carried her away. I said that under the circumstances she had better give in her notice. We came back to the house together."

"What will happen now? There will be more headlines. You can scarcely survive these. Is that what they intend?"

"They?"

"The 'Proudfoots,'" said Bella tiredly. "Noah and Aunt Aggie."

Guy stared at her silently. Then he gave a loud cracked laugh. "Try telling that to the police. The honest unimaginative police who don't believe in wars of attrition. Much less in curses." He pressed Bella's shoulder briefly. "I'm going to wake Cousin Henrietta. You'll need her."

It was true that she would need Cousin Henrietta, for after the police had questioned Guy for an interminable time they asked him to accompany them to the police station.

It was midday the next day that the incredible happened. Tottie opened her mouth and spoke an intelligible word. She said in a thick triumphant voice, "Clarrie!"

Bella and Lally had been sitting huddled over the morning-room fire. In spite of the dreadful shock Bella was thankful to see that Lally's condition had not deteriorated and she was talking quite lucidly, although she dwelt intolerably on Guy's behaviour and Miss Thompson's death.

"Tottie! You spoke! A woman's name. Clarrie — Clara —" Bella went white. "Miss Thompson!"

Tottie nodded again, and Bella exclaimed excitedly. "But why do you call her Clarrie? Have you heard somebody else do that? Have you seen Miss Thompson before she came to Ravenscroft?"

Tottie nodded again. "Somewhere where she was called Clarrie. At Aunt Aggie's."

Tottie made an emphatic motion of her head. After several unintelligible sounds the next words came out triumphantly. "Noah's wife!"

The picture was falling into place. Tottie's fear, from the beginning, of Miss Thompson, whom she recognised, Miss Thompson's startled exclamation the day Lally had imagined she saw Noah under the copper beech, her deliberate attempt to estrange Guy even more completely from a wife he didn't love, her disappearance at church yesterday, which suggested the might have been meeting Noah, obviously to get Noah's instructions for kidnapping Kate.

In her attempt to make Guy fall in love with her at Noah's injunction in order to create another scandal, she had got burnt herself. She had done what no one had

To page 51



Russian icon.

WILL you give me any details of the date and source of my icon, which I believe is 200 or 300 years old? It is 4 1/2 in. by 3 1/2 in.—Mrs. E. Lloyd Jones, Potts Point, N.S.W.

This Russian icon depicting Virgin and Child, of fine distinctive quality, is late 16th or early 17th century. From the times of the origin of the icon in the 11th and 12th centuries to the 18th century a traditional manner is developed.

Although it appears that Russia contributed the icon to the world of art, some fine Greek examples exist. It is almost impossible to identify the name of the artist, of the beautifully painted piece depicting a scriptural subject.

The finest examples were usually surmounted by a finely embellished casing of gold or silver. Icons were made in several styles varying from rich ones encrusted with precious gems, others with semi-precious stones, to the peasant icons mounted in copper.

WE have a coin which we haven't seen before. It is a 2/- piece with George V on one side and a man astride a horse with Centenary—Victoria Melbourne—1934-35 on it. We would like to know if there is any special value and how it came to be minted.—Mrs. Nina Taylor, Warragul, Victoria.

This florin was struck by the Melbourne mint to commemorate the centenary of Victoria and Melbourne 1934-35.

The Victorian Government charged 3/- each for the coin and I understand that only about 58,000 were sold. Due to publicity given to Australian coins at the moment, the prices have increased. Twelve months ago the coin could be purchased for about £2, but nowadays it sells for as much as £10—the price varying according to the condition of the coin.

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MY attractive chair has a tall back with tapestry panel in it, and a curved seat covered in the same tapestry. It is more than 50 years old and I want to pass it on to my children. Can you tell me something about it?—Mrs. P. Hodge, East Perth, W.A.

Your English chair is made of colonial rosewood in the Edwardian period about 1905.

COULD you please give me some information about my hand-painted vase.—Mrs. J. W. Hooper, Orange, N.S.W.

Your English ewer-shaped ornamental vase of the Edwardian period 1902 to 1910 is a Majolica ware vase of elegant proportions made by Forrester's of Staffordshire. It was copied from an Italian original—hence the inference to the Florence mark underneath which alludes to the design.



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26

anticipated, she had fallen in love with her prey. This had put her in a terrible dilemma. She must have gone out in the snow to meet Noah as arranged, but without Kate. When Noah had said was to be kidnapped. And Noah's terrible black temper had possessed him.

Bella sprang up, saying urgently. "The police must be told this at once. I must go to my husband. Mrs. Walter, help me to get ready." "But I don't think you can go to the master, madam. They've been taken to London."

"Then that's where I shall go," Bella declared. "Send someone to find out what time the London train stops at Underwood. Mrs. Walter, Tottie had better come, too, so that she can tell them what she's just told us. And I shall take the baby."

"Kate?" Lally faltered. "She has to be fed," Bella said simply. "Anyway, do you think I would let her out of my sight after this? With Noah making his fiendish plans. Tell Nora to get her ready, Mrs. Walter."

"If you would allow me, madam," said Mrs. Walter, "I would like to come with you. You'll need help." "But I'll have Tottie."

"The girl's in such a dither she'll be worse than useless." "Yes, you're right," Mrs. Walter, Lally, dear, Cousin Henrietta will be here with you. You'll be perfectly all right."

BUT Lally was well embarked on her perpetual nightmare. "Noah will wait until he sees you leave and then he'll take his revenge on me. Oh, Bella! I can't stay here. Take me with you."

"Don't you think what Miss Eulalie says might be wisest?" Mrs. Walter put in, in her dry, quiet voice. "Leaving her might bring on a relapse. She'll be a prey to her fears. I gather there's a capable housekeeper in the London house."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Doughty. She would be pleased to see us again."

"Then let us all go. It would be best, madam."

"Perhaps you're right, Mrs. Walter. Very well, we'll all go. How quickly can our bags be packed? And Cousin Henrietta is resting in her room. She must be told."

Fifteen minutes later, when Lally and Bella were both dressed warmly in bonnets and cloaks and stout boots, Mrs. Walter came hurrying downstairs to say that her husband was sound asleep and it did seem a pity to wake her, considering the night she had had, and her up.

"Could you just write a note for her, madam, and I'll put it by her bedside."

Bella went to her desk and hastily scribbled a note.

"We are going to London at once to see Guy. Tottie has spoken at last and been able to give us valuable information. It will completely exonerate Guy, and finish Noah and that terrible old number of his for ever. Can you imagine, Miss Thompson was Noah's wife. It has all been a diabolical plot. I hope we will be back tomorrow, Guy as well. I was reluctant to wake you before we left." She hesitated, and added, "Please, dear Cousin Henrietta, have the fires alight for us tomorrow, and we will begin Christmas all over again."

The first thing Bella was aware of as she climbed out of the train at Waterloo station was the raucous words of the newboy at the barrier. "Murder charge! Guy Raven charged with murder!"

The words jolted her

Continued from page 48

BELLA

awake. She realised that she had been in a curiously sleepy dreamlike state ever since Mrs. Walter, in the train, had opened her carpet bag and taken out a bottle and persuaded each of them, Bella, Lally, and Tottie, to drink a little. It was blackcurrant wine, just the kind of stimulant they needed after the strain they had all been through.

Carrying the baby, Bella followed Mrs. Walter, who had gone off in her capable way to get a cab. It was strange how her legs stumbled, as if they had not wakened with the rest of her body. Lally and Tottie were making slow progress, too, although Lally was trying to hold her head up and not wince away from the idle glances of passers-by.

"Bella," she panted.

"Where are we going?"

"To the house in Knightsbridge. Doughty will know, or Doctor Bushey will know, where Guy has been taken. Then I will go there immediately. You and Mrs. Walter and Mrs. Doughty must look after Kate while I am gone."

"Look, there's Mrs. Walter beckoning to us. I think she has a cab. Where's Tottie?" Bella, Tottie — oh, there she is. She's so slow."

"Come along," said Mrs. Walter, giving her tight smile. "There's room for us all. If you will allow me, madam, I will sit with my back to the driver and hold the baby."

"Have you given him the address?" Bella fussed, rubbing her eyes. Really, they were all in a poor state after their sleepless night. Except Mrs. Walter, who was remarkably calm and wideawake.

"Indeed, yes, madam. If you would just hold the baby while I get in. There! All safe." She gave another of her rare grudging smiles, and the driver whipped up his horse, which set off at a smart pace.

It was bitterly cold, and outside the streets were freckled with snow. The year between might never have happened. Except that there was Mrs. Walter's long fallow face opposite, not Aunt Aggie's, and Mrs. Walter held little Kate, tangible proof that a great deal had happened since their last arrival in London. And they were not on their way to the slums, but to a comfortable house in a fashionable area.

The jolting of the cab increased the girls' drowsiness. Lally's and Tottie's heads lolled together, their heavy eyelids closing. Bella's eyelids drooped and she started up at what seemed a long time later to find they were still joggling along, but that instead of the broad streets of the West End they seemed to have got into a narrow street bordered by small mean houses.

"Mrs. Walter, I think the man's made a mistake. We're going the wrong way."

Strangely, Mrs. Walter didn't look out of the window to confirm her fears. She just gave a strange half-smile and said in her flat voice, "I think the driver knows where he's going."

Notice to Contributors

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madam. He is taking the way he was bidden."

"You mean we're not going to Knightsbridge?"

"No, madam."

"But, Mrs. Walter — how dare you do this! I must stop the cab immediately. Drive!"

The man on the box, muffled in a greatcoat and stove-pipe hat, slowed his horse to a walk. He turned his head.

"Ma'am? You said something?"

His voice was grotesquely familiar. So was his face. Dark, grinning, evil, it looked down at Bella. The cab driver was Noah.

Bella sank back, breathless and fainted.

"It's a plot! You're in it, Mrs. Walter. You! And I trusted you!" She looked frantically at Lally and Tottie, huddled together, deep in slumber. There was no help there.

"It wasn't wise to drink the blackcurrant wine, madam. Such young things, they haven't heads for wine."

"You put something in it," Bella whispered. "What was it? Laudanum?"

"Wine's an overpowering drink, madam."

"I shall put out my head and scream for help," Bella announced tightly.

"I wouldn't do that, madam. Really I wouldn't." An indescribable coarseness had come into Mrs. Walter's voice. "If you was to do so I only have to put my hand over your child's face. A baby smotherers easy," said Mrs. Walter.

Guy Raven shut the book with a bang.

"Does that convince you the case must be reopened?" The Inspector nodded slowly.

"We'll try to locate this young woman. Now let's just go over this again. Why didn't you suspect sooner that someone in your own household might be involved? Apart from the dead woman, of course."

"Because it was only yesterday that I persuaded Clara Thompson to talk, I'd always had suspicions about her. She'd seemed to arrive in my mother's household out of the blue, and to be remarkably anxious to come to Ravenscroft. She was to nurse my sister-in-law who had had a mental breakdown. Not the most appealing occupation for an attractive young woman. However, it took all this time to get beneath her guard. I had to resort to somewhat despicable means that only bore results yesterday afternoon, when she told me that she couldn't go on with what she was doing."

"She had become emotionally involved with you, I gather?" The Inspector said pompously.

Guy bowed his head. "It was a course I had to pursue and I succeeded all too well. Although, even then, I couldn't get the woman to divulge her secrets. She did tell me she had had enough — those were her words — and that she intended starting a new life. But she would like to warn me about traitors in my own household. She was in a state of great emotion. I thought she was being a bit melodramatic. But after she had left the house, for London, I presumed, I took this method of getting specimens of handwriting."

He reopened the book and stabbed his finger at the first signature.

"You agree that there's no mistake. My housekeeper's handwriting exactly corresponds with that in the note to Molly making an assignment at the crossroads."

"It does, it does."

"And, of course, that explains how the note was delivered to Molly. It was easy enough for Mrs. Walter to slip it to her saying Tom Field had brought it. Probably giving the girl a scolding for receiving notes from young men." Guy sprang up restlessly. "But surely we're wasting time. Can't Noah be apprehended at once?"

"Not without grounds, sir. After all, the Thompson woman didn't at any stage acknowledge any connection with him."

"No. I couldn't get her to do that. But I told you of the episode when my sister-in-law imagined she saw Noah in the garden. The woman gave herself away then. She knew Noah, there was some connection between them."

The Inspector nodded. "But, unfortunately, Miss Clara Thompson is now beyond telling us anything. So we'll have to depend on the girl Molly for evidence. Don't be impatient, sir. My men are out. I haven't been wasting time, as you suggest."

"Then I hope your men make haste. I don't think even yet you realise how dangerous this black villain is. He'll strike again, at any moment. I'm worried about my wife and child. I trust I'm free to go home."

"No, sir. That's where you're wrong. So long as you appear to be in custody Noah will hold his hand. You see," the Inspector smiled grimly, "I do believe your story. What's more, I believe the black villain, as you call him, has one object, and that is to get you hanged."

The room was exactly the same, the bobbed red plush curtains drawn against the dark and the inquisitive eyes of neighbors, the lamp lit, the fire burning cosily, the cradle on the hearth, and Aunt Aggie rocking gently in her chair. "Well, my dears, you've had a long journey. It couldn't be helped. Noah had to drive you about until dark. Wasn't it a stroke of fortune that he happened to see you catching the same London train as he was catching himself? He was only anxious to be of service when he bribed the caddy — handsomely, I can tell you — to borrow his cab. But he couldn't bring you here until after dark because we're so troubled with unmannerly neighbors in this street since we've come home from prison. All our comings and goings are watched as if we were criminals! It's quite distressing. But never fear. You won't be stared at. You'll be up and away before the birds."

VEHEMENTLY, Bella said, "I don't know what you're planning to do, but you won't succeed. I left a letter for Cousin Henrietta telling her exactly what had happened. She will get the police immediately."

Aunt Aggie put her hand in her apron pocket and drew out a folded sheet of paper. "Is this the letter, my dear?"

Bella's mouth went dry. "Mrs. Walter didn't leave it!" "Naturally. She wouldn't be so foolish. Oh, but you don't really know Mrs. Walter, do you?" Aunt Aggie raised her voice calling, "Lily! Come here, will you, my dear."

In a moment Mrs. Walter had appeared. Her long face wore its look of guarded triumph. As Aunt Aggie said, "This is Mrs. Jennings, my dear." Mrs. Walter dropped a mocking curtsy. Aunt Aggie went on, "The lady everyone decided didn't exist. So foolish of them. The only person who didn't exist was Lady Merriweather, her supposed mistress." Aunt Aggie chuckled comfortably. "Your

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Fashion FROCKS

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Feb. 3

- ARIES** MARCH 21-APRIL 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, red, black.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
* February 3 is the best of a week dominated unhappily by Jupiter and Neptune. In fact, most of February comes under muddling and confusing conditions. Guard against loss.
- TAURUS** APRIL 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, red, black.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
* Plan for February would be to stick to routine and shun the new venture. There's a lot of muddle and mistake around. Both private matters and public relations are under a cloud.
- GEMINI** MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, violet, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
* Life should quicken a little, love and romance brighten. Yet don't push your luck or get involved in legal ties. Perhaps a careless remark could have unfortunate consequences.
- CANCER** JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, yellow, jade.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
* An aura of false glamor could surround love and romance, and a tendency to emotional spurges could result in loss and trouble in the home. Keep that sensitive radar of yours working.
- LEO** JULY 23-AUGUST 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, tan, orange.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
* Usually so buoyant and bright, you might have difficulty in adjusting to the world at large. Confusion could beset married folk and plans be stymied. Caution through February.
- VIRGO** AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
* Overconscientious Virgoans tend to be the biggest worriers of the Zodiac, and the stars adversely pressure this week. Beware lest muddled judgment leads to loss or accident.
- LIBRA** SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, brown.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
* You'll need all your balance for a while, as conditions are allergic to love, courtship, romance, and dalliance. Feb. 8, and 9 are particularly uncooperative. Beware disillusionment.
- SCORPIO** OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
* A lot of Scorpios take the spotlight this week, especially those of the Nov. 9-14 birthdate bracket. Influences are bad, married folk strike problems. Romance waits a little.
- SAGITTARIUS** NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
* You could find it difficult to focus due to muddling aspects. If you can, yet all you say and write. Impulsive action could lead to family quarrels, traffic accidents — perhaps legal tie-ups.
- CAPRICORN** DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, gold.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
* Count most of February adverse and concentrate on strengthening family and home ties. For the romantically inclined there are problems. Just be your cautious self.
- AQUARIUS** JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, green.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
* You're under heavy, hindering pressure, and you play the leading role in a mainly unlucky week. Those born Feb. 9-10 could be hit most, move so if wed. Stick to the rut and trust nobody.
- PISCES** FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, violet.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
* Don't let your sometimes naive trust in others get you into hot water. Many honest people make sincere promises which later circumstances prevent them from discharging. Be alert travelling.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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BELLA

grand husband was careless there. Miss Isabella. He went to such trouble to find out what he could about poor Charlie, and quite ignored Mrs. Jennings, who is a great deal more clever and trustworthy. Aren't you, Lily, my dear? And I believe you still have those nice positions for these young ladies?"

Mrs. Walter nodded, her mouth hard.

"Ready and waiting. The parties concerned are getting impatient, I may say."

"Yes, we know. They'll be satisfied before morning. Tell me, Miss Isabella. You're looking alarmed. I wouldn't hurt you. Not a hair of your pretty head. I have a most sensitive nature. But Noah—he's another matter. He's very upset about Charlie. But you may be sure he is clever enough not to have the crime laid at his door."

"My husband is to be accused!"

"And has been," said Aunt Aggie, her sausage curls nodding gently beneath her spotless white cap. "So now there is only the little matter of you and your sister. And Mrs. Jennings is seeing to that."

"You're monstrous!" Bella whispered.

Although Aunt Aggie still smiled blandly, a subtle change had come over her face. Her eyes had turned as cold as stone.

"Monstrous, you say! And who wouldn't be after the dear Noah and I have lived through. Stink, squalor, corruption. And you, Miss Isabella, you and your sister, living in luxury, pampered, petted, never giving a thought to the ones responsible for your blessings. Never a thought for Noah and me. Oh, no. My sister told me that. She had great amusement from wearing my best bonnet—you will remember the one with the cherries?—and frightening Miss Eulalie out of her wits."

"The woman in Mrs. Bunt's shop!" Bella exclaimed. Then she did lure Molly away.

"That was a trifle. A mere preliminary skirmish. Not a tenth of the debt your husband still has to pay."

"She took her to her house. The house by the river that Molly talked about."

"In Twickenham, my dear. Where I go once a week to get fresh eggs and butter. She has a nice little farm. Only a few acres, but well tended. Why, you'll remember carrying her eggs yourself. And talking of food, why don't we all have a nice cup of tea? Tottie, Tottie, wake up, girl!"

Tottie started up, her poor little face a mask of terror. "Go into the kitchen and get out the tea things. Make haste now, or Noah will be up the stairs to hurry you up."

Tottie slunk out of the door. If Bella had had hopes that she might have the sense to escape out of the kitchen door and try to get help they quickly died. A persistent hammering was coming from the cellar. It indicated Noah's whereabouts, and Bella knew Tottie's meagre courage unequal to defying Noah. She herself didn't dare to leave the room because of the baby asleep in the cradle on the hearth. She had already heard Mrs. Walter's dreadful threat, and she was all too sure that that woman or Aunt Aggie would not hesitate to carry it out.

"If my sister and I disappear like this how do you think you can escape suspicion?" Bella cried passionately.

"If Noah and I and Mrs. Jennings can't make up a pretty enough story to explain your disappearance then we're

poor creatures indeed. As dim-witted as your sister."

"And—my baby?" Bella gasped.

"As sweet an infant as you'd ever set eyes on. I'll take care of her, you may be sure. Calm yourself, my dear. Would Aunt Aggie harm an innocent child?"

After a long time Bella managed to say, "Molly will be found and made to tell the truth."

"Molly? Oh dear, oh dear! You don't know about Molly, of course. You'd better come and see for yourself. And Noah's downstairs, too. He'll want to see you. He's hard at work, as you can hear. Bang, bang, bang, from the moment he arrived home. I declare it splits my poor head." She gave a glance at Lally, who was sitting on the hearthrug crooning wordlessly to the baby. "Leave her there, poor child. Let her be happy in her world of fancy. She's fortunate, if only she knew it."

The cellar was damp and chilly enough, but it wasn't that that made Bella freeze with horror. It was the shape of the box that the wavering light showed. A long narrow box made out of rough planks of wood. There was an identical one beside it, obviously finished, for it had the lid on.

They were coffins.

"Not a baby's size this time," Noah said in his indescribably gleeful voice, and behind him his mother gave her cosy chuckle.

BELLA was clinging hard to self-possession and sanity.

"You—told me—I would see Molly."

"And so you shall, my dear. So you shall. Show her, Noah."

He tipped the lid of the second box back. Bella's head went to her mouth, strangling a scream.

"Murder!" she whispered.

"You think you can escape with murder?"

"Bless you, you pretty innocent," cried Aunt Aggie. "She isn't dead. She's only asleep. It's only more convenient to have her this way. It stops her tongue from wagging. Doesn't it, Noah? We'd prefer Miss Isabella and Miss Eulalie to be quiet, too, wouldn't we?"

"I'd have them as quiet as Charlie. Did you know your swell husband wasn't content with you, but he had to have my wife, too? I had to kill her. That's women for you. You all deserve to go the same way." He gave a kick at the box he had been hammering, sending it slithering toward Bella. "Get in it and see if it'll fit. There's another for your precious sister. Where's the sister, Ma?"

"With the baby, poor wandering creature."

"Then fetch her. We haven't got all night."

"Get the girl," Aunt Aggie said briefly to Mrs. Jennings.

Mrs. Jennings hastened to obey, her skirts rustling up the narrow stairs.

Bella clenched her frozen hands. "My baby?" she managed to say. "Tottie?"

"Now never you fret, my dear. They'll both be cared for. Tottie will learn to be grateful for the good home she scorned, and as for the baby—a founding home, perhaps. What do you think, Noah? Is a founding home too good for Guy Raven's daughter?"

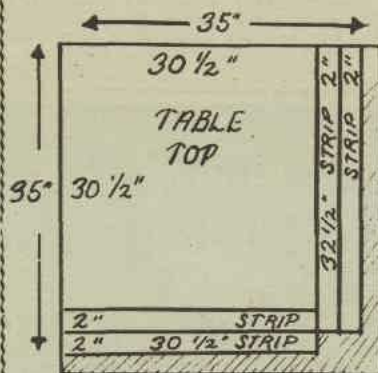
"Well, now, Ma, that will have our consideration." Noah spoke with exaggerated gentility. "Perhaps the dear little mite would be happier in the gutter. One thing's certain, she can't go with her ma. Oh

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Be your own handyman

Pretty bridge table cover

● If your bridge table has to lead an everyday life, too, make this quilted cover to protect its baize surface.



MAKE a brown-paper pattern before cutting the plastic to the measurements given here—cutting out is then easy.

MOST bridge enthusiasts cannot afford to reserve their table for this pastime alone, keeping it stored away between games.

So if your bridge table is used a great deal and is set up at all times, then keep a cover on it to protect the baize.

Such a table is handy to keep in a corner, especially in a small child's room, but it needs to be guarded against sticky lollipops, crayons, water colors, and the like.

Quilted plastic is the best material to use, because it can be wiped down easily with a damp cloth; also, the padding protects the table from damage by children's toys—wooden blocks, metal trucks, and other assorted enemies of furniture.

This type of cover can be made very economically. Quilted plastic is available in plain colors, rose, and other designs in several pastel shades. Plastic with a small quilted diamond is available from 18/11, and with a larger pattern from 25/11. Both types are 35in. wide.

To make the paper pattern, as shown at



GAY designs and pretty pastel colors are available in quilted plastic. The material is padded to give table extra protection.

left above, cut a piece of brown wrapping paper 35in. square. Following the diagram, draw a 30 1/2in. square inside it for the top of the table (this is generally the size for a bridge table).

Then draw in the four strips for the sides of the table. Two strips are 2in. wide and 30 1/2in. long. The other two are 2in. wide and 32 1/2in. long, allowing 1/2in. for seam allowance when strips are joined.

Materials Needed: 1yd. quilted plastic; 4yds. bias tape; 4yds. corded piping (available in a range of colors); 12in. elastic.

To Make: Cut cover from paper pattern. Seam strips, end to end. Stitch corded piping on right side of table top square with raw edges even. To turn corner, clip seam allowance of piping, allowing it to fan out and curve with ease.

Stitch strip on same stitching line, right sides together, and raw edges even. Cut 12in. piece of elastic into four 3in. pieces. Pin each piece of elastic 2 1/2in. from each corner. Now bind the lower edge of the cover all round, catching the elastic ends as you bind.

Plastic is available in so many pretty colors and designs that the cover can be a decorative addition to a room instead of appearing to be merely a utility item.

This, of course, is exactly what it is, but it can be pretty, too, especially if you use a contrasting color for the binding and piping.

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AT CHEMISTS
AND STORES

21/6

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no, that would be no good at all. Unhindered, they like them, Buxom and healthy and unhampered."

"How can you carry — these things," Bella couldn't bring herself to call the boxes by their grisly name, "on board a ship? You'll be stopped and questioned."

"That's where you're wrong. No one interferes with the dead, especially dead Chinese liking to be buried in their own country. I'll have names put on these. Lee Wang, Lee Hong, Lee Ching. Three brothers. Very sad." Noah gave his great laugh, but it was cut off sharply as Mrs. Walter's voice came hissing down the stairs.

"Mrs. Proudfoot! I believe the girl's gone!"

"Who? Tottie?" Aunt Aggie had darted toward the stairs.

"No. The mad one. You did say you left her with the baby. The

Continued from page 53

baby's gone, — too. The cradle's empty."

The stairs shook as Aunt Aggie's ample form catapulted up them. She was followed by Noah, who reached the top in three strides.

Left in the cold dark cellar, Bella stood rooted to the floor. She didn't dare to hope. Had Lally miraculously had the sense to take the opportunity to fly? Had Aunt Aggie trusted her weak mental state too much? She had forgotten Lally's obsession about harm coming to the baby, any baby, either Kate or the other long-dead mite. If Lally had snatched up Kate and fled, she would hardly know which infant it was, only that it was alive and must be kept that way.

BELLA

There was the sound of doors banging. This was followed by a long silence. After an interminable time footsteps came back. Bella heard Noah's furious voice.

"You left her alone! Knowing she could run off!"

"But her senses had gone. She didn't know what went on round her. Mrs. Jennings! You knew that?"

"I must say I didn't expect her to have the spirit, any more than the dumb one."

"Never mind about spirit!" Noah said savagely. "She's gone. She's nowhere in sight and I'm not going knocking on doors looking for her. You two muddling fools! You lunatics! I'm off!"

"Noah! Where are you going?" For the first time Bella heard an uncertain quaver in Aunt Aggie's voice.

"To save my skin. Where do you think?"

Aunt Aggie's voice had risen in panic. "What about the other one with her educated tongue? Are you going to let her go free?"

"I won't touch her, Ma!" Noah's voice was suddenly vicious. "Not that I don't want to. What I'd give to get my fingers round her pretty white throat. I'd like to see her without a breath in her body. I'd make her pay for Clarrie. But I won't swing for her! I've got enough sense for that. Kick her out in the snow. Let her freeze. If you know what's healthy, you'll come with me. Only I ain't hanging around waiting. So make up your

mind quick. Are you going to wait to be strung up, or coming with me?"

After a long moment Aunt Aggie's voice was slow, faltering, the voice of an old woman.

"Where?" she asked.

The little erect figure in the elegant bonnet and lavender gown sat before the fire dandling Kate on her lap. She paid no attention to Bella's tumultuous entrance. She appeared to be fully engrossed with the baby, talking and cooing to her, and then laughing with surprised delight at Kate's tentative response.

Bella's first instinct was to snatch Kate from her. How dare she think she could behave in such an unbearably hostile way, and then walk in and take possession of her grandchild, as if the baby belonged to nobody else.

But all at once Bella found she had been too near too many unhappy things to have any more hate.

"Her name is Kate," she said. "Do you like her?"

AS if just that moment aware of Bella's presence, Mrs. Raven lifted her eyes.

"She resembles her father, although she has my hands. I confess I don't care for the name Kate, but I wasn't consulted, so I suppose I must put up with it. Good gracious, child, you're shockingly dishevelled. Let Hannah — where is Hannah? Find her and ask her to attend to you."

"Why did you come here?" asked Bella curiously.

"To defend my son, of course. Why else? I draw the line at murder. Other indiscretions, perhaps, but murder is absurd. I'm very glad the whole nasty affair is cleared up. If you ask me, your sister has been the only one to keep her senses."

"Where is Lally, anyway?"

"Here I am!" Lally cried, at that moment flying into the room.

"Oh, Bella, how did you escape?"

Bella thought of the interminable time that had elapsed since Noah, Aunt Aggie, and Mrs. Walter had fled. The house had been so eerily silent. She had sat in the cellar in the flickering candlelight straining her eyes to hear that Molly still breathed. She had been obsessed with the fear that if she went for help Molly would die. She had told Tottie to go to open the door immediately and one came, but Tottie had crouched half-way down the cellar stairs paralysed with fear. It had been a time when all will had left Bella. She had sat chafing Molly's cold hands, sure only that Lally would send help.

"I saved the baby!" Lally was saying. "Bella, do you hear? I saved the baby!"

"How you can say your sister is crazy when she seems to be the only one who kept her head, I don't know," Mrs. Raven observed, rocking Kate in her arms. "It seems a very unfair and damaging statement to make."

But Bella knew Lally was unaware it was Kate whom she had saved. She thought the other forlorn baby was alive again, and the knowledge seemed to have brought back her sanity. Her face was white and intolerably strained, but it had none of its old wildness. Instead it had a sad sweetness that made Bella put her arms round the slight figure and draw her close.

"You were so brave. How can I thank you?"

"I wasn't brave at all. I was scared to death. That's why I took the baby before Noah could get a chance to bury it. I could hear him hammering a coffin, couldn't you?"

"Yes," Bella said, shuddering.

"And where did you take the baby, Lally?" Noah and Aunt Aggie hadn't known much about human nature or they would have realised that that sinister sound would have penetrated even Lally's dazed wit.

"To the house across the street."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 10, 1955

I banged on the door and made the old woman who lived there let me in. She called her husband and said he must go off at once to Bow Street to fetch the police. So presently the police came, and there was a nice sergeant who said I must take the baby home and wait for you because you wouldn't leave Molly. I didn't know Molly was there. Bella—the flicker of fear touched Lally's eyes again, "she wasn't dead?"

"No. And she won't die, never fear. But Doctor Bushey says it will take her several hours to wake up. Doctor Bushey and Guy have gone with the police to search for the Proudfoots. They may not be back for some time. If you will excuse me, Mrs. Raven, I must tidy myself. I'm scarcely fit to be seen."

It was curious what a feeling she had of being home at last when she was upstairs in her bedroom with Mrs. Doughty fussing and clucking in her motherly way.

"Dear, dear!" she kept saying. "Dear, dear, dear! And Doughty says the predictions are for a new comet in the sky and terrible storms. What a dreadful world, to be sure. And there was the master fretting in town half the summer. Never going anywhere or seeing anybody."

"He must have had some diversions," Bella said. "Not a one," Mrs. Doughty lied loyally. "There now, madam, your bath's ready. And what gown will you wear? The wine velvet, perhaps? A nice cheerful color for this bitter weather."

A half hour later there was the unmistakable sound of arrivals downstairs and Bella found herself leaving her room slowly and descending the stairs with dignity. She was not going to fly into her husband's arms.

She was aware of Guy standing in the middle of the hall looking up at her. There were two ghosts between them now, she thought, Caroline and Clara Thompson.

She could hear Doctor Bushey's voice telling Mrs. Raven what had happened.

"We caught up with Noah just as he was about to board a steamship bound for the Far East. Presumably the vessel that would have carried the girls away."

"And the old woman? Don't tell me she escaped?"

"No, oh, no. It appears she had

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BELLA

fallen on a patch of ice and twisted her ankle. She couldn't keep up with Noah, so he callously deserted her. We found her in a public house with her evil companion, Mrs. Jennings, both of them more than a little tipsy. I made a prediction there'll be no Bible readings in Newgate prison this time, judging by the obscenities used. But I won't distress your ears, dear lady."

"Guy, can't you spare me a moment of your time?" came his mother's querulous voice.

Guy held out his hand. "Come," he said to Bella.

They stood side by side before the old lady as if Bella were being presented to her for the first time. Mrs. Raven held her head high,

looking down her little haughty nose. At last she said, "I hope now you will begin work on your career again, Guy. The Prime Minister wishes you to. He meant you only to stay in the background temporarily, not to disappear out of sight. And don't keep your wife buried in the country, either. I make no predictions, but it's possible she may be no great hindrance to you. She has a passable appearance, and at least she can fight. If you'd heard her shouting at me once through a locked door—"

She seemed to be intent on the baby. Her shoulders shook very slightly. "I confess I laughed for hours. Never enjoyed anything

so much. My son has met his match, I told Hannah."

Guy scowled.

"Mamma, you're impossible. First you won't speak to us, then you laugh at us."

"Yes, I surprise myself. I must be growing old. What's all that commotion in the hall?"

The commotion was the arrival of Cousin Henrietta. A cab was at the door, and Doughty was unloading the familiar endless number of boxes and bags. Cousin Henrietta, hopelessly dowdy in her sturdy country clothes, took one look at Bella and Guy, murmured "Thank heaven!" under her breath, and then turned her bright saturnine gaze on Mrs. Raven.

"Good gracious, Edith, you look very old!"

"Thank you, Henrietta. I return the compliment."

"But I see you've made the acquaintance of your grandchild."

"And not before time! Do you agree that she has my hands? Her father's eyes, perhaps, but definitely my hands."

The two bonneted heads bent over Kate. Bella found she had slipped her arm through Guy's, and it was held there, firmly tucked against his side. Neither of them spoke. It was enough, at present, that they could smile together at two sentimental old women. It was Cousin Henrietta who had said that marriages were made on earth, and Bella had never lacked determination or optimism.

Perhaps it was her optimism that made her suddenly so certain the ghosts had departed.

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psychology—had a quality of cool reason and a conspicuous lack of passion. Neither had the evangelist's desire to convert. There was a pleasant, undemanding and intelligently stimulating friendship.

They did not talk much on the road. Patty, who possessed a remarkable memory, was capable of singing for hours without pause, starting with "Stairway to the Stars," circa 1938, and climbing up through the years to "Dance, Ballerina, Dance," about which time she had discovered classical music and stopped listening to the radio. Julia did not seem to mind Patty's singing. She herself could never remember words to songs, and presently, as she invariably did while Patty was singing, asked to be taught the words to "Lord Jeffrey Amherst."

"Honestly, Julia! Don't you know that yet? Try it by yourself."

Julia tried: "Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the king. And he came from across the sea. To the French and the Indians he didn't do a thing . . ."

"In the wilds of this wild cuntry," Patty said. "Of all the songs in the world, I cannot imagine a simpler one to memorise or a more unlikely one to want to memorise. Why not a nice Elizabethan ballad you can sing at parties after everyone gets drunk?"

"I don't get drunk at parties," Julia said.

This was true, and another difference between them; Patty sometimes did. The thought depressed her and she felt silent, considering the possibility that in the years ahead she might turn into a "problem" drinker. She was visualising herself on a bar stool in some dive, telling her troubles to various men, when Julia announced that it wasn't much farther now.

"We might stop at that junky-looking antique shop on the way back," Julia went on as they passed the familiar sign. "There just might be something good buried in all that debris."

Patty did not bother to reply; Julia always suggested stopping at the antique shop, but they both knew they never would.

Half an hour later Patty parked the car in front of the Edgewater Hotel and they got out, dragging their beach bags. Although they were not planning to stay at the hotel, or even to eat there, they had long ago obtained permission, as old patrons of the Edgewater, to use the outdoor showers as dressing-rooms.

The Edgewater was a Victorian structure with twenty or so hot, uncomfortable rooms, an inferior restaurant and no bar; Patty reflected that they were indeed loyal to patronise it when two quite elegant hotels had recently been built, both of them nearer the ocean than the Edgewater. But Julia felt nothing but contempt for these modern "monstrosities," and Patty had to admit that there was a certain comfort in the shabby familiarity of the Edgewater.

She locked herself in one of the three wooden shower stalls, stepped out of her sundress, and pulled on her old bathing-suit, thinking as she fastened the frayed straps that she really must get a new one. But they never saw anyone remotely interesting here, so what was the point?

The Edgewater was three hot blocks from the ocean. They threaded their way carefully among the sun-bathers clustered between the red flags that marked the limits of the lifeguard's area of responsibility (Patty had always wondered if a swim-

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mer got into trouble beyond the flags, would the lifeguard simply let him drown) and found a relatively clear spot on the fringe of the crowd.

They spread their towels, anchoring the corners with books, sandals, and suntan oil, and walked down to the water. The surf was not high but it was beautiful, the waves breaking creamily on the sand and retreating with a soft sizzle. Patty waded in ankle-deep; the water was colder than it looked.

"I'm not going in just yet," Julia said. "I'm going to wait until I get good and hot."

Patty walked on, gritting her teeth, until she was in waist-deep. Then a wave slapped against her chest and she plunged in, ploughing through the surf until she reached the gentler swells beyond. It was always some-

LOOK OUT FOR SHARKS

more pleasant, broke the tradition of hiking along the beach to a refreshment stand for hot dogs and milkshakes.

But once the refreshment-stand tradition was successfully broken, the Conch Shell bar had become a ritual equally as inflexible.

They sat in their wet bathing suits on bar stools, ordered, and surveyed the progress of their suntans in Julia's compact mirror. Patty's rather round face looked, to her sun-dazzled eyes, more pale than tan. A rash of freckles stood out emphatically on her nose, her mouth was almost colorless except for a rim of lipstick around the edges, and beneath her beach hat her dark hair hung down lank and stiff with salt.

"The tan comes out later," Julia said reassuringly.

"Well, the freckles had

pressed on. "Do you ever worry about not being married? I don't mean because of social pressures—we know they aren't important basically. But you yourself?"

Julia chewed on her lip. "No, I don't think so."

She took a potato chip and looked at it speculatively before she put it into her mouth. Patty felt sorry for her, and at the same time irritated. Was Julia going to be honest, or was she simply going to turn this knife aside with a practised phrase?

"Sometimes it is hard," Julia said finally, firmly. "Most people do get married; they need to. I've thought about it. There was that man after Henry, that engineer—I seriously considered marrying him. For months. But there are so many adjustments you have to make. Babies."

"Pretending to like your husband's friends when you really despise them. Cooking meals every day—not just occasionally, when you can take your time and create a memorable dinner. Having no time to listen to music, to read, to explore all sorts of intellectual possibilities. Having to fit your life into your husband's. All that, adjustment," she said, gesturing vaguely.

Patty's second drink had arrived. She picked it up, hardly knowing what to say next or where this unusually personal conversation might take them. She felt somewhat guilty; it was she who had plunged so recklessly below the surface of their friendship, spoiling the predictable pattern of the day.

Yet she was not brave enough to go on; she felt that there was something lurking just around the bend, beyond the next wave, that she was not prepared to face.

"But other people adjust," she said, taking a last plunge.

"Oh," said Julia, "it doesn't matter to a lot of people. Take Nancy Brody. She doesn't care if she ever reads another book in her life; she's perfectly happy with her babies and her husband and her suburban house." This was said in a tone of contempt.

Patty, who knew Nancy Brody slightly, was tempted to argue. But something restrained her. Looking into Julia's cracked mirror, she had seen her own imperfect face; looking into Julia's soul, would she not see her own? Retreat, she thought.

"Perhaps you're right," she said lightly, falsely. "How could I live with a man who preferred Mantovani to Mozart?"

Julia laughed. "But still," Patty said stubbornly, "I worry about it occasionally."

"You would have to be awfully insensitive if you

didn't worry about it occasionally," said Julia. "This society is based on certain premises, and one of them is that women get married—or at least they want to. You have to have courage to live alone."

Julia had been right; after two gins and tonics and a few potato chips, Patty felt light-headed and irresponsible. She ran immediately into the net and swam far out, continuing to swim straight for Spain even after she heard the lifeguard's whistle, and turned back only when the repetitive blasts seemed to indicate that if she didn't, they might send a lifeboat after her.

The lifeguard was standing knee-deep in the water when she arrived at the water's edge.

"Couldn't you hear my whistle?" he demanded angrily. "I got to patrol this beach, kids all over the place. I got enough trouble without some nutty dame going halfway across the Atlantic."

"I wasn't that far out," she said, taking off her salt-smeared glasses. "I can swim."

"So you can swim. Great. But we got rules here and you got to go by the rules. Like if you get in trouble out there, I'm supposed to drop everything and go pull you in."

"Like, if I met a shark?" She was still feeling light-headed.

"You think that's a joke, lady, but it's not. Up at Bay Head two weeks ago there was a shark tried to take a man's leg off. Suppose you get a leg chewed off, lady—you think that's a joke?"

"No," Patty walked up the sand, less depressed by the prospect of being bitten by a shark than by being called "lady." "I'm sorry," she said—and indeed, she felt immensely sorry, both for the trouble she had caused the lifeguard and for herself, because she was unable to swim out to sea as far as she wanted and because she was no longer just a woman.

"I won't do it again," she said, walking away from him. "I'll stay within the flags."

When she got back to their little beachhead of towels and canvas bags, she found Julia asleep. Sleep seemed infinitely desirable, even necessary, and Patty arranged herself as comfortably as possible on the gritty towel and prepared to abandon herself to it. She drifted shallowly into drowsiness and surfaced again, as she had drifted lightly on the bosom of the ocean.

Then she did go to sleep. When she awoke, gradually and with a sense of confusion, "Greensleeves" was being played on a nearby transistor radio. Immediately and also distressingly she was transported back ten years to a summer morning when she lay on a jetty in Larchmont.

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thing of a problem to get through the surf because she swam with her sunglasses on—she was so nearsighted that she felt it quite possible that she might lose track of the shore without them.

Born inland, she had never quite mastered the trick of riding the waves in, but she was a strong swimmer and could stay out in the quieter water indefinitely. The ocean beyond the surf had the additional attraction of being almost free of swimmers; most of the people were bunched along the surf line.

SHE turned on her back, her feet toward shore, and watched the other swimmers bobbing up and down, screaming and shouting with mock fear or delight. It all looked very silly and tiresome, as well as contrary to the spirit of the ocean. Games, she thought—they are playing with the ocean like children.

The sea, it seemed to her, was somehow desecrated by all this mindless play. The thing to do was simply to let oneself go with it, to feel with one's whole relaxed body the shape and rhythm and intention of the sea's great, constant flow.

She turned and began swimming away from shore, holding her head up a little in order to protect her sunglasses, feeling utterly in harmony with herself, the sea, and life itself. I could swim to Spain, she thought, smiling. Then the lifeguard's imperative whistle called her back.

Lunch was beer and potato chips—in Patty's case, gin and tonic and potato chips—at the Conch Shell Hotel. It had taken Patty two seasons at the shore to lure Julia into the Conch Shell bar, because going there, even though it was nearer and certainly

better go in," said Patty. The scrutiny of her face in the mirror had depressed her; she could see signs of age that were ordinarily hidden by make-up and softer light. The mental image she preserved of herself at twenty-two, pretty with the inner glow of youth and hope, was far more pleasant. She took a long drink of her gin and tonic, noticed that it was already half gone and decided to have another.

"You'll regret it," Julia predicted. Her own almost-full glass of beer stood on the counter. "You'll feel it when you go back out into that hot sun."

Irrelevantly Patty was reminded of another day she had spent at the shore, not long after college, with a group of six or eight boys and girls—her "crowd." They had taken along an enormous flask of martinis, drunk all day in the sun, played football on the sand, swam far out (ignoring the lifeguard's whistle, which she now obeyed so docilely) and ended the day by water-skiing on the bay.

She had won hands down the title of "gamest girl" by skiing fully clothed, from sneakers to sunglasses, at ten o'clock on a moonless night.

"Julia," she said suddenly, "why didn't you marry that man, that Henry-something from Wyneewood?"

Julia looked at her, startled. "I don't know," she said after a moment. Now her look was a little accusing, as though it were somehow a betrayal for Patty to speak of matters other than poetry and art. "He was so stupid, really. I couldn't talk to him. All he knew was the stock market and beagles. He was nice enough, I suppose. But that was a long time ago."

And in another country, Patty thought. Still she

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"We're on our way now, darling!"



"Oh, Harold, this is so sudden."



"You don't love me for myself, Wanda. It's my poverty, isn't it?"

her sweetheart beside her, just their hands touching, listening to "Greensleeves" on a portable radio.

She had been young then, not only young but touchingly young; she had not yet found any of the paths that eventually would lead her to a firm pattern of life.

They had hardly met; she could not call him lover in any true sense of the word, but it was true that he was the only man she had ever really loved, both arrogantly and innocently. They had listened to "Greensleeves" until the end, and then, half laughing, she had said aloud, "Play it again."

And the sleek-voiced radio announcer incredibly had said, "You like that? Just for kicks, let's play it again." Odd to remember that they had not been startled or amused at the coincidence, but had simply accepted it as if it were their right, listening gravely as again the music floated plaintively over Long Island Sound. They had lain with only palms touching, but closer in that light touch than they had been before or would ever be afterward.

Patty found now that she was crying — at least there were a few tears creeping from beneath her eyelids. What had happened to that innocent love; what had killed it? But before she

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could explore that thought she was drowning in another memory — a later, gay time. She was on a boat cruising along the eastern shore of Delaware, one of a casual sceptical group of young unmarried people.

They had anchored for lunch at a likely swimming spot. At that time she was dieting; she was down to one hundred and seven pounds, there were shadows under her eyes, and still she could stay up until four in the morning and awake five hours later full of energy.

That day there was a dog aboard, a six-month-old golden retriever with no experience in the water. Someone pitched him in and they all laughed at his frantic, awkward efforts to swim; then when he caught on and began swimming steadily, everyone applauded.

What was the name of the boy she had been dating then? She could not remember, could recall only his inept, amateurish overtures in the small cabin of the boat, and his cautious swimming that had brought him to the shore last of all.

She had been contemptuous then, had thought she could afford to mark off her list any man who could not swim as well as she; that was a luxurious time, when there were plenty of men.

And later, even — the spring she went abroad, the exciting ocean voyage. One night she had danced hour after hour with an attractive young Frenchman. She had gone with him up to the top deck "for a breath of fresh air," but really hoping, knowing, that he would kiss her. It was moonless and foggy; they were near the Azores, and he had been worried that they might not be able to see the islands in the darkness.

Was that why she had tried to climb the mast — to watch for the Azores? It seemed incredible to her now that she had actually gone up the slippery ladder in her high-heeled shoes and chiffon dress, but it must have been so, for that was how she recalled her first sight of land in five days — sitting on a wet, tilting platform twenty feet above the top deck of the ship, the Frenchman's arm around her.

Yes, she had really done these things — climbed the mast of a ship at midnight, loved, lived. She had not always been cautious. Then, how had she come to be the person she had become, walking the same walks day after day, speaking the same brisk and brittle clichés, feeding upon music and books and

LOOK OUT FOR SHARKS

art, too careful even to touch reality with a casual friend like Julia? Had the years imposed this pattern upon her, or had her own lack of courage imposed this pattern upon the years?

She sat up abruptly, feeling an overpowering need for company other than her own dark thoughts, but Julia had gone off somewhere. It seemed late. The sky had become a little overcast and the beach was less crowded. Patty stood up and looked toward the sea.

There were only a few swimmers still in the water, and among them Patty recognised Julia, jumping up and down in the waves. She looked happy and relaxed, as though the sea had washed away all the rigidity that crippled and protected her.

Patty walked down to the water and called: Julia started wading toward her. "I guess it's time to pack up and go, at that," she said as she came up on the sand. "Look—the lifeguard's taking down the flags. If you want another swim, you'd better hurry."

"I think I'll skip it," Patty said. They walked back to their towels and shook them out, their backs to the wind. Looking at Julia, so industriously shaking out the last grains of sand, Patty felt an immense pity for her. It was clear to her now, after her painful self-examination that had been so unexpectedly triggered by the radio's playing "Greensleeves," why Julia wanted to learn the words to "Lord Jeffrey Amherst."

That was a song Julia had sung at college when she had been young and happy and hopeful; it reminded her of all she had once had within her grasp and had somehow lost in the years between.

And was this why she herself sang "Stairway to the Stars" and recited all the poems she had loved and wept over at college, when she was still able to dream? "By the time we take a shower and change clothes," Julia said, "it will be time to go to the Sea Shack for dinner."

"Yes," said Patty. Her voice must have sounded strange, for Julia gave her a keen, assessing look. But Patty turned away toward the sea. Julia would have one baked potato, scallops with a daiquiri, and a tossed salad with Roquefort dressing. She herself would have two martinis and bluefish with a baked potato and a tossed salad with Roquefort dressing.

They would not linger over

coffee, out of consideration for the crowds of sunburned people waiting for tables; they would get into the car and start the drive home.

Patty would sing on the way, and Julia would at some point ask her to sing the second verse of "Lord Jeffrey Amherst." And they would arrive in Philadelphia finally, tired out by the sun and the sea and "all that fresh air," and she would let Julia out at her apartment and drive on alone to the garage to turn the car in, and go home in a taxi.

And the next morning she would walk into the same comfortable, shabby office building where she had been doing the same work for seven years, neither advancing

one escaped into freedom only to establish new traditions, new bonds? Patterns — they were arrived at casually, innocently, but they could stifle the soul.

"I'm always quoting poetry to you," Patty said slowly. "Do you know this line of Auden's: 'Prohibit sharply the rehearsed response.' Don't you think that this whole shore trip has a quality of having been well rehearsed, as though we were actors performing a play for the thousandth time? Isn't it all just a little unreal?"

She could see Julia considering the line, trying to relate it to herself. Patty could imagine that Julia would come up in a minute with a counter-argument that would be hard to refute, that would lead to an argument that would last all

her, she heard Julia's accusing and slightly nervous call. "Look out for sharks!"

Patty plunged straight into the first wave and began swimming strongly out to sea. Unencumbered by her glasses, she could put her face down in the water and see with open eyes the swirls and whorls of the dark ocean. Fishes lived down there in the cool depths—fishes and perhaps sharks. But she felt no fear, only a rising intoxication. What shark could be so terrifying as the sharks of the mind, those dark shades that kept the fearful locked—locked—or at most, in the shallows of life?

She thought of what she had said to Julia, and the next lines of the poem unfolded in her mind:

"... And gradually correct the coward's stance;

Cover in time with beams those in retreat

That, spotted, they turn though the reverse were great."

Perhaps it was not too late; perhaps the beam had come in time, and she, spotted, might still turn. She was not fool enough to believe that she could change her life by insisting on a new restaurant, any more than she could break the pattern by swimming at dusk without the protection of a lifeguard. She was a rational creature; she knew that she could not really swim to Spain.

But there were Spains in her own life that lately had seemed as unattainable as that one across the ocean. Perhaps now she had courage to begin again to seek them.

"Patty! Patty!" Julia's voice from the shore.

Still stroking easily and rhythmically, Patty wondered how Julia would have got home if she had decided simply to swim on and on. Poor Julia could not drive. And who would return the rented car?

She floated softly up the incline of a wave and swooped down it, into a slanted calm. This time, she told herself, she would drive Julia back to Philadelphia. She looked once more out to sea and then turned toward the shore. Even without her glasses, she could see it clearly.

But next time Julia would have to manage by herself. Julia could take the bus.

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ing into the higher excitements of publishing nor falling into the frightening ranks of the unemployed, for she was too efficient. It all sounded impossibly dreary, impossible to endure.

"Julia," she said, "let's not go to the Sea Shack tonight. Let's try a new place."

Julia's pinkish face turned toward her. "A new place? But why? We know the Sea Shack's good."

Patty felt, surprisingly, a surge of real hostility. "There are all sorts of excellent restaurants on the island. It's ridiculous to keep going to the same old place year after year."

"But we always go to the Sea Shack; it's a tradition."

Julia had actually said the critical word: tradition. But she had not yet realised, as Patty was beginning to, how insidious that word could be. What good to revolt against the loving bonds of home if

through dinner and halfway home.

Impatient with Julia for not understanding immediately, she was at the same time tempted to backtrack again, to reassure her: "Bear with me, old friend. Mine is only a temporary revolt. We will come to the shore another day, and I will recite poetry and you will read, and all will be as it has been."

Instead she stood squarely on the sand, bare feet braced wide. "There's a restaurant in Surf City I've heard is very good. I think we ought to try that. And I think, after all, I will have a quick last swim."

Now Julia looked really startled. "But the lifeguard's gone. You can't go in now." "Nevertheless, I am," Patty dropped her beach bag, took off her sunglasses and dropped them on the sand, too. Then she ran down to the water. Behind



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They don't wear the same clothes on stage, because they don't like uniforms, and, besides, someone always forgot something.

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"We're rhythm and blues, The Beatles are pop. We're much bigger than The Beatles in America."

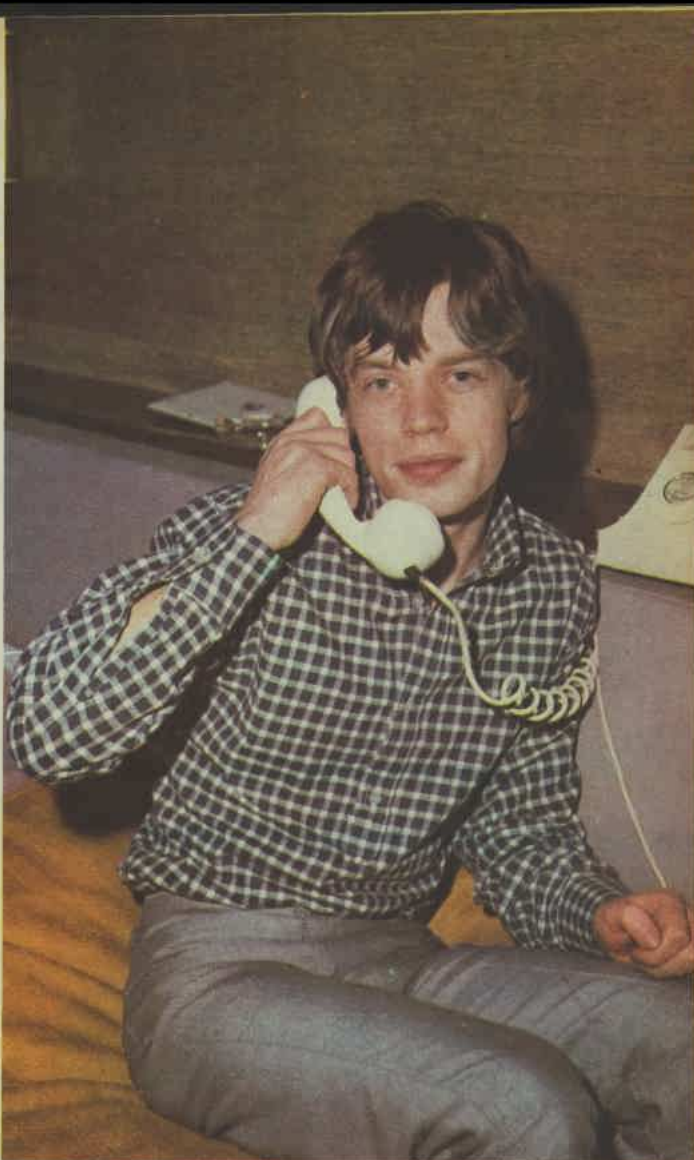
I found out later at a reception at their hotel that, individually and socially, they're quietly spoken, well-mannered, and intelligent.

But together, as The Rolling Stones, they're sombre, uncaring, and a little rude. It's not a cultivated image — "we don't care about images, except we won't be photographed with toys or little animals."

—DIANE ROBERTS



KEITH RICHARD, 22, had difficulty keeping his eyes open — the long plane flight had tired him. He plays guitar.



MICK JAGGER, 20, vocalist and unofficial spokesman for the group, although the boys insist they have no leader, "We decide things together." Mick plays the harmonica.



BILL WYMAN, 23, is friendly and easy to talk to. He says when he goes home now he can't relax and gets up and goes for walks at two or three in the morning. He sings, plays bass guitar.



BRIAN JONES, 20, helps Mick Jagger do most of the talking. Despite his expression here, he has rather a happy nature. He has the longest hair. He sings, plays the guitar and harmonica.



CHARLIE WATTS, 23, the quietest member. He doesn't say much during interviews, likes to sit and listen, but once alone with the others he "lets go." He plays drums.

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Letters

Boys beat the girls at housekeeping

AFTER spending a week camping with a group of girls and boys in their late teens (separate tents, of course), I am forced to admit that the boys will definitely make the better housekeepers.

Besides taking over kiddy and arranging a very sensible budget, the boys bought all the food and prepared the meals after the girls had shown their genuine incapability.

My personal efforts ended after two successive billies of cold tea with the leaves floating on top of the water. The next morning I was awakened with a home-style cup of tea prepared by one of the boys, which really put me to shame. — Denise Bollard, Chester Hill, N.S.W.

Seat belts

THE National Safety Council is continually stressing the importance of seat belts and how effectively they would reduce the road toll if more people used them.

While agreeing wholeheartedly with this, I think the campaign would have much greater success if, whenever an accident was reported, we were told whether or not the occupants of the vehicle were wearing seat belts.

This would really bring home to the public just how vital such a matter is. — Vivien Delander, West Heidelberg, Vic.

Perfect school?

THIS is my idea of a perfect school. The headmaster is Elvis, Dusty Springfield is the home science teacher. The gym teacher would be Cliff Richard, and Cilla Black would be art teacher.

All we would be taught is how to listen to records and

how to work the record player. It would be a rule to have five Beatles records played every 24 hours. — Cherie Edwards, Pemberton, W.A.

Song words

A RECENT correspondent, "Angry Young Woman," complained about the words of pop songs being all about broken romances, death, and other unsuitable themes, and claimed that they had a bad effect on teenagers.

I know I am not at all influenced by the words of pop songs, and neither are any of my friends. I like learning the words to these songs simply so that I can sing them, as I enjoy the music.

Concerning another of her complaints: I wear my hair fairly long, as it is hard to manage and I can't afford to keep it cut very short.

When it is long I can keep it tidy, and I don't think it makes me weak or effeminate.

After all, Samson's strength lay in his long hair! — Peter Cameron, Too-woomba, Qld.

History hint

AT the beginning of last school year I was told to rule an inch margin on each page of my history loose-leaf book. In this margin I put a star to mark each important occurrence, and every date that we noted.

I am a date-hater, but this method helped me to pass Intermediate history, so I would like to pass my tip on to this year's students. Good luck. — "History Hater," Hughesdale, Vic.

No craze from Australia

AUSTRALIA is well able to compete with English and American pop singers with such people as Little Pattie, the Joy Boys, Judy

Stone, and others. But why can't we start a craze?

English and American teenagers start a dance craze, then we take it up here in Australia. England started long hair for boys, and also Mods, and, as usual — we copied them.

Why can't we start a new dance craze, clothing fashion, or hairstyle, and have them copy us for a change!

How about the Kangaroo Hop for a new dance? — R. Evans, Wandroan, Qld.

Sunday timetable

HAVE you nothing to do on Sunday? Then here are a few suggestions that may help you.

Get your friends together and go bowling, followed by a Chinese dinner, shouted by the losers. From your wardrobe take out your most unpopular dress and remodel

NEXT WEEK:

• Sydney dancer Barbara Young has invented a new dance "to revolt against the Twist and Stomp, when you may as well dance alone." Barbara's dance is called The Cling, and next week there are color pictures showing you how to do it. Barbara demonstrates the dance with Brian Withers, the young singer who will be bringing out a record called "The Cling's the Thing."

it for Monday. Rearrange your bedroom.

Get your friends together and have a singsong. No instruments? You'd be surprised what can be done with a comb and paper, a couple of saucerpan lids, and a washboard. — Heather Lirsdell-Thornbury, Vic.

Not normal?

I OFTEN read letters in T.W. by normal teenagers — the lucky things! I have tried, oh, so hard, to be normal, but I don't seem

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Now remember, when the rent guy knocks on the door..."

to be getting anywhere, though I suppose liking pop music, stumps, The Beatles, surfing, and mixing with a gang makes me pretty normal.

The trouble is, I also like classical music, art, good literature, some of last year's fashions, and bush walking. I don't like parties with the lights out, boys with long hair, girls who dress in boys' clothes, and girls who smoke in public.

I go to church and take an active interest in several community organisations. That all makes me old-fashioned and square. In a couple of months' time I will be 18, and although I'm enjoying life very much now, I'm going to be awfully glad when I don't have to have the same tastes as everyone else to be normal. — "Typical Square," Maroochydore, Qld.

Marching girl

FOR the past two years I have been a marching girl. It is a wonderful thing to become one, for you can win cups and medals at

marches. Also, you travel to enter competitions and championships and are billeted at homes for the night.

Our uniforms are provided, and all we do is to have them drycleaned and pay 2/- a week. We selected the design for our uniforms, and also the name of our team, Dapto Tablelands Debonaires.

The ages are eight to 12 for midgets, 12 to 15 for juniors, and seniors 15 and over. Any reader interested should contact her local team. — N. Perini, Wallagong, N.S.W.

Square toed

ARE you a square? I wonder how many people really are?

The meaning of the word has been said to date back to 1780, when pointed shoes were fashionable among well-dressed men.

Only youths and older men wore the then outdated square-toed shoes, and these were referred to as being "squares" or "square toes." — Sandra Hames, Mt. Beauty, Vic.

THE CLASSICS

BEETHOVEN: Third Piano Concerto.

BEETHOVEN'S third piano concerto marks a break from his two earlier concertos in rather the same way that the third symphony (the "Eroica") marks a new beginning among his symphonies.

But the comparison cannot be carried too far. The third piano concerto was in fact written about the same time as the first symphony (in 1800) and still shows some Mozartian influences; but there are many passages, too, in which Beethoven speaks with his own voice, and the whole "feel" of the work is far more mature than the two earlier concertos, although they were written only four and five years before it.

The most striking new element in Beethoven's writing here is the richness of the orchestral part and the importance given to it, but the writing for the piano is also much more wide-ranging than in the earlier concertos.

The qualities of this work, dramatic in the first movement, lyrical in the second, and boisterous in the third, are brought out well in a recording by the American pianist Gary Graffman playing with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under conductor Walter Heald. This recording has recently been reissued by R.C.A. in its low-priced Victrola series.

— MARTIN LONG

Girl bands call the tune in the Philippines

● If you went to a party in the Philippines you'd more than likely dance to the music of an all-girl band.

FILIPINO teenagers are mad about belonging to bands and have been ever since groups like the Shadows and the Ventures came on the scene.

It all started several years ago. First the boys took to forming amateur groups, then the girls.

Now there are dozens of amateur bands throughout the country and the girls share equal honors with the boys.

Hardly a party goes by without the presence of a band.

Filipino Rotary exchange student Inda Manuel, who is nearing the end of a year at school in Adelaide, is a member of one of the all-girl bands.

Called "The Group," they play at dances and charity shows as well as parties.

Sixteen-year-old Inda comes from Bacalod City, a city of 200,000 people on Negros Occidental, one of the Philippines' main islands.



CHEEKY fashions from London, to be worn with pretty legs, shapely knees, and an *avant garde* air. Above, a culotte suit for evenings in creamy cotton lace over coffee taffeta, and, at right, day dress of white wool with a red and black Tattersall check and hip belt.

There are seven teenage bands in the city. Three are all-girl groups, four are all-boy groups.

But, to be correct, they're not really bands. Inda says they're called combos.

A band to a Filipino is a big professional group. A combo is a small amateur one.

In Bacalod City, as throughout the Philippines, a boy cannot go out alone with a girl.

Instead, young people go out in groups.

"Everyone belongs to a group," Inda explained. "You join one when you're about 12 and you stay with it until you marry."

A group has 10 to 20 members, either all boys or all girls. You mix with the opposite sex by mixing in groups.

Inda is one of a group of 16 girls.

"Many teenagers go steady like you do here," she said, "but they still aren't allowed out alone. Even engaged couples need a chaperon."

"If a boy likes a girl especially, he will dance with her nearly all night at a party, though he will mix with other girls as well."

"He can ring her up as much as he likes and he will often give her presents for her birthday or Christmas."

All groups have names. For example, one is called "The Blazers," another "The Red Tones," another "The Check-mates," another "The Hypers," and so on.



It is from a social group like this that a combo is formed, and because it is still essentially part of the group it takes the same name as the group.

There are four girls in Inda's combo. Inda plays rhythm guitar, the other three lead guitar, bass guitar, and drums.

Their combo was the first all-girl combo in Bacalod City.

By
JOAN KENNETT

"A boys' combo taught us how to play," Inda said, "and now we practise as much as we can with this same combo."

"We usually all get together at my home on a Saturday (the non-playing group members come, too) and if there's no party on we go right through from 8 a.m. to midnight. It's great fun."

But parties sound even more fun. They go from 8.30 p.m. to 2, 3, or even

4 a.m. and not one parent grumbles.

It's accepted.

"Parents usually know the people we are with and they know we are in good hands," Inda said, smiling.

Most parties are big affairs — 200 or 300 guests will attend — and most have some sort of theme.

It could be anything from a hillbilly party to a Western party, a mad party, a checkered party, a blue-and-pink party, or a shipwreck party.

Hosts go all out to make it a success and decorate their homes according to the theme.

"The only drawback," Inda said, "is getting the clothes to suit. Most of us end up buying a new outfit for each party."

Inda has been going to parties since she was 14. Many boys and girls start off at 12.

She is one of a family of seven children. She has two sisters and four brothers, and, like her, they're all interested in music.

"I love Australia very

much," she said, "and I'm very grateful to Rotary for my year here. Everyone has been wonderful to me."

Inda was sponsored by the Rotary Club of Thebarton-Hindmarsh. It was the first time this South Australian club had tried the exchange programme.

A spokesman for

Thebarton-Hindmarsh said: "One of Rotary's aims is to promote international understanding and goodwill. We couldn't have wished for a more charming ambassador than Inda to achieve this aim."

"She was a delight to know and has left a wonderful impression of her country."



"THE GROUP" (above), with Inda third from left, entertain at a charity show in the Philippines. The drums in the picture were borrowed from a boys' combo for the evening. At left, Rotary exchange student Inda Manuel.

AN ORDER OF THE GARTER

ROUND
ROBIN

● There WAS many a slip 'twixt cup and lip at a women's underwear industry dinner in Italy recently.

YES, it seems that a guest speaker, an Italian film starlet, made a bitter attack on the underwear trade.

She said that half the gear put out was unnecessary, and that even the necessary half was over-ostentatious and overpriced.

Well, that rocked the diners to their very foundations, literally!

They countered by charging that the lass had put too much punch in her speech because she had had too much punch.

But the starlet denied that she had made a slip — even a half-slip — of the tongue.

So it all apparently ended up in a stalemate — the girl wasn't a member of the industry, so they couldn't even suspend her!

I'm not going to involve myself in the pros and cons of the argument (I will make only one complaint about lingerie — I can't pronounce it!), but I have a few comments.

I can see problems if the industry is limited.

Girls will be wearing ankle-length underwear — that's if the dispute is long-drawn!

And girls' dreams, I imagine, would be pretty darned dull if they didn't have a such-and-such bra.

Perhaps the actress was trying to stir up industrial strife — workers wouldn't like a cut in the industry. There could be a terrible strike or lay-off, with out-of-work men carrying placards such as "Wife and no stockings to support."

Remember the last big strike in the game — when they declared underwear black?

On the other hand, perhaps all the starlet was doing was promoting her new film.

Watch for it at your local theatre—it's called "Rebel Without a Corset!"

— Robin Adair

Beauty in brief 1965—year of The Knees!

● 1965 is the year of The Knees, and they should be narrow, smooth, and shining, and with a little-girl leg curve from calf to ankle.

IT was Paris who first turned the spotlight on knees (wouldn't you know?) with knee-baring fashions like those pictured at left.

So, it's the fashion — who dares to doubt it? — and now would seem to be the time for those of us whose legs do not stretch to infinity, with flat-boned knees and ankles and tightly muscled calves, to take a look at the situation.

Simple spot exercises are good shape-makers. For example, to slenderise knees and limber ankles, stand with feet about six inches apart, toes straight ahead. Bounce up lightly on both feet, raising toes only slightly from the floor. Do eight times. Rest, repeat eight times.

For shapely calves, hold on to back of a chair, stand on balls of your feet and slowly lower yourself to a deep knee-bend, keeping a very straight back. Relax and repeat 10 times.

Try a salt and oil rub before your bath — one tablespoon of common salt and one tablespoon of olive oil — to smooth and polish your legs to a nice shine. Smooth in the mixture gently.

This treatment gets rid of old scales of skin, but don't try it just after you've shaved or waxed your legs or the results could be a bit painful. Finish off by smoothing in lanoline cream. Within a few days your legs will begin to gleam as if they'd been french-polished.

— CAROLYN EARLE.



Louise
Hunter

Here's
your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Guilty conscience

"I AM a 14-year-old schoolgirl and my maths teacher said something to me that made me mad as it was untrue, so I was rude and hurtful both during and out of class. But no matter how rude I was or what I did she still helped me. On the last day before holidays I realised what a fine woman she really was and tried to apologise, but was interrupted by one thing or another and didn't. Now she has left and I realise how stupid I have been. She haunts me day and night and I can't go to sleep without thinking how horrible I was to her. Is there anyway that I can apologise for being so awful to her without being rude? I would like to clear

it all up with her as I cannot forget it.

"Haunted," N.S.W.

Write your teacher a letter simply explaining how you feel now about being so rude to her. (Someone at the school will give you her address.)

I wouldn't be surprised if she realised on that last day that you were trying to apologise. But she will appreciate a letter.

Does she like him?

"I AM 15 years old and like a girl of 14. I have been out with her a few times, but now I am beginning to think she doesn't like me. I often ask her if she would like to go out, but now she always says she has something to do, or

she's not feeling well. Do you think I should try and get another girlfriend?"

"Wondering," Vic.

It seems as though this girl has lost interest in you, but at 15 I don't think you should be worrying about getting another girlfriend. Give yourself a year or two of going out with different groups of girls AND boys and sooner or later you will find a girl you really like, instead of just trying to find a girlfriend for the sake of having a girlfriend.

Wilful daughter

"I AM 14 and I dislike my mother, father, and my 12-year-old sister. They all dislike me, too, and my parents are in their 60s and terribly old-fashioned. My parents won't let me go to the teenage dance held each Saturday night in our town, but they are quite sensible dances and all my friends go. My parents buy me all sorts of things which I don't need to stop me being interested in going to dances, but I would give up my record-player or anything just to be allowed to go. Do you think my parents are old-fashioned? I am getting to really hate everything and everyone at my place and in the near future I will end up running away."

"Teenager," N.S.W.

I think you are a spoilt, selfish little girl and I don't envy your parents in having to deal with you.

Your parents are not old-fashioned in not letting you go to dances at 14 — they are quite right.

If you keep acting in such an immature and childish way I wouldn't be surprised if they never let you go out. The only way to gain your parents' trust is to behave yourself and show them that you are worthy of it.

Fat legs complex

"I AM 15 years old and slim, except for my legs, which are fat. I don't like going to beaches because of them. At home one day I was wearing shorts and a friend said: 'Gee, your legs are fat.' I felt terrible. I've done lots of exercises, but they don't seem to help. What can I do? My mother thinks I'm mad."

"Miserable," Vic.

The only way you can lose fat on your legs is to lose weight all over — and as you are slim, you don't want that.

Walking, bicycle riding, and swimming will firm up the muscles in your legs, but I don't think you should worry about them too much.

It might be a good idea, though, to wear slacks instead of shorts. Lots of girls have legs they don't like, but they concentrate on their other good points and try to remember that no one is perfect.

Bad company

"I AM going steady with a boy whom I love very much, but there is something I am very worried about. Although he is known as a nice boy he has recently been keeping company with a group of boys who have been in trouble with the police. Would it be wise for me to tell him not to associate with them or is he just going through a phase? He is 18."

"Concerned," N.S.W.

I don't think you can TELL your boyfriend not to associate with these other boys, but I do think you could have a heart-to-heart talk with him.

Tell him that he is endangering his reputation — and perhaps his future — by being seen with these boys.

Suggest outings with other groups of people and try to win him away from his bad company in this way.



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can you stop if they don't?



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